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THE EVENTFUL LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

—*Recollections of an Eventful Life, chiefly passed in the Army. By a Soldier. 2 Vols.*

PEOPLE in general know very little of the manifold arts on which the success of a publication depends. Unsuspecting folks, whose eyes are met at every turn with the praises of a book, or extracts from its pages, have the simplicity to suppose that they are perusing the genuine tributes of grateful admiration. The mystery of puffing is hydra-headed, and assumes ten thousand disguises. The grosser attempts at deception in newspapers, and other ephemeral publications, may be considered as pretty well understood, and incapable of deceiving those who are at all conversant with the history of literature. But the hollow state of criticism in this country is only known to those initiated into secrets which it is their interest to keep. Reviews and critiques in the English political and literary journals, may be divided into six kinds. 1. Those written by friends expressly for the purpose of extending the sale of a work, and generally at the instance of the author, or in return for a similar favour done to the writer. 2. Those written by enemies, with the design of hurting the feelings of the author, or injuring his interests on account of some private or literary grudge. 3. Puffs written at the request of the publishers of the particular work, by writers who depend upon them for employment, and who insert their mercenary critiques, either in the publisher's own review, or in some other in which they are in the habit of writing. 4. Reviews, not of the particular work whose title is placed at the head of the article, but set essays upon some general subject, in which the work reviewed is probably never mentioned. 5. Those whose object is to institute a fair and regular examination of the work under consideration—to point out its defects, to praise its merits, and recommend it to the class of readers to whose instruction or amusement it is likely to contribute. This is an exceedingly small class—we need not say it is the only legitimate class. 6. Reviews that are written with a view to an especial system, whether political or literary; and which, though unjust to the particular author under review, yet are just and useful, or the contrary, according to the merit of the sys-

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tem to which every thing is sacrificed. The most numerous of all these classes is the "publisher's class." When the immense number of books which are annually produced, is considered, some idea may be formed of the number of individuals dependant, or chiefly so, upon the dispensers of literary rewards. Out of these dependant authors, a body of plausible puffers is readily formed, and that a ready stage may not be wanting, on which these professional quacks may hawk their wares, the publisher starts a review or magazine himself. The success of the review is a secondary consideration. The loss upon it is put down as so much money disbursed in advertisements. If the farce is tolerably well kept up, a sufficient number is sold to pay the expenses; if not, the review dies—another rises from its ashes with a more flattering prospectus, on another plan, with another editor, or another any thing else, and thus the game is kept up. The device is not very unlike that sometimes practised on the stupid public by another class of gentlemen, who live on their wits—two individuals get up a mock quarrel in the streets—a mock mediator attempts to appease the strife—mock partisans inflame the contest, and add fuel to the well imitated flame—but a *real* pickpocket plies the while his busy trade, and empties the purses of the curious crowd. Reviewers, moreover, are not the only means of power in the hands of extensive publishers. The country booksellers, who supply the country public, are mostly their creatures. The London publishers, who engross the trade of the provinces, are generally wealthy—the market-town booksellers are generally poor and in a petty way. The London house gives long credit—and the countryman takes it. He must not therefore murmur if he can only get down the books published by the house themselves, he must not grumble if all other publications are out of print, not published, not to be had, &c. &c.—Neither must he rebel if he should send for Mr. So and So's grammar or dictionary, and duly receive, by next parcel, both grammar and dictionary, but not, indeed, by Mr. So and So, but some other Mr. So and So. Houses of the gigantic description of which we speak, have likewise their colonies in town; and, above all, their armies of travellers, who scour the country far and near, and attempt, by every means in their power, to get off the pub-

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lications which are the property of their employers. It is only those, however, which are really the property of the publishers that are so favoured. The works of which they are merely the publishers, must take their chance—and here they are not to blame. Men will always lean to the greater interest. Those ill-formed or stupid individuals are alone to blame who send their publications to be published, and pay ten per cent. commission on the sale, to a house, which has, very often, a decided advantage in keeping back the work, or, at best, has but a very minor advantage in its success. But enough of this: our object, in this preface, was to show that books stand a very unequal chance—that success may be owing to other causes than merit—that failure is not an infallible proof of worthlessness—and to put the public on their guard against the reviews and other works which set up to guide them in the purchase of books. Among these we wish ourselves to be included: we may be deceivers as well as the rest—the only test is trial—we court a scrutiny.—We beg that our verdicts may be compared with the evidence afforded by the books themselves, and we trust that a conviction will arise in the minds of our readers, that we are never in our reviews actuated by either partial or unworthy motives. The conduct of the *London* is wholly out of the influence of any one whose interests are connected with the sale of books, and is altogether placed in this point of view on a vantage ground scarcely ever possessed by any other periodical.

Now for an example of all we have been saying. The book, whose title is placed at the head of this paper, is a little work of peculiar merit; it is most amusing in itself, relates to very interesting transactions, is very instructive as to them and many other things, and has the advantage of being written by a man of a class in which few writers are produced—that of a common soldier. Yet, with all this, we do not suppose it ever went the rounds of a single book-club. No, the reviews were silent: there was no prompter to put *Euge!* into their mouths—there was no publisher to cram the corners of newspapers with its praises—no review ready to receive the praises of any work from that house—no writer on the watch to praise the author on account of his influence in this or that quarter. No, the publisher dwells in Glasgow, and his name is M-Phun, and the author is a friendless soldier, who vainly thought that the public, in their greediness to catch up details of adventure and travel, would surely be glad to listen to his story. Poor man! His book has been published a year and never heard of. We will, however, do what we can for him by making known some extracts from his book; the public may then, if they choose, still continue in this case as in others, to be led by the nose by the booksellers and newspapers.

The birth of the author was superior to that of the common soldier in general. His father was clerk in a mercantile house in Glasgow; his education was consequently of the better kind, as is indeed evident from the composition of his book. That this composition is truly his own we have every reason to believe, for we

took the trouble to write, to make the inquiry of his Scotch publisher. Circumstances, which need not be detailed here, induced “the Soldier” to run away from his home; and, like all the children of a maritime town, he took to the sea as naturally as ducklings take water. His naval life we shall skip; it is interesting enough, but we will leave it to those whom we may induce to read the book. This part has a fault, which, in an inferior degree, pervades the book—a dash of the sentimental and novel-like tone of thinking which the author has probably acquired from romance reading. On his return from sea he enlists into a marching regiment, embarks for Lisbon, and joins the British army, then actively engaged in the Peninsular war. The history of his enlistment and subsequent treatment is curious, as throwing light upon the morals and manners of the mass of the soldiery, but it is too long to quote.

From Lisbon the regiment is shortly despatched to the defence of Cadiz, then closely besieged by the French. Here he is one of a detachment employed to keep possession of a fort which it was apprehended the French proposed to man. This part of the narrative gives a very unfavourable account of the behaviour of our officers to their men, which we trust is not generally true. We observe, however, throughout the work, a very unfriendly feeling towards the aristocracy of the army. How far it is just we should be glad to know. The only way to learn, is to encourage education, and then publication among the common soldiers, who have hitherto had no means of making their complaints known. No man can be a more hopeless slave than a private soldier.

“Here we were wrought like slaves, I may say, without intermission; for our worthy adjutant, who aimed at being a rigid disciplinarian, and was a great amateur in the drill way (which his company knew pretty well,) was determined that no hard labour or want of convenience for cleaning our things, should tempt him to deviate from a clean parade; and formal guard-mounting every morning, even although we had been out all night under the rain on picquet, or carrying sand-bags and digging trenches up to the knees in stinking mud. All the varied forms of duty known in a militia regiment (with which he was best acquainted) were by him deemed indispensable—and in a place where we had no convenience for keeping our things in order, not even shelter for them, this exactness was certainly, to say the least of it, unnecessarily teasing. We were also obliged to stand sentry on different parts of the battery, full dressed, where there was no earthly use for us, unless for show; and I could perceive no reason the commandant and he had for their conduct, unless that, feeling the novelty of their situation—in command of a fort—they wished to ape, with their handful of men, all the importance of leaders of an army.

“We were driven from guard to working—working to picquet—picquet to working again, in a gin-horse round of the most intolerable fatigue; which we never could have borne for any length of time, exposed as we often were to sun and rain, in a climate like that of Cadiz. But, even with all this, we had the mortifica-

tion to find our best endeavours repaid with the most supercilious haughtiness, and the worst of usage. We were allowed little time to sleep; and that little was often withheld from us.

"But let it not be imagined that our officers participated in all this fatigue; they knew how to take care of themselves; and they could sit and drink wine in their bomb-proof at night as comfortably as in a mess-room at home. And it was a common amusement of the commandant, when he got warmed with it, to order the drum to beat to arms in the middle of the night—when the poor devils, who had perhaps just lost sense of their fatigue in sleep, would be roused up, and obliged to go to their several posts on the ramparts: and, when there, we were not allowed to stand steadily to await the coming of a foe (for the *blue devils* of the commandant's brain had peopled the different places of attack with millions for aught I know: and after half an hour or an hour's hard fighting with the wind, we would *graciously* be permitted to go below to our births. But we would scarcely be lain down; when we were again roused, to commence working.—This was the usual routine the most of the time we were here.

"It may be well to remark, however, (for the benefit of those officers who may wish to follow so *illustrious* an example,) that the commandant had a most *ingenious* method of assembling his men quickly—he used to stand, with his fist clenched, at the top of the ladder leading from the bomb-proof, ready to knock down the last man that came up; and, as some one must necessarily be last, he of course was sure of the blow; and, as he was a strong muscular man, it used to *tell* (as we military men term it) on the poor fellow's head.

"One man, I remember, who had suffered in this way, remonstrated, and threatened to complain to his colonel; but the answer was a second 'knock down,' and an order to confine him between two guns in an angle of the battery, where he was exposed to the inclemency of the weather for many days and nights, without covering; and, when his health was impaired by this usage, and he fell sick, he was still kept in the fort, although it was the usual practice to send the sick to the general hospital in Cadiz. He was not allowed to leave the place until we all left it; and then, it is probable, if he had ventured to complain, he might have been flogged in addition to all he had suffered, for presuming to say any thing against the Hero of M——."

A very vivid account is given of the cannonading of the fort, which they are at length forced to evacuate.

"We had now been in the fort about two months; and, from the time that we had silenced the small battery that had opened on us, when we first gained possession of the place, the French had not molested us, although they occasionally fired shots at the boats passing up and down the bay. We were well aware, however, that this was only a deceitful calm before a storm; for they had been busy all this time building batteries both in front and to our right in the village I have

already mentioned, although they were hidden from our view by the houses.

"At last, when every thing was prepared, they commenced their operations one night by blowing up the houses which had hitherto masked the batteries. I was out on picquet at the time; and we perceived them moving round a large fire which they had kindled. We suspected that they designed to attack us, and our suspicions were soon verified; for in a short time after, they gave a salute of grape shot, which ploughed the earth on every side of us; but this was only a prelude. A volley of red hot shot at the Spanish man of war, succeeded, which set her on fire, and obliged her to slip her cable, and drop down the bay. A volley or two more of the same kind scattered our gun-boats; and we were then left to bear the brunt of the battle alone. Now it began in earnest. Five or six batteries, mounting in all about twenty guns, and eight or ten mortars opened their tremendous mouths, vomiting forth death and destruction. The picquet was called in.

"There was a number of spare fascions piled up on the sea face of the battery, amongst which, for the want of room in the bomb-proof, we formed huts. In one of these I lodged. They had been set on fire by a shell that fell amongst them; and, when I entered the fort, the Spanish labourers were busy throwing them into the sea. I ran to try to save my knapsack, with the little treasure which I had gained; but it was too late—hut and all had been tossed over: there was no help for it. I did not know how soon I might be thrown over also. I was called to my gun, and had no more time to think on the subject. They were now plying us so fast with shell, that I saw six or eight in the air over us at once.

"Death now began to stalk about in the most horrid forms. The large shot were almost certain messengers where they struck. The first man killed was a sailor who belonged to the *Téméraire* seventy-four. The whole of his face was carried away. It was a horrid-looking wound. He was at the same gun with me. 'Ah! what will we do with him?' said I to a seaman next me. 'Let him lie there,' was the reply. 'We have no time to look after dead men now.' At that time I thought it a hardened expression; but this was my first engagement. Not so with the tar. He had been well used to them.

"The French soon acquired a fatal precision with their shot, sending them in through our embrasures, killing and wounding men every volley. I was on the left of the gun, at the front wheel. We were running her up after loading. I had stooped to take a fresh purchase, a cannon ball whistled in through the embrasure, carried the forage cap off my head, and struck the man behind me on the breast, and he fell to rise no more.

"The commandant was now moving from place to place, giving orders and exposing himself to every danger. No one could doubt that he was brave. Had it been bravery, softened and blended with the finer feelings of humanity, he would have been a true hero; but——. Our artillery officer behaved like a gentleman, as he had always done: and our subaltern in a tolerable medium: the midship-

man in the style of a brave, rough and steady seaman. But, alas, how had the mighty fallen!—our brave adjutant, whose blustering voice, and bullying important manner had been always so remarkable, was now as quiet as a lamb. Seated in an angle of the battery, sheltered from the shot, no penitent on the *cuddy stool* ever exhibited such a rueful countenance. There he sat, amidst the jeering and scoffing of the men, until the commandant ordered him down to the bomb-proof to superintend giving out the ammunition—merely to get him out of the way.

"The carnage was now dreadful; the ramparts became strewed with the dead and wounded; and blood, brains, and mangled limbs lay scattered in every direction; but our men's spirits and enthusiasm seemed to rise with the danger. The artillery officer stood on the platform, and, when he reported any of our shot taking effect, a cheer followed, and 'at it again, my heroes,' was the exclamation from every mouth. When any of our comrades fell, it excited no visible feeling but revenge. 'Now for a retaliating shot' was the word; every nerve was strained to lay the gun with precision; and, if it took effect, it was considered that full justice was done to their memory.

"We had a traversing gun in the angle of the battery which had done great execution. The artillery sergeant commanded her; and they were plying her with great vigour. In the course of the day, however, as the man was returning the sponge after a shot, and the cartridge in the hand of another, ready to reload, a thirty-two pound shot from the French entered her muzzle, she rebounded, and struck the sergeant with her breech on the breast, and knocked him over insensible. The shot had entered so far that she was rendered useless, and abandoned.

"The action was kept up the whole of that day, during which we had lost the best and bravest of our men. Our guns had been well directed at first; but, towards evening, the most of the artillery who had commanded them, had been either killed or wounded; and the direction of them was then taken by men who knew little about it. The consequence was, that much ammunition was used to little purpose. The artillery soldier at the gun next to me was killed, and two men equally ambitious for what they considered the post of honour, quarrelled about it. From high words it came to blows; but the dispute was soon settled; for a shell, falling between them at that moment, burst and quieted them forever.

"I could scarcely define my feelings during the action; but, so far from feeling fear when it first commenced, and the silent gloom of the night was broken by the rapid flash, and reverberating thunder of the cannon, I felt a sensation something resembling delight; but it was of an awful kind—enthusiasm, sublimity and wonder, mixed with a sense of danger—something like what I have felt in a violent thunder storm.

"The firing, on both sides, had been without intermission from two o'clock in the morning; but, as it now became dark, it was partially suspended. I then, for the first time, ventured

to go below to the bomb-proof. The scene there was dismal—the wounded filled the whole place, and the doctor had not got through with the dressing of them.

"When daylight came in next morning, the firing again commenced as warmly as the preceding day; and the precision the French had attained with their shot was very remarkable. We had a flag staff of the usual size, on which was hoisted the Spanish colours. They had cut it across with a cannon ball, it was repaired, and again replaced; but it was not five minutes up, when another shot brought it down again. This occurring four or five times successively, gave great offence to the sailors, who attributed all that we had suffered to fighting under the Spanish flag, and swore that if the union jack was up in its place, the French would not bring it down so easily. 'There's that bloody Spanish flag down again,' said one of the tars. 'D—n it, Jack, I have got our boat's ensign here—let me go, and I'll soon run it up.' He went, and assisted in repairing the flag staff; but, instead of again bending the Spanish flag to the halliards, he put the English in place of it.

"A general huzza greeted its appearance. 'Now, d—n it, we'll beat the French dogs,' said the seaman; but the cheering had attracted the notice of the commandant, and he ordered it to be hauled down again. Never was an order so reluctantly obeyed.

"In a few minutes, a shot cut through the flag staff. 'There it goes down again—Oh, d—n,' was the surly reply. 'Let it lie there;' and there it lay; for no one would meddle with it. 'Better to fight without a flag at all, than under such a bloody treacherous flag as that,' said an old sailor. 'I never could bear it, unless when I saw it flying at the mast head of an enemy.'"

The fort is soon after ordered to be blown up and deserted. Our poor soldier gets off with only a slight wound, and much slier clothing. He had lost his dollars, prize silk, &c. and arrives at the Isla camp with a pair of canvas trousers, the shirt on his back, a pair of shoes, and a forage cap.

"The Soldier" next re-embarks with his regiment for Portugal, to join the main army under Lord Wellington. The battle of Busaco had just taken place, and they meet the wounded on the road.

"After halting one day here, we proceeded on the main road as far as Cavallos. Here we received information, from men going sick to the rear, that our army was retreating, after having fought an action at Busaco. This intelligence was soon confirmed by cars coming in with the wounded—those who had suffered slightly were walking, while others, whose wounds were more severe, were either sitting or lying on the cars, which from their construction were ill calculated for conveying sick or wounded men. They were about five feet long, and two and a half broad; but, instead of being boarded at the sides, there were stakes placed in holes about eighteen inches apart; the wheels were about two feet in diameter, rather octagonal than round; and, as they were not girt with iron, it was quite a common thing to have a piece broken out of

the circumference, and, of course, every time the wheel turned, the whole car would be violently shook. This was drawn by a pair of oxen, yoked by the head. A peasant, with a long stick and a sharp nail in the end of it, walked before them, and every now and then run his goad into their shoulders to hasten their pace. This generally produced an awful zig-zag trot for a few yards, when the jolting occasioned by the inequality of the wheels would cause the most excruciating torture to the poor fellows who were in them, and force them to groan with agony. In this manner they had to travel to Lisbon, a distance of forty or fifty miles, before they reached an hospital, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, going at the rate of two miles an hour. The wounded continued to pass the remaining part of the day, and during the whole night."

There are many other striking accounts and anecdotes of the situation of the soldiery, both with relation to their comforts, the supply of necessaries, discipline, &c. together with hints for improvement, to which we can only refer.

We are strongly tempted to extract our soldier's narrative of such details as occurred within his own notice of the affair at Fuentes d'Honore, but are compelled to pass on to the siege of Badajoz.

"The 2d parallel was now opened within 300 yards of the town, in which two batteries commenced firing on the 28th. During this time, the weather was so bad, and the rains so heavy, that we were working in the trenches, up to the knees in mud, and the river swelled to such a height that the pontoon bridge, over which we crossed the Guidiana, was carried away. On the 29th, another sortie was made by the enemy on the right; but they were repulsed by General Hamilton's division. On the 31st, twenty-seven pieces of cannon were opened in the second parallel, on the walls of the town; and the firing was continued with great effect until the 4th, when another battery of six guns was opened; practicable breaches were effected on the 5th, and we were turned out that night to storm the town, but the enemy having made formidable preparations for the defence, the attack was deferred until next night, during which time all the guns in the second parallel were brought to bear upon the breaches. This delay was productive of very serious feelings throughout the succeeding day, as we were warned at the time to be ready to storm the town the next night.

"Various were the effects produced on various individuals. There was an unusual talking of relations, a recalling to mind of scenes forgotten; a flow of kindly feeling which softened down the rough soldier into something sadder, but more pleasing. Many letters were written during that day to absent friends, in a more affectionate style than usual; and many injunctions given and taken, about writing, in the event of the fall of either party, to their relations.

"The nearer the time drew for the intended attack, the more each individual seemed to shrink within himself, yet still nothing of fear or doubt of our success was expressed, every

feeling displayed was natural and manly; at length night came, and the appointed hour for turning out. It was dark and gloomy, not a single star showed its head; the air was still, not a sound could be heard; but the noise of the field cricket, and the croaking of frogs; every word of command was given in a whisper, and the strictest silence enjoined, which I believe was unnecessary; few felt inclined to speak. At last the order was given to advance, and with palpitating hearts we commenced our march—slow and silent, a dead weight hanging on every mind; had we been brought hurriedly into action it would have been different, but it is inconsistent with the nature of man not to feel as I have described, in such a situation. The previous warning; the dark and silent night; the known strength of the place; and the imminent danger of the attack, all conspired to produce it.—Yet this feeling was not the result of want of courage, for I never witnessed any thing like the calm intrepidity displayed in the advance, after we came within range of the enemy's cannon. Being apprized of our intentions, they threw out fire-balls in every direction, and from total darkness, they changed the approaches to the garrison, into a state light as day; by this means they were enabled to see the directions of our columns, and they opened a fire of round and grape shot on us, which raked through them, killing and wounding whole sections. We still advanced, silent as before, unless the groaning of our wounded comrades, until we reached a sort of moat about fifty feet wide, formed by the inundation of the river; here we had to pass, rank entire, the passage being only capable of admitting one at a time. On this place the enemy had brought their guns to bear, and they kept up such a fire of grape and musketry on it, that it was a miracle any of us escaped. When we reached the other side we formed again, and advanced up the glacis, forcing our way through the pallisades, and got down into the ditch. The ladders by which we had to escalate the castle were not yet brought up, and the men were huddled on one another in such a manner that we could not move; we were now ordered to fix our bayonets. When we first entered the trench we considered ourselves comparatively safe, thinking we were out of range of their shot, but we were soon convinced of our mistake, for they opened several guns from angles which commanded the trench, and they poured in grape shot upon us from each side, every shot of which took effect, and every volley of which was succeeded by the dying groans of those who fell; our situation at this time was truly appalling. The attack had commenced at the breaches towards our left, and the cannon and musketry which played upon our troops from every quarter of the town attacked, kept up a continual roll of thunder, and their incessant flash one quivering sheet of lightning; to add to the awfulness of the scene, a mine was sprung at the breach, which carried up in its dreadful blaze, the mangled limbs and bodies of many of our comrades. When the ladders were placed, each eager to mount, crowded them in such a way that many of them broke, and the poor fellows

who had nearly reached the top, were precipitated a height of thirty or forty feet, and impaled on the bayonets of their comrades below; other ladders were pushed aside by the enemy on the walls, and fell with a crash on those in the ditch; while more who got to the top without accident were shot on reaching the parapet, and tumbling headlong, brought down those beneath them. This continued for some time, until at length a few having made a landing good on the ramparts, at the expense of their lives, enabled a great number to follow. When about a company had thus collected together, we formed and charged round the ramparts, bayoneting the French artillery at their guns; in the direction that the party I was with, they had drawn out a howitzer loaded to the very muzzle, pointed it towards us, and a gunner had the match ready to fire, when he was brought down by one of our party; in this direction we charged until we reached the sally-port communicating with the town. In a short time the whole division were established in possession of the castle, but the contest at the breaches was still severe.

"The light and 4th divisions had advanced from the trenches a short time after us, until they reached the covered way; their advanced guards descended without difficulty into the ditch, and advanced to the assault with the most determined bravery, but such was the nature of the obstacles prepared by the enemy at the head of the breach, and behind it, that they could not establish themselves within the place. Repeated attempts were made until after twelve at night, when Lord Wellington finding that success was not to be obtained, and that our division had succeeded in taking the castle, they were ordered back to the ground where they had assembled, leaving the breach covered with dead and wounded. When the governor (Philipon) found the castle was taken, he retreated into fort St. Christoval, and at daylight in the morning he surrendered with all the garrison; it had consisted of five thousand men, of which number twelve hundred were killed during the siege.

"When the town surrendered, and the prisoners were secured, the gate leading into the town from the castle was opened, and we were allowed to enter the town for the purpose of plundering it. We were scarcely through the gate when every regiment of the division were promiscuously mixed, and a scene of confusion took place which baffles description; each ran in the direction that pleased himself, bursting up the doors and rummaging through the houses, wantonly breaking up the most valuable articles of furniture found in them;—small bands formed, and when they came to a door which offered resistance, half a dozen muskets were levelled at the lock, and it flew up; by this means many men were wounded, for having entered at another door, there was often a number in the house, when the door was thus blown open. The greater number first sought the spirit stores, where, having drank an inordinate quantity, they were prepared for every sort of mischief. At one large vault in the centre of the town, to which a flight of steps led, they had staved in the head of the casks, and were running

with their hat-caps full of it, and so much was spilt here, that some, it was said, were actually drowned in it. Farther on a number of those who had visited the spirit store were firing away their ammunition, striving to hit some bells in front of a convent.

"The effects of the liquor now began to show itself, and some of the scenes which ensued are too dreadful and disgusting to relate; where two or three thousand armed men, many of them mad drunk, others depraved and unprincipled, were freed from all restraint, running up and down the town, the atrocities which took place may be readily imagined;—but in justice to the army, I must say they were not general, and in most cases perpetrated by cold blooded villains, who were backward enough in the attack. Many risked their lives in defending helpless females, and although it was rather a dangerous place for an officer to appear, I saw many of them running as much risk to prevent inhumanity, as they did the preceding night in storming the town. I very soon sickened of the noise, folly, and wickedness around me, and made out of the town towards the breach. When I arrived at where the attack had been made by the light and 4th divisions, what a contrast to the scene I had just left! here all was comparatively silent, unless here and there a groan from the poor fellows who lay wounded, and who were unable to move. As I looked round, several voices assailed my ear begging for a drink of water; I went, and having filled a large pitcher which I found, relieved their wants as far I could."

Our soldier, the next morning, visits the scene of attack on the night previous:—

"When I observed the defences that had been here made, I could not wonder at our troops not succeeding in the assault. The ascent of the breach near the top was covered with thick planks of wood firmly connected together, staked down, and stuck full of sword and bayonet blades, which were firmly fastened into the wood with the points up; round the breach a deep trench was cut in the ramparts, which was plated full of muskets with the bayonets fixed, standing up perpendicularly, and firmly fixed in the earth up to the locks. Exclusive of this, they had shell and hand grenades ready loaded, piled on the ramparts, which they lighted and threw down among the assailants. Round this place death appeared in every form, the whole ascent was completely covered with the killed, and for many yards around the approach to the walls, every variety of expression in their countenance, from calm placidity to the greatest agony. The sight was awful:—anxious to see the place where we had so severe a struggle the preceding night, I bent my steps to the ditch where we had placed the ladders to escalate the castle. The sight here was enough to harrow up the soul, and which no description of mine could convey an idea of. Beneath one of the ladders, among others lay a corporal of the 45th regiment, who, when wounded, had fallen forward on his knees and hands, and the foot of the ladder had been, in the confusion, placed on his back. Whether the wound would have been mortal, I do not

know, but the weight of the men ascending the ladder had facilitated his death, for the blood was forced out of his ears, mouth and nose.

"Returning to the camp, I had passed the narrow path across the moat, where many lay dead, half in the water. I had scarcely reached the opposite side, when I perceived a woman with a child at her breast, and leading another by the hand, hurrying about with a distracted air, from one dead body to another, eagerly examining each. I saw her come to one whose appearance seemed to strike her (he was a grenadier of the 83d regt.) she hesitated some moments, as if afraid to realize the suspicion which crossed her mind. At length seemingly determined to ascertain the extent of her misery, releasing the child from her hand, she raised the dead soldier (who had fallen on his face) and looking on his pallid features, she gave a wild scream, and the lifeless body fell from her arms. Sinking on her knees, she cast her eyes to heaven, while she strained her infant to her bosom with a convulsive grasp; the blood had fled her face, nor did a muscle of it move, she seemed inanimate, and all her faculties were absorbed in grief."

If we had no other reason for recommending these little volumes, it would be sufficient that they will instruct unthinking people in the real nature of war and military glory. The length of the quotations already made, prevent us from doing more than concluding this paper with a few detached anecdotes collected at random—partly for the amusement they afford—and partly to show the character of the work.

General Picton:—

"The first Sunday after the outrage already related, when the chaplain left his station, General Picton took his place not to *pray* but to give us a *sermon*.

"This was the first time he had addressed us. I felt anxious to examine the features of a man who had been so much the public talk on account of his reputed cruelty at Trinidad. I could not deny that I felt a prejudice against him, and his countenance did not do it away; for it had a stern and gloomy expression, which, added to a very dark complexion, made it no way prepossessing; but, when he opened his mouth, and began to pour forth a torrent of abuse on us for our conduct, and his dark eye flashed with indignation, as he recapitulated our errors, 'hope withering fled, and mercy sighed farewell.' He wound up the particular part of his speech addressed to us with—'*You are a disgrace to your moral country, Scotland!*' That had more weight than all his speech. It sunk deep in our hearts. To separate a Scotchman from his country—to tell him he was unworthy of it—is next to taking away his life.

"But General Picton was not the character which we, by prejudice, were led to think him. Convinced of the baneful effects of allowing his men to plunder, he set his face sternly against it, but in other respects he was indulgent; and, although no man could blame with more severity when occasion required, he was no niggard of his praise when it was deserved."—(Vol. i. p. 198.)

"The 88th regiment (Connaught Rangers) being detached from our division, led on by the heroic General McKinnon, (who commanded our right brigade) charged them furiously, and drove them back through the village with great slaughter. Some time previous to this, General Picton had had occasion to check this regiment for some plundering affair they had been guilty of, and he was so offended at their conduct, that, in addressing them, he had told them they were the greatest blackguards in the army;—but as he was always as ready to give praise—as censure, where it was due, when they were returning from this gallant and effective charge, he exclaimed, 'Well done the brave 88th!' Some of them who had been stung at his former reproaches, cried out, 'Are we the greatest blackguards in the army now?' The valiant Picton smiled, and replied, 'No, no, you are brave and gallant soldiers, this day has redeemed your character.'"—(Vol. ii. p. 23.)

"We had now gained the edge of the river; the French columns were posted on the height above us. We passed the river, under a heavy fire, and proceeded to ascend the hill. We could now see that more of our army had crossed, both to our right and left. As we advanced up the hill, we formed line. General Picton rode up in front of us, with his stick over his shoulder, exposed to the heavy fire of the enemy, as composedly as if he had been in perfect safety. 'Steady, my lads, steady,' said he, 'don't throw away your fire until I give you the word of command.' We were now close on them; the balls were whizzing about our ears like hailstones. The man before me received a shot in the head, and fell. 'Why don't they let us give the rascals a volley,' said some of the men. The left of our line, which was nearest them, now opened a heavy fire; and, by the time the line was all formed, the French had taken to their heels."—(Vol. i. p. 221.)

"We were much annoyed by shot and shell from the heights where the French artillery were posted, some of which falling in the squares, did great mischief, killing and wounding many of our men, and blowing up our ammunition. We had about six miles to retreat in this manner before we reached the body of the army, with the French cavalry hanging on our flanks and rear, some of whom had even the audacity to ride to our front, and having taken part of our baggage, brought it back close past our columns: we could render no assistance, as our own safety wholly depended on keeping ourselves ready to form square. Here General Picton showed that coolness and intrepidity for which he was so much distinguished; for some time he rode at the head of our square, while a strong body of French hung on our right, waiting a favourable opportunity to charge. The captain who commanded us (both field officers being sick) was throwing many a fearful glance at them, and was rather in a state of perturbation—'Never mind the French,' said Picton, 'mind your regiment; if the fellows come here, we will give them a warm reception.'"—(Vol. ii. p. 54.)

Execution of deserters:—

"While in Campo Mayor, where we remained for some time, a German of the 60th regiment, a Frenchman, and two Italians, belonging to the Chasseurs Britannique, were shot for desertion: the former belonged to our division, the latter three to the 7th. On the morning that the sentence of the first was carried into execution, the division was assembled outside of the town, where they formed three sides of a square. The prisoner was marched past the various regiments, accompanied by the chaplain of the division, and the guard appointed to shoot him. When his devotions were finished, he was blindfolded by the provost marshal, and placed kneeling on the brink of his grave already open to receive him; he gave the signal, and the next moment he fell pierced by half a dozen musquet balls. The different regiments then marched past the body, receiving the word, *eyes left*, as they passed him.

"I was on the general provost guard the evening previous to those of the 7th division being shot. The sergeants came with the company's books to settle their accounts; the two Italians were in paroxysms of agony, crying and wringing their hands; the behaviour of the Frenchman, who had been taken prisoner, had volunteered into the Chasseurs Britannique, and afterwards deserted from them to his countrymen, formed a strong contrast to that of the others; calm and dignified, he seemed to feel no fear of death, nor did any complaint pass his lips, save an occasional exclamation against the injustice of trying him as a deserter, being a Frenchman. In his circumstances, he argued it was natural that he should endeavour to join his friends the first opportunity that offered. When the sergeant was settling their accounts, the Italians paid no attention to any thing said to them; but he discussed every item with the greatest exactness, and the sergeant wanting a small coin about the value of a farthing to balance, he desired him to procure it before he would sign the ledger; but though thus exact with the sergeant, the moment he received his balance, which amounted to some dollars, he divided every penny of it amongst his fellow-prisoners. When the Italians received their money they sent for brandy, and began to drink intemperately, endeavouring to drown their sorrows and sear their minds; but it had quite a different effect, for they then broke from all restraint in the expression of their feelings, and cried and groaned with agony in such a manner, that they could be heard at a considerable distance from the guard-room. In this state they continued until morning, when they ceased their lamentations, only because nature was exhausted by their former violence;—quite different was the conduct of the Frenchman; when the brandy was procured, the Italians pressed him to take some, but he thanked them, and refused, 'No,' said he, throwing a look of mingled pity and contempt on them, 'I need no brandy to enable me to face death.' He continued to walk about with his arms folded during the whole evening, without seeming in the least disturbed; occasionally indeed his countenance softened, and a tear-drop gathered in his eye, but it was not

permitted to linger there; and as if ashamed of showing the least want of firmness, he assumed redoubled inflexibility of countenance.

"I could not help admiring his manly fortitude and courage. I had no opportunity of speaking to him, without being intrusive; but in silence I watched the expression of his face, with a feeling I could hardly describe.—It was reported that he was a brother of Marshal Soult: the truth of this I cannot pretend to affirm. He was, however, certainly a man of a noble mind and independent spirit, elegant in person, and handsome in features. About midnight he lay down and slept soundly until near the hour of execution; his courage seemed to be now even more exalted. He cleaned himself with the greatest nicety, conversed with his fellow prisoners cheerfully, and endeavoured, although without success, to infuse some courage into the poor Italians. The guard having arrived, he took leave of those prisoners who were confined with him; and to one, with whom he was more familiar than the others, he gave some private injunction, and on parting with him he said emphatically, 'Remember, I die a Frenchman.' He marched off to the place of execution with the same collected intrepidity he had before evinced, and I understood afterwards, that his demeanour on the ground where he was shot, was similar to that displayed while a prisoner; all admired his courage, and were sorry for his fate."—(Vol. ii. p. 44.)

The following is a scene much after the fashion of the heroes in Homer:—

"The cavalry now commenced skirmishing, the infantry keeping up an occasional fire. It was rather remarkable that the cavalry on both sides happened to be Germans. When this was understood, volleys of insulting language, as well as shot, were exchanged between them. One of our hussars got so enraged at something one of his opponents said, that raising his sword, he dashed forward upon him into the very centre of their line. The French hussar seeing that he had no mercy to expect from his enraged foe, wheeled about his horse, and rode to the rear; the other, determined on revenge, still continued to follow him. The whole attention of both sides was drawn for a moment to these two, and a temporary cessation of firing took place; the French staring in astonishment at our hussar's temerity, while our men were cheering him on. The chase continued for some way to the rear of their cavalry. At last, our hussar coming up with him, and fetching a furious blow, brought him to the ground. Awakened now to a sense of the danger he had thrown himself into, he set his horse at full speed to get back to his comrades; but the French who were confounded when he passed, had recovered their surprise, and determined on revenging the death of their comrade; they joined in pursuit, firing their pistols at him. The poor fellow was now in hazardous plight, they were every moment gaining upon him, and he had still a long way to ride. A band of the enemy took a circuit, for the purpose of intercepting him; and before he could reach the line he was surrounded, and would have been cut in pieces, had not a party of his comrades, stimulated by the wish

to save so brave a fellow, rushed forward, and just arrived in time, by making the attack general, to save his life, and brought him off in triumph."—(Vol. ii. p. 14.)

Anecdotes of wounds:—

"In particular places of the village where a stand had been made, or the shot brought to bear, the slaughter had been immense, which was the case near the river, and at the small chapel on our side of the town; among the rest lay one poor fellow of the 88th light company, who had been severely wounded, and seemed to suffer excruciating agony, for he begged of those who passed him to put him out of torture. Although from the nature of his wound there was no possibility of him surviving, yet none felt inclined to comply with his request, until a German of the 60th Rifle battalion, after hesitating a few moments, raised his rifle, and putting the muzzle of it to his head, fired the contents of it through it. Whether this deed deserved praise or blame, I leave others to determine."—(Vol. ii. p. 19.)

"A French officer, while leading on his men, having been killed in our front, a bugler of the 83d regiment starting out between the fire of both parties, seized his gold watch; but he had scarcely returned, when a cannon shot from the enemy came whistling past him, and he fell lifeless on the spot. The blood started out of his nose and ears, but with the exception of this, there was neither wound nor bruise on his body; the shot had not touched him.

"A few of our lads and some of the 79th were standing together, where a poor fellow lay a few paces from them weltering in his blood. As he belonged to the 79th, they went over to see who he was; the ball had entered the centre of his forehead, and passed through his brain, and to all appearance he was completely dead; but when any of the flies which were buzzing about the wound, entered it, a convulsive tremor shook his whole body, and the muscles of his face became frightfully distorted; there could scarcely be imagined any thing more distressing, or more appalling to the spectator."—(Vol. ii. p. 20.)

"In this manner driving in their left, we came in front of where our artillery were playing on the enemy, but no time was lost, for by marching past in open column, they continued to fire without interruption, sending their shot through the intervals between each company, without doing us any injury, although it created rather unpleasant sensations to hear it whistling past us. The enemy's shot and shell were now making dreadful havoc. A Portuguese cadet, who was attached to our regiment, received a shell in the centre of his body, which, bursting at the same instant, literally blew him to pieces; another poor fellow receiving a grape shot across his belly, his bowels protruded, and he was obliged to apply both his hands to the wound to keep them in; I shall never forget the expression of agony depicted in his countenance. These were remarkable cases, but the men were now falling thick on every side."—(Vol. ii. p. 100.)

"Within the walls of the old chapel, where our men and the French had got under cover

alternately, as they were pursuing or pursued, there lay a mixture of various nations, wounded, dying and dead, and presented a sight which no language could describe, raving, groaning, calling for assistance and drink. They must have had a hardened heart who could have beheld it without feeling deeply. One noble looking fellow of the Imperial Guard lay wounded through both legs, and one of his arms shattered, he had been plundered and stripped half naked. One of our light company, of the name of James Cochran, as much distinguished for bravery in the field as for a mild and humane temper, (for they are not incompatible) seeing the poor fellow lying in this plight, unable to help himself, and the flies irritating his wounds—threw his own blanket over him—brought some water, and left it and some bread with him; but what was his mortification on returning that way, to find that he was again plundered of all, and left as before. The poor fellow, however, seemed to feel the most lively gratitude for what Cochran had done, and wished to force some money on him, which had escaped the search of his plunderers."—(Vol. ii. p. 25.)

Miseries of retreat:—

"It was piteous to see some of the men, who had dragged their limbs after them with determined spirit until their strength failed, fall down amongst the mud, unable to proceed farther; and as they were sure of being taken prisoners if they escaped being trampled to death by the enemy's cavalry, the despairing farewell look that the poor fellows gave us when they saw us pass on, would have pierced our hearts at any other time; but our feelings were steeled, and so helpless had we become, that we had no power to assist, even had we felt the inclination to do so. Among the rest, one instance was so distressing, that no one could behold it unmoved. The wife of a young man, who endeavoured to be present with her husband on every occasion, if possible, having kept up with us amidst all our sufferings, from Salamanca, was at length so overcome by fatigue and want, that she could go no farther; for some distance, with the assistance of her husband's arm, she had managed to drag her weary limbs along, but at length she became so exhausted, that she stood still unable to move; her husband was allowed to fall out with her, for the purpose of getting her into one of the spring wagons, but when they came up, they were already loaded in such a manner that she could not be admitted, and numbers in the same predicament were left lying on the road side. The poor fellow was now in a dreadful dilemma, being necessitated either to leave her to the mercy of the French soldiers, or by remaining with her to be taken prisoner—and even then perhaps be unable to protect her; the alternative either way was heart-rending, but there was no time to lose, the French cavalry was close upon them. In despairing accents she begged him not to leave her, and at one time he had taken the resolution to remain, but the fear of being considered as a deserter urged him to proceed, and, with feelings easier imagined than described, he left her to her fate, and never saw her again; but many a time afterwards did he deprecate his

conduct on that occasion, and the recollection of it embittered his life."—(Vol. ii. p. 122.)

Fanaticism:—

"The day that we entered this village, one of our men cut off his right hand, under circumstances that may be worth relating.

"For some time previous to this he had been low in spirits, troubled with what some people call religious melancholy, but which, at that time, was no very prevalent disease in the army. He scarcely ever spoke to any one, and was in the habit of wandering out from the encampment, with his Bible in his pocket, and seating himself in some place where he was not likely to be disturbed, he would set for hours poring over it. While in Ustaritz, he conceived some ill will against the landlord of the house where he was quartered, and very unceremoniously knocked him down. Being confined for this offence, he remained a prisoner when we entered Hasparin. On the guard being placed in a house, he sat down, and having taken out his Bible, he commenced in his usual way to read it. But suddenly rising, he laid the book down, and going over to a man, who was breaking wood with a hatchet, he asked the loan of it for a few moments. When the man gave it to him, he walked very deliberately into an inner apartment, and placing his right hand on the sill of the window, he severed it at the wrist. The first two strokes that he made, did not finish the business, and he had nerve enough not only to repeat it a third time, but afterwards to wrench the lacerated integuments asunder, and threw the hand into the court below. He had been observed by some of the men in a window opposite, but too late to prevent the deed.

"The man on being questioned as to his motive in thus mutilating himself, replied, 'That he had only done what the Lord commanded, in a passage he had been reading—'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee, &c.' which injunction he had literally fulfilled, as his right hand offended him by knocking down his landlord. This was the only reason he ever assigned."—(Vol. ii. p. 189.)

The anecdotes of the Provost Marshal are frightful. The following is a mild case:—

"Next morning we left our encampment, and returning by the way we had come, we passed a man of the division on the road side, who had been hung up to the branch of a tree a few minutes before. According to the current report in the division, he had entered a mill, and asked the miller to sell him some flour; but the miller refusing to sell it he took it by force; and being caught in the act by some one, who reported the affair to Lord Wellington, he was tried by a general court martial, and sentenced to death. For a long time after his trial he was marched a prisoner with the provost guard, and he entertained hopes of pardon; but on that morning, without any previous warning, while he was sitting at the fire with some of his fellow prisoners, the provost came in and ordered him to rise, when, placing the rope round his neck, he marched him forward on the road a short dis-

tañce, and hung him upon the branch of a tree."—(Vol. ii. p. 206.)

Sangfroid:—

"While advancing upon one of these temporary defences, a French soldier, through some cause, was rather tardy in retreating, and our men were close upon him before he started out of the ditch. His comrades had, by this time, lined the fence farther on, and being a remarkable object, a number of our skirmishers directed their fire against him, but he did not seem much incommoded, for after running a few paces, he turned about and fired on his pursuers; and reloading his piece, continued this running fire for some distance. His daring conduct having attracted the attention of all, a great number joined in trying to bring the poor fellow down; and the shot was flying about him in every direction—but he seemed invulnerable. At length coming near to where his own party was under cover, he walked up to the edge of the embankment, and after firing at the party who were in his rear, he clapped his hand very contemptuously on his breech, and jumped down into the ditch."—(Vol. ii. p. 205.)

The indifference to danger which a little campaigning endows even cowards with, is truly remarkable:—

"Our attention was drawn to a young artillery officer who was with them, and who seemed to be very much frightened, for every time that either our own or the French guns-fired, he ducked to the ground. Some of the men felt inclined to make game of him, but it only showed that fighting needs practice before people can take things easy. It is likely that it was the first time he had been engaged, and I have no doubt but he would eventually get the better of that custom; those who have not known it by experience can form no idea of the indifference with which our soldiers entered a battle after being some time in the Peninsula. As an instance of this, we were at one time lying opposite to the enemy, in daily expectation of being engaged, one of our men, (a Highlandman,) having lost the small piece of ornamental leather which is worn in front of the uniform cap, on taking off his hat for some purpose, the deficiency caught his eye, and looking at it for a few moments, he said, very seriously, 'I wish to God there may be an engagement to-day, till I get a rosette for my cap.'—(Vol. ii. p. 162.)

We must, however, make an end of our extracts, and we cannot do better than finish with this memorandum:—

"Our regiment was nearly *nine hundred* strong when we first went out to the Peninsula. During the time we remained there, we received at various times recruits to the amount of *four hundred*, and when we left the country our strength was about *two hundred and fifty*, out of which number, not more than a *hundred and fifty* remained who went out with the regiment."—(Vol. ii. p. 214.)

The author has done wrong to entitle his second volume "The War in the Peninsula;" a private soldier is not in a situation to give, from his own experience, a general account of a war. He sees nothing but detached incidents, and if he describes more he must rely

upon newspapers and despatches—a task he had better leave to others. “The Soldier” has erred in this point in his description of the crossing of the Pyrenees and the campaign in the south of France. A more grievous error is, however, the dash of romance with which he has now and then permitted himself to colour the reality—as in the case, for instance, of the love story of Henry G——. We should, however, be unpardonably fastidious if we did not overlook this defect for the sake of the entertainment the rest has afforded us: indeed, it is on account of the high value which we set upon the book, that we make an exception to the parts which serve to cast an air of doubt over the genuineness of the whole.

From the Monthly Review.

MEMOIRS OF ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA, *Daughter of King James I.; with Sketches of the most distinguished Personages; and the State of Society in Holland and Germany during the Seventeenth Century.* By Miss Benger. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1825.

THE story of the lovely and unfortunate woman, with whose Memoirs we are here presented, is among the most affecting pieces of royal biography. The daughter and the mother of a long line of kings, she was doomed to gain nothing but the empty title of Queen, in exchange for a whole life of humiliation and misery: born and reared in a palace, her youth was crowned with a splendid bridal, only that she might become a wanderer without a home, and a dependant upon republican bounty. Charming all hearts, she created devoted servants, but to incur fruitless debts of gratitude which she never enjoyed the enviable power of repaying:—the consort of a prince who adored her, she was widowed in youth:—the mother of a numerous offspring, she was left by their misfortunes or their crimes with no filial tenderness to soothe her declining years:—and, finally, she revisited her native shores to experience only neglect or indifference from the princes of her own family; and she died in ignorance that her German descendants, by the female line, were one day to supplant the male heirs of the house of Stuart on the throne of these realms. Thus, altogether, whether we consider her in her royal station or her private life,—her brief dream of splendour, and long reality of fallen greatness,—her public cares and private sorrows,—bereaved at once of home, and kindred, of crown, husband, and children,—we know not, in all the long and mocking pageant of human grandeur, a spectacle of more melancholy and touching interest than Elizabeth Stuart, the fair scion of an ancient and illustrious stock, the common link between two great and royal dynasties.

In the work before us, the story of this ill-fated Princess is invested with many graces of composition and feeling, which enhance the attraction natural to her chequered fortunes. Miss Benger is already favourably known to the world as the biographer of several illustri-

ous females; and the present volumes cannot fail to add very considerably to her previous reputation. In the collateral details of character, manners, and political history, these Memoirs exhibit judicious reflection, animated delineation, and very respectable research: the sketches which they offer of the personal life of Elizabeth are finely blended with the coarser details of public affairs; and the whole affecting picture of her domestic sufferings is tinged with a deep and softened expression, which, perhaps, no other than a female pencil could adequately convey. In simple force, animation, and correctness of style, the book is superior to any of Miss Benger's former productions; and if, as we shall presently have occasion to note, it is not wholly free from that bias towards favourite personages, which seems the besetting sin of all biography, the tone of impartiality is in general at least fairly preserved; and there is certainly to be found in its pages neither wilful suppression of truth, nor intentional misrepresentation of historical circumstances.

Elizabeth Stuart, the eldest daughter of our James I., was born at the palace of Falkland, in Scotland, in the year 1596. At the age of eight years, by an arrangement which will appear curious to these times, she was removed from the royal home, and placed under the charge and in the family of Lord Harrington. Under the exclusive care of that virtuous nobleman, and his amiable lady, she remained for several years at their seat of Combe Abbey, in Warwickshire. In the childhood and early youth of the Princess there was nothing remarkable: although some of her infantine letters to her brother, Prince Henry, have been carefully preserved. For our own parts, we must confess ourselves no believers in these recorded proofs of the precocity of royal infants, which it is so easy for the ingenuity of teachers to dictate, and so natural for the flattery of courtiers to pawn upon the credulity of sovereign parents and their loving subjects. The formal epistles and sayings of the little Princesses exhibit more of the staid precision and quaint style, which belonged to the maturer mind of the age, than of the natural ease and simplicity of childhood. There must be something contagious in the disposition to attribute ripeness of understanding and feeling to the children of the “British Solomon;” for we observe with a smile the gravity of Miss Benger's assurance, that the separation of Elizabeth from her brother Henry “caused probably the first, certainly the deepest, chagrin that had ever been experienced,”—*by a child of eight years of age!* Lord Harrington and his lady appear, however, to have acquitted themselves of their duty in the education of their tender charge with fidelity, zeal, and good sense; until, at the age of about thirteen years, the Princess was removed, still under their superintendence, to the court.

The first interesting circumstance in the life of Elizabeth, and that which gave its peculiar colouring to her destiny, was her marriage with the young Elector-Palatine, Frederic V. This, like most royal unions, was dictated entirely by policy; and the general interest of the Protestant cause determined James, by the advice of his ministers, to accept the young

Elector, as a prince of the reformed faith, for the husband of his daughter, in preference to seeking a more splendid alliance. James's Queen, the weak and volatile Anne of Denmark, was opposed to the union, and insisted that her daughter should only bestow her hand in exchange for a regal crown. But failing in her efforts to disgust the Princess with the projected nuptials, this vain and frivolous woman assailed her with taunts, and probably awakened that ambition in the mind of Elizabeth, which was to shade all her subsequent life with calamity. Winwood has recorded in his *Memorials* the Queen's question to her daughter, how she would endure to be stigmatized as "Goody Palsgrave?"—a nickname which she thenceforth habitually bestowed on her. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Queen, the young Palsgrave was invited to England; and his nuptials with Elizabeth were finally celebrated with extravagant pomp on Valentine's day, in the year 1613. The bride was therefore only in her seventeenth year, and the young Elector was scarcely her senior. We shall here copy Miss Benger's portrait of Elizabeth:

"The wooing of royal personages is proverbially dull and cold; but the young Elector, to the unspeakable delight of the ladies, betrayed the symptoms of genuine love; nor was this surprising, since the object of his pursuit possessed beauty and accomplishments to satisfy a more fastidious taste. Her form, though well proportioned, was light and graceful; sprightliness and dignity were blended in her movements. There was an intelligent language in her eyes: the glow of life, of hope, and happiness was diffused over her countenance. There were many contemporary princesses more beautiful, some not less accomplished; but none, who, like her, passed alternately from sportiveness to enthusiasm, or so happily united simplicity to embellishment. Although well educated, she could not be called studious, like the daughter of Henry VIII. She aspired not to the graces of the unhappy Mary Stuart; nor had she the pensive elegance of her persecuted cousin, Arabella. Elizabeth affected not to be either a wit, a scholar, or a musician; and it was all her prevailing charm, that she spoke and looked without premeditation, personifying youth in all its airiness, and buoyancy, and susceptibility of enjoyment. When she sprung upon her palfrey, it was like a nymph; when she followed the chase, it was with an air of romantic triumph. With all this vivacity of character, Elizabeth was not incapable of serious reflection: her religious principles were deeply rooted; she had been fortified by her brother's opinions; and it appears probable they had in some degree influenced her conduct, since she seldom exhibited her person in the court-masks like her volatile mother,—never invited Frederic to a ball during his visit to England."

The gorgeous ceremonial of the marriage,—the bridal progress of Elizabeth through the United Provinces, and up the course of the Rhine, to Heidelberg, the Elector's capital,—and the solemn festivities which greeted the "pearl of Britain" on her arrival in her husband's dominions,—are all described by Miss Benger at considerable length. Her account is

given partly from Stowe, but principally on the authority of a ponderous German quarto, printed in 1613, in which some indefatigable attendant of the Palsgrave had enrolled a minute journal of the most trivial occurrences of this nuptial expedition. From this source Miss Benger has skilfully interwoven the picturesque narrative of the protracted pageant, with many highly amusing and curious details on the manners of the times in England, Holland, and Germany.

After the tumult of their nuptial rejoicings had subsided, Elizabeth and her consort enjoyed for a few years an unclouded season of happiness. Under a careful minority the states of the Elector had been prosperously administered; and, when he assumed the reins of government, the Palatinate was the most flourishing province of Germany. Over the facile mind and amiable temper of her husband, Elizabeth acquired that unbounded influence, which, by whatever fascination of person or character, she certainly knew how to exercise on all around her; and Miss Benger has had occasion to fill this happy and too transient epoch in the life of her heroine only with the relation of christenings, courtly festivities, and magnificent improvements of the palace and domain, in which her enamoured lord delighted to minister to her tastes. But this dream of pleasure had an abrupt termination: the political and religious storm which disturbed the closing reign of the Emperor Mathias, began to gather throughout Germany; and its clouds soon thickened over the thoughtless revellers of Heidelberg. With the waning fortunes of her heroine, Miss Benger changes the scene; and we are conducted at once to the crowded and turbulent arena of intrigue and violence, which was soon to be occupied with the quick revolutions and sanguinary combats of the Thirty Years' War.

The political details of this part of her subject, in connexion with the fortunes of Elizabeth, are all developed by Miss Benger with sufficient precision and clearness. Upon the question of Frederic's acceptance or refusal of the crown of Bohemia was to depend the fame, or obscurity, the splendour, or the ruin, of his future condition. Though the circumstances are variously related, there is no doubt that it was the influence and the ambitious counsels of Elizabeth, which determined the wavering Elector to stake the fortunes of his house upon the proffered diadem. The enterprise itself it has been common with historians to treat as rash and ill advised. That it was attended with so many calamities, is, however, we think, much more attributable to the feeble character and palpable errors of Frederic himself, than to the real dangers of his attempt. It is apparently from partiality for the character of Frederic, the faithful husband of her heroine, that Miss Benger dwells much more on the difficulties of his situation, than on his deficiencies in judgment and energy. She has extenuated his errors, and laboured to explain away the unfavourable appearances against him. It is, however, but too evident, that, on the field which was to decide his title to a regal throne, he displayed the qualities neither of the hero nor the politic monarch. We agree with

Miss Benger in refusing to admit the judgment of Schiller upon any disputed historical circumstances. But, disregarding altogether the authority of that fascinating writer, who has too frequently abandoned truth for dramatic effect, we have more authentic evidence to produce in contradiction to that which Miss Benger has advanced. To the text of the *Mercure François*, and the partial reports of Bromley's Royal Letters, Miss Benger's principal authorities for the battle of Prague (vol. ii. p. 94.) we shall oppose that of Pelzel, by far the best of the Bohemian historians, whom our authoress does not appear even to have consulted. Pelzel, who composed his history from the contemporary records and authors of the period under our view, is remarkable for his general impartiality. That Frederic disgusted his Bohemian subjects, both of the Catholic and Lutheran persuasions, by suffering his Calvinistic followers to carry on a petty persecution against the ornaments and rites of their worship, is admitted by Miss Benger; but she does not mention that he gave more serious offence to his most zealous Bohemian adherents, by his impolitic choice of his Palatinate Generals Anhalt and Hohenloe to command his army in preference to the able and gallant Count Thurm, the leader of the Bohemian revolution. During the advance of the Austrian army into the heart of Bohemia, Frederic neglected the business of warlike preparation in a round of courtly festivities and rejoicings for his recent accession to the crown; and, as if intoxicated by his easy acquisition of a kingdom, he plunged with his court into a series of idle gaieties and empty pageants, even while his enemies were thundering at the gates of his capital. He had repaired from Prague to his army: he returned to his palace again on the eve of the general engagement which was to seal the doom of his family. He was presiding at an entertainment given to the British ambassador in the city, when he should have been encouraging his flying troops by his presence; and he was the first to believe that the defeat of his adherents was irreparable. Miss Benger acknowledges that Frederic left his troops before the decisive battle, to return to the city, "where his presence was necessary to preserve confidence and tranquillity;" but she has not told us, that he remained absent from the battle, (Pelzel, p. 726.) notwithstanding repeated messages from his Generals that his appearance in the field was indispensable; that when he hastened his flight from his capital, it was against the entreaties of Thurm and the citizens, who assured him that they had ample resources to sustain a siege; and that, as near twenty battalions of his own troops remained unbroken, and the army of Mansfeldt, with his Hungarian auxiliaries, were numerous in the rear of the Austrians, his presence might yet have animated his partisans and upheld his sinking cause.

The enthusiastic and chivalrous interest which the young Queen of Bohemia excited among her contemporaries, commenced with her misfortunes. Accompanying her husband in his disastrous flight from Prague, she passed with him through a long course of perils, and hardships, and humiliations. Effecting their

escape with difficulty into the territories of Brandenburg, whose sovereign was Frederic's brother-in-law, they could only obtain from that cold-hearted Prince a reluctant permission to remain at the castle of Custrin to await the accouchement of Elizabeth, who was far advanced in pregnancy, when she had passed through the horrors of their flight in the depth of a German winter. In the unfurnished and miserable apartments of Custrin, Elizabeth gave birth to her fourth son; and shortly afterwards the royal fugitives passed into the United Provinces, and there found a secure asylum in the generosity of the republican government.

From this epoch the dream of Bohemian royalty had for ever passed away from Frederic and his Queen; his hereditary state of the Palatinate was overrun and sequestered by the Imperial party; and the unfortunate Elector remained to the hour of his death a wanderer and a troublesome dependant upon the bounty of his few remaining friends. He made some fruitless attempts to recover the Palatinate by arms; but his severest trials proceeded from the character of his father-in-law. For many years he was deluded with perpetual hopes, and stung with repeated mortifications and disappointments, by the capricious treatment, and the futile and inglorious negotiations of James I. for the recovery of his hereditary dominions. The appearance of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, and the brilliant victories of the northern hero, afforded the fugitive Elector a last gleam of reviving fortune. He followed the triumphant march of the Swedish army into the Palatinate: but the fall of Gustavus at Lutzen extinguished the remaining hopes and broke the heart of the unhappy Frederic; and, a few days after the glorious death of the Swedish conqueror, he sunk into an untimely and ignoble tomb.

In the long season of adversity which intervened between the flight from Prague and the death of Frederic, the conduct of Elizabeth appears in far more magnanimous colours than that of her husband; and the most interesting part of Miss Benger's volumes is devoted to this period of her heroine's life. While Frederic was chafed by every petty slight, and stung to madness by the coarse jests of a republican populace on his necessities, his Queen bore her fallen fortunes with a mixture of dignified resignation and heroic fortitude, which deservedly attracted universal enthusiasm in her favour. Her cause attracted numerous volunteers from England; and in her quarrel "a thousand swords leapt from their scabbards." Even her stern relative, Christian of Brunswick, was charmed and softened into respectful gallantry by her graces. When that Prince first saw her, he raised her glove with reverence to his lips; and placing it on his casque and drawing his sword, he took a solemn oath, as he knelt before her, never to lay down his arms until he should see her reinstated in her husband's dominions. He acquitted himself nobly of his vow until the brief close of his life; and it was in allusion to it, and to the religious cause in which he had originally armed, that he bore his famous motto: "FÜR GOTT UND FÜR SIE," as Miss Benger has

it:—or, as it is more commonly recorded, "ALLES FÜR GOTT UND SIE," All for God and her. With a kindred spirit of romantic devotion it was, that Lord Craven attached himself to her service with a constancy which survived the attractions of her youth, and which there is some reason to believe was rewarded with her widowed hand.

It does not appear that the universal admiration which Elizabeth attracted, was ever tarnished by suspicion of her virtue. The original letters, which Miss Benger has given us from Bromley's and other collections, afford a very pleasing picture of the domestic life of Elizabeth and the lasting attachment with which she had inspired her husband. To the ambitious spirit of Elizabeth must her own misfortunes and those of her consort perhaps mainly be attributed; but the reader will rise from the perusal of these interesting Memoirs with the conviction, that the royal pair were mutually gifted with some of the sweetest virtues of private life. Elizabeth, indeed, would have wielded a sceptre with dignity and vigour; but it was only in a domestic sphere that Frederic might have been respectable and happy,—an amiable man, and a fond parent and husband.

The death of Frederic deprived his suffering widow and her numerous family of the only protector whom their distresses had left them; and Elizabeth was now long fated to experience the selfishness and coldness of her royal connexions, the desertion of political friends, and the iniquity of statesmen, who unscrupulously sacrificed the cause of justice, and the interests of the helpless Palatine children, to every paltry intrigue of state. For many years the widowed queen was harassed by her political exertions, and overwhelmed with domestic cares; and, unhappily, when the object of all her solicitude,—the restoration of the Palatinate to her eldest son,—was attained, the character of that Prince rendered the recovery of his rights a source of little pleasure to his parent, or advantage to her other children. It is not the least striking part of her story, that none of her children were fated to shed cheerfulness over the decline of her saddened existence. The eldest of her family, a promising youth, had been drowned in Holland before the eyes of his unhappy father, who was doomed to see him perish, and to hear his agonizing cries, without the power of rendering him aid. Charles Louis, the eldest surviving son, on succeeding to the electorate, displayed all the brutality of a true German despot, and reminds us forcibly in several traits of the Princess of Bareith's portraits of the same order in the following century. Prince Rupert, the third and best beloved son of Elizabeth, whose gallant exploits in the cause of his uncle Charles I. have associated his name with our history, was reduced, after the fall of the royal cause, to become a wandering corsair, and afterwards a mercenary commander in the service of the house of Austria, the hereditary enemies of his family. Maurice, his next brother, was supposed to have perished at sea in a cruise, and was never heard of; and of the two youngest sons of Elizabeth, the one, Philip, was obliged to fly from Holland, in consequence of his cold-blooded assassination of an unarmed French

officer, and the other, Edward, abjured the religion and society of his family. Of the four daughters of Elizabeth, the eldest, who shared her name, separated from her for some unexplained cause, and retired to the court of Brandenburg; another died shortly after her bridal; a third, the favourite above all her children, gave her deep affliction by deserting the reformed faith, to which she was herself firmly attached; and the youngest, Sophia, whose marriage into the house of Brunswick afterwards gave this realm to her illustrious descendants, had quitted the maternal roof to reside with her brother at Heidelberg. Thus bereaved of the society of all her children, the Queen of Bohemia, now in her sixty-third year, resolved, soon after the restoration of her nephew, Charles II., upon returning to England. No shouts of welcome hailed her on those shores which she had left, forty years before, a blooming and happy bride. Charles II., to whom she had shown much kindness in his own adversity, received her with indifference; and she was indebted for the home, in which she shortly after died, not to his hospitality, but to the lasting devotion of Lord Craven. On the probabilities of her private marriage with that nobleman, Miss Benger has been able neither to throw any new light, nor to cast decided contradiction.

In this brief account of Miss Benger's interesting work we have borne testimony to its general historical fidelity; and we have noticed particularly the only point in which she has somewhat forgotten strict impartiality in the delineation of conduct and character. Her narrative is not indeed otherwise exempt from a few inaccuracies: but these are of very little importance; and, if we point to two or three of them, it is less because we attach any great weight to them, than for the purpose of affording an opportunity for their easy correction in a future edition. Two of them occur in the genealogical account of the Palatine family, which forms the introductory chapter to the first volume. Thus (p. 4.) the Emperor Frederic I. is stated to have disgraced Herman, the last Count Palatine of the first dynasty, and to have transferred his possessions to Conrad of Suabia, after which the Palatinate passed by marriage to a prince of Saxony, and "at length, in 1128, the Upper and Lower Palatinate were united in the person of Otho of Wittelsbach, Duke of Bavaria, generally considered the founder of the Palatine house, or at least the author of its prosperity." Now there is contained in this story a palpable anachronism: for Frederic I. only commenced his imperial reign in 1154, twenty-six years later than the date assigned to the last of the changes, which his deposition of Herman is said to have produced. Again, of the Emperor Robert, the only prince of the Palatine house who ever attained the imperial dignity, it is said, (p. 8.) that "he justified the electoral suffrage by his valour and the prudence that directed his conduct," and that, "according to the custom of that age, he journeyed to Italy to be crowned by the Pope." Robert was never crowned by the Pope: he never penetrated beyond the confines of Lombardy; and in the only event of his reign, which is here incorrectly recorded, Miss Benger has made rather an unfortunate selection

for his honour. The story of his defeat and disgrace in that expedition, which may be seen in Scipione Ammirato, (*Storia Fiorentina*, b. xvi.) certainly redounds so far to the credit neither of his valour nor his prudence.

If these errors are not very grievous, the lapses of the pen in the succeeding narrative are scarcely more material. In vol. i. p. 24, Miss Benger speaks of the royal table of the Prince of Orange. She cannot need to be reminded that neither the hereditary dignity of William of Nassau, nor his office as the General of a republic, render the epithets of royalty appropriate to his state. So also there is a slight contradiction in the second volume, in the account of Prince Rupert, who, in p. 328, is stated to have commenced his military career at the siege of Rhinberg, and yet, ten pages farther, is declared to have been taken prisoner at the affair near Minden (in the Thirty Years' War) four years later,—“the first action in which he had ever been engaged.” And, lastly, among these minute points of observation, we must doubt the authority upon which the patriotic Count Thurm, the mover of the original Bohemian insurrection which preceded the Thirty Years' War, is stated (p. 334.) to have outlived the peace of Westphalia, and to have “died in his own castle in Prague.” For the last twelve years of the war, history scarcely notices the name of that once prominent actor in the revolutions of his country. No German writer, within our knowledge, has recorded any of the closing circumstances of his life; and Miss Benger has omitted to refer to her source of information on this particular.

These little blemishes in the accuracy of Miss Benger's work are not matters for any serious censure; and the careful criticism, which has enabled us to detect them, will probably serve only to show that we have found no graver errors to condemn. In proportion as our scrutiny has been rigid, our conclusions will be sure; and criticism is not misplaced on a work which may be justly pronounced to combine the easy charm and affecting interest of private biography with the severer dignity of political history.

From the Monthly Review.

SPEECHES OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING, *delivered on Public Occasions in Liverpool.* 8vo. pp. 417.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Canning to estimate his rank as an orator from the speeches which he delivered in the taverns, and on the hustings, of Liverpool. Corrected even as they are, and polished by his own hand, they do not upon the whole exhibit the most favourable specimens of his eloquence. When we say that they are corrected by his own hand, we do not mean to countenance the supposition that the present compilation has been published with his sanction. It has been Mr. Canning's usual practice to revise, if not indeed to write, his Liverpool speeches before they were published in the newspapers, and thus an authentic collection of those harangues might be made by any person, who would take

the trouble to extract them from the ephemeral records, to which they were originally entrusted.

Mr. Canning has also, we believe, given to the public authorized copies of several of the most effective speeches which he has delivered in Parliament. It were much to be desired that his leisure would permit him to revise the whole of those, on which he is ready to hazard his rhetorical fame with posterity.

It is a remarkable and a lamentable circumstance connected with the eloquence of Parliament, that of all the distinguished orators of the last century we have few authentic remains, with the exception of Burke. This great man, whose reputation for oratory was by no means acknowledged during his life, and whose peculiar style of composition and delivery seems indeed to have necessarily impaired the effect of his addresses in the House, has nevertheless left behind him a collection of speeches which, though they may not serve as models of oratory, must always be read with delight and advantage. They are certainly not correct reports; they are a great deal better; they are the matured and finished depositories of his sentiments, such as he wished them to appear after the voice that uttered them was no more. A speech, in order to tell in the delivery, must comprise many expositions of arguments, many references to facts of a temporary nature, which may be wholly dispensed with in the composition which is to be read. A demonstration, however long, if it be happily expressed, may interest a hearer, whereas for the reader it should be reduced to an enthymeme. For it should be borne in mind that posterity reverts to this species of literature with all the light of history, and that facts or principles which were unfixed at the time the harangue was spoken, are ascertained and settled a few years after.

Mr. Canning has some interest in revising his parliamentary speeches, as it will unquestionably be a subject of inquiry with the generations who will not have the advantage of hearing him, to learn by what means he acquired the reputation for eloquence, which his contemporaries generally assign to him. The fact cannot be disputed, that to his rhetorical talents he has been mainly indebted for the influence which he has long exercised in the House of Commons, and, through that influence, for the distinguished offices which he has filled from time to time, in the government of the country. In this respect he is a striking example of the facilities which our constitution administers, for the display and the reward of brilliant talents, and though we cannot applaud some political passages in his life, still we cannot but hail his success, while we admire the purity of his literary taste, and the elegance of his imagination. His recent conduct upon all questions connected with foreign or commercial interests is entitled to praise; but as a statesman he has still some of his professed principles to explain by his conduct, and if possible to establish by his power.

Of the speeches before us, there are several upon the same subject, and they are consequently overloaded with repetitions which the

editor would have avoided, if he had consulted Mr. Canning's fame. Those specimens should alone have been retained, in which the different arguments are most efficiently handled, and the rest should have been permitted to remain in the shade. We have, besides, many short addresses which were spoken from the hustings at the close of the poll, and which contain not a sentence or a fact worth preservation. These should have been omitted altogether. They are a mere incumbrance. The more important speeches, although, as we have said, they are not the most favourable examples of Mr. Canning's eloquence, are yet sufficiently characteristic to warrant us in selecting a few passages as indicative of his general style. The tact with which he usually contrives to associate his principles with those of the constitution even in their most popular sense, is strikingly manifested in every one of these productions. It was objected to him upon the first election for Liverpool, in 1812, that he had been in office, and was likely to be so again. He thus deals with the charge:

"But, gentlemen, what is meant by this imputation? Are they who urge it so little read in the principles, the democratical principles of the British constitution, as not to know that it is one of the peculiar boasts of this country, one of the prime fruits of its free constitution, and one main security for its continuing free, that men as humble as myself, with no pretensions of wealth, or title, or high family, or wide-spreading connexions, may yet find their way into the cabinet of their sovereign, through the fair road of public service, and stand there upon a footing of equality with the proud aristocracy of the land?"

"Is it from courtiers of the people, from admirers of republican virtue and republican energy, that we hear doctrines which would tend to exclude from the management of public affairs all who are not illustrious by birth, or powerful from hereditary opulence? Why, gentlemen, in this limited monarchy, there are undoubtedly contests for office, contests which agitate the elements of the constitution, and which keep them alive and active, without endangering the constitution itself. A republic is nothing but one continual struggle for office in every department of the state."

The nicety with which Mr. Canning points the shafts of his sarcasm sometimes tempts him to spoil his best efforts by an intermixture of the ludicrous with the grave. One sees the lip curling for the laugh at the moment that we imagine the speaker appealing to the understanding or the heart. If we be not mistaken the following is a passage of this description: it is selected from one of the speeches delivered in 1812:

"In what a state of the world is it that these gentlemen talk of peace, and of themselves as the lovers of peace, just as calmly as if it were only a mere question of taste and fancy: as if to choose were to have, and to have were securely to enjoy! What, gentlemen, should you think of the sense or the fairness of men who, in the midst of the distress and desolation occasioned in one of your West India islands by a hurricane or tornado, while the air was involved in a pitchy dark-

ness and the city rocking with volcanic explosions, were to run about the streets, proclaiming themselves the friends of light and of perpendicular position? Who does not love light better than darkness? Who would not rather have the walls of his house standing erect than tumbling about his ears? But what, I say, should you think of men--of their candour or of their sense--who, in the midst of such a public calamity, instead of lending a helping hand to their fellow-sufferers, and bearing patiently their own share of afflictions not to be avoided, should labour to impress upon the minds of the people additional motives of consternation and despair, and to make their sufferings intolerable, by insinuating that they had been unnecessarily incurred?"

"Gentlemen, the order of things in the moral and political world is not less convulsed, at the present moment, than in the physical world by such visitations of Providence as those which I have just described. The storm is abroad. For purposes inscrutable to us, it has pleased Providence to let loose upon mankind a scourge of nations, who carries death and devastation into the remotest corners of the earth. But, amidst this universal havoc, this general prostration of the nations of Europe, this rocking of the battlements of our own separate fortress, we are asked, with an air of simplicity which would be quite touching, if we could imagine it to proceed from mere defect of understanding, 'Why are we not at peace?'"

The introduction into the first paragraph of "the friends of light and of perpendicular position;" assuredly does not improve the grandeur of the image; it is sacrificed to the laugh which such a ludicrous representation excites. Again, the last sentence is a complete anticlimax from the same cause.

Yet we know of few orators, or writers, who are generally so felicitous in the conduct of metaphors as Mr. Canning. In all classes of prose composition, they require the greatest care as to their application, but particularly in that now under consideration. Mr. Canning introduces figurative embellishments very rarely, although it is evident that his fancy is always kindled; but he moulds the image with exquisite taste, when he does admit it, and though it is purely poetic, still it is seen to be a natural and an appropriate ornament of his theme. His recent description, at Plymouth, of an unrigged ship of war, and of the speed with which she could, if necessary, "put forth all her plumage," is one of the most elegantly wrought tropes in our language. It is in this poetic vein, yet with an eloquence which he himself has seldom rivalled, that he contended for the power of "instinctive love of home," against the cold and generalizing philosophy which sprang out of the French Revolution.

"One of the most delightful poets of this country, in describing the various proportions of natural blessings and advantages dispensed by Providence to the various nations of Europe, turns from the luxuriant plains and cloudless skies of Italy to the rugged mountains of Switzerland, and inquires, whether there, also, in those barren and stormy regions, the 'pa-

riot passion" is found equally imprinted on the heart? He decides the question truly in the affirmative; and he says, of the inhabitants of those bleak wilds,

"Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And, as a child, when searing sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more."

"What Goldsmith thus beautifully applied to the physical varieties of soil and climate, has been found no less true with respect to political institutions. A sober desire of improvement, a rational endeavour to redress error, and to correct imperfection in the political frame of human society, are not only natural, but laudable in man. But it is well that it should have been shown, by irrefragable proof, that these sentiments, even where most strongly and most justly felt, supersede not that devotion to native soil which is the foundation of national independence. And it is right that it should be understood and remembered, that the spirit of national independence alone, aroused where it had slumbered, enlightened where it had been deluded, and kindled into enthusiasm by the insults and outrages of an all-grasping invader, has been found sufficient, without internal changes and compromises of sovereigns or governments with their people—without relaxations of allegiance and abjurations of authority, to animate, as with one pervading soul, the different nations of the Continent: to combine, as into one congenial mass, their various feelings, passions, prejudices; to direct these concentrated energies, with one impulse, against the common tyrant; and to shake (and, may we not hope? to overthrow) the *Babel* of his iniquitous power."

The question of reform was that upon which Mr. Canning most distinguished himself in these speeches. His reading of the constitution of the House of Commons seems to us not only correct, but the most concise and luminous interpretation of it which has yet been given. We think, however, that Mr. Canning's consequences are not fully sustained by his premises, when he insists that that branch of the legislature needs no degree of reform. This question has been deeply injured by the manner in which the "radicals" took it up. But they are now obsolete; and we hope that more rational and more useful notions on this subject, may in time influence the community. To Mr. Canning's general doctrine, however, we see no maintainable objection.

"Some persons think, that the House of Commons ought to be all in all in the constitution; and that every portion of the people ought to be immediately, actively, and perpetually in contact with their particular representatives in the House of Commons. If this were a true view of the constitution, undoubtedly the present scheme of representation is inadequate. But if this be true, we are living under a different constitution from that of England. I think we have the happiness to live under a limited monarchy, not under a crowned republic. And I think the House of

Commons, as at present constituted, equal to its functions, because I conceive it to be the office of the members of the House of Commons not to conduct the government themselves, but to watch over and control the ministers of the crown; to represent and to speak the opinion of the people,—to speak it in a voice of thunder, if their interests are neglected or their rights invaded; but to do this not as an assembly of delegates from independent states, but as a body of men chosen from among the whole community, to unite their efforts in promoting the general interests of the country at large."

The following declaration, though partly resembling a passage already quoted, deserves to be transferred to our pages. It is not only a manly assertion of personal right, but an admirable commentary on the constitution of this country.

"Gentlemen, there is yet a heavier charge than either of those which I have stated to you. It is, gentlemen, that I am an adventurer. To this charge, as I understand it, I am willing to plead guilty. A representative of the people, I am one of the people; and I present myself to those who choose me only with the claims of character, (be they what they may,) unaccompanied by patrician patronage or party recommendation. Nor is it in this free country, where, in every walk in life, the road of honourable success is open to every individual,—I am sure it is not in this place that I shall be expected to apologize for so presenting myself to your choice. I know there is a political creed, which assigns to a certain combination of great families a right to dictate to the sovereign and to influence the people; and that this doctrine of hereditary aptitude for administration is, singularly enough, most prevalent among those who find nothing more laughable than the principle of legitimacy in the crown."

"To this theory I have never subscribed. If to depend directly upon the people, as their representative in Parliament; if, as a servant of the crown, to lean on no other support than that of public confidence,—if that be to be an adventurer, I plead guilty to the charge, and I would not exchange that situation, to whatever taunts it may expose me, for all the advantages which might be derived from an ancestry of a hundred generations."

We shall only add one specimen more. It is taken from Mr. Canning's defence, in the presence of his constituents, of those measures by which the right of holding public meetings was restricted in consequence of the occurrences that took place at Manchester, and in other parts of the country, in the year 1820. The argument is most ingeniously framed; but confessing this, we must regret that the evils to which it was applied had not been left to cure themselves, as they undoubtedly would have done on the return of the country to prosperity. We give the passage as an example of Mr. Canning's argumentative style:

"It is no part of the provision of the laws, nor is it in the spirit of them, that such multitudes should be brought together at the will of unauthorized and irresponsible individuals, changing the scene of meeting as may suit

their caprice or convenience, and fixing it where they have neither property, nor domicile, nor connexion. The spirit of the law goes directly the other way. It is, if I may so express myself, eminently a spirit of corporation. Counties, parishes, townships, guilds, professions, trades, and callings form so many local and political subdivisions, into which the people of England are distributed by the law: and the pervading principle of the whole is that of vicinage or neighbourhood; by which each man is held to act under the view of his neighbours; to lend his aid to them, to borrow theirs; to share their councils, their duties, and their burdens; and to bear with them his share of responsibility for the acts of any of the members of the community of which he forms a part.

"Observe, I am not speaking here of the reviled and discredited statute law only, but of that venerable common law to which our reformers are so fond of appealing on all occasions, against the statute law by which it is modified, explained, or enforced. Guided by the spirit of the one, no less than by the letter of the other, what man is there in this country who cannot point to the portion of society to which he belongs? If injury is sustained, upon whom is the injured person expressly entitled to come for redress? Upon the hundred, or the division in which he has sustained the injury. On what principle? On the principle, that as the individual is amenable to the division of the community to which he specially belongs, so neighbours are answerable for each other. Just laws, to be sure, and admirable equity, if a stranger is to collect a mob which is to set half Manchester on fire; and the burnt half is to come upon the other half for indemnity, while the stranger goes off, unquestioned, to excite the like tumult and produce the like danger elsewhere!

"That such was the nature, such the tendency, nay, that such, in all human probability, might have been the result of meetings like that of the 16th of August, who can deny? Who that weighs all the particulars of that day, comparing them with the rumours and the threats that preceded it, will dispute that such might have been the result of that very meeting, if that meeting, so very legally assembled, had not, by the happy decision of the magistrates, been so very illegally dispersed?

"It is, therefore, not in consonance, but in contradiction to the spirit of the law, that such meetings have been holden. The law prescribes a corporate character. The callers of these meetings have always studiously avoided it. No summons of freeholders—none of freemen—none of the inhabitants of particular places or parishes—no acknowledgment of local or political classification. Just so at the beginning of the French Revolution: the first work of the reformers was to loosen every established political relation, every legal holding of man to man; to destroy every corporation, to destroy every subsisting class of society, and to reduce the nation into individuals, in order, afterwards, to congregate them into mobs."

So far as these speeches are illustrative of

Mr. Canning's eloquence, it would seem to be characterized by the occasional use of beautiful imagery and witty sarcasm, by unrivalled terseness of expression, great harmony in the formation of his sentences, and particularly in his cadences, which strike with rebounding fullness on the ear. His meaning is never for a moment dubious. He abhors involutions and parentheses, and rushes onward in his course unincumbered by a single useless weapon of argument or metaphor. But does he want vehemence? Do we feel in his periods that torrent of resistless force which in Demosthenes carries us away with the subject, and makes us forget the man? Do we feel that intense and steady glow of the *mens divinator*, that spreads a spell round every thing which it advances, and consumes, as with a sacred fire, every obstacle that it wishes to destroy? Is Mr. Canning an *orator*, or is he merely an eloquent debater, a zealous partisan, a polished sophist? These are questions which his speeches before us still leave to be answered, and which cannot be solved until the whole of his parliamentary harangues are collected, and may be compared together.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ANTONIAS.

A Story of the South.

THE sun was setting on the Torre dei tre Ponti, when the Diligence from the Parmesan drove up to the court-yard of the inn. This is enough to tell the date of the story. For, before the coming of the French under Napoleon, no Diligence ever appeared on the roads between Milan and Naples, and since their departure no Diligence will ever appear again till Hermes Trismegistus comes from the tombs of Thebes to teach the Italians the art of using their hands and eyes. "Avanti i Francesi," and "Dopo i Francesi," form the limits of light and darkness, the Goshen of Ausonia.

This Diligence was of course French, and it was thoroughly French in its rope-harness and its six wild horses; French, in the enormity of its postillion's boots, his queue, and his oaths, and French in its slowness, craziness, and freedom from all washing, paint and cleanliness whatsoever.

The cracking of whips, and the *sacre* of the drivers, announced the Diligence on its turn up the narrow street of the most miserable of towns on the face of the earth, nay, of Italian towns; which phrase comprehends all miseries from line to pole. Before this rolling phenomenon, which tottered up the rocky way, tossing, groaning, and bounding from stone to stone, as if it felt the agonies that belong by hereditary right to human travelling on Italian pavements, came a multitude, groaning, tossing, and bounding, in the closest sympathy with the mighty machine. It is the merit of Torre dei tre Ponti, that the circuit of the earth could not produce its rival multitude. Every shape that disease, nakedness, impudence, and

famine, could take, was there in its perfection; and mingling with them all that frolic which supplies the world with harlequins and punchinello, the teachers of dancing dogs, and the makers of Revolutions. The tide gathered as the Diligence rolled on, till a poet would have called it an avalanche of beggary, and a modern philosopher would have used it as an argument against all modern constitutions, the law of marriage, and the being of an Ultimate Cause.

As the Diligence made this kind of triumphal entry, the postillions, engrossed by the brilliancy of the spectacle, left their horses to make the best of their way; reasoning in the true style of their country, that if they trample down the liegemen of the Pope, as it was probable that they would do under the most cautious guidance, it was better that the deed should be done without participation of their drivers. The windows, too, were not without spectators, nor these spectators without their attractions; the foremost postillion, a young Picard, who had turned more heads wrong in the villages of La Manche, than the famous Abbe Frassinous had turned right in the Court, was gazing with natural intenceness at the diamond eyes of the *Signora Surintendente* of the post-office, the most dangerous beauty of the place; when the fore-wheel came into full conflict with a fragment of an old column, whose Corinthian capital inverted, served for the prop of the court-yard gate. The wheel rolled off at the instant, the Diligence relapsed upon its three remaining wheels, heaved for a moment, like an over loaded ship, and then made a desperate plunge forwards, and summarily discharged its whole freightage into the street. The ground was instantly covered with trunks, band boxes, valises, parrot-cages, and the whole travelling theatre, company and all, of the most celebrated puppet-show man south of the Alps.

When the outside was thus cleared, the stowage of the inside came to be examined. First was dragged out an Englishman of middle age, corpulent and jovial-countenanced, who, after feeling whether his limbs had suffered any diminution, lost no time in ordering a post-chaise and supper. Then was dragged out from this cabin, a French commissary, who swore like a general officer, and threatened to have the town put under military execution for his disaster. Then came a Milanese, *jolie, mignante, et vermeille*, who had danced a season among the *Figurantes* of the Academie in Paris, and was returning to an engagement at Naples. The Englishman gallantly gave her a particular invitation to a seat in his post-chaise. Next came a young Italian noble, sallow and stern-visaged, indignant at the accident, and execrating France and its inventions, without any consideration for the commissary, who rapidly withdrew from the sphere of such disloyal opinions. With the Italian, came his sister, a girl of fourteen, light as an Antelope, with the sunny eyes and shining chestnut-locks, that are sometimes to be seen in Titian's pictures, and are scarcely now to be found even in the beauty-breathing land of Italy. Two Germans, travelling for knowledge of mankind and stones, and whose talk during the journey

had been remorselessly trappish, feltsparrish and hornblendish, were the last extricated. The Wernerians had no sooner found themselves on *terra firma* again, than they were as trappish as ever; one of them beat off a fragment from the stone of their overthrow for an analysis, and the other selected a specimen of the true Alpine granite from the pavement for a present to the Freyberg Museum.

In the midst of the pile of fallen trunks sat a boy, infinitely amused by the scene. The Englishman, repelled by the scents and sights of the inn, and panting for fresh air, was leaning against the portal. He was struck by the naivete of the boy's expression, and called him over to him.

"Where the deuce did you come from?" was the question.

"From Lodi," said the boy; blushing and holding down his head at the superior presence.

"What, all alone?"

"Yes, to the last stage; the postillion then let me sit on the roof."

"And what brings you to this part of the world?—Go back, sir, to your mother, and don't turn fiddler or fool in this land of mummery."

The boy hung down his head. "I have no mother," and tears gushed from his eyes as he told, that on the loss of his only parent, he had come to look for some distant relation who lived in Mola di Gaeta.

The Englishman regretted that he had hurt his feelings, and gave him some money. "Now, go, my lad," said he; "and as you will do no good unless you travel with a saint in company, this pretty girl, turning to the Italian's sister, will be your saint; and, upon my life, if beauty is any thing in the scale, she would outweigh half the calendar." The young girl crimsoned and laughed, put her hand on the boy's ringlets, and said, "Well, then, go, and remember Saint Antonia! My name be with you." The boy kissed her hand with the fervour of a *preux-chevalier*. The Italian and his sister, the Englishman and the Milanese, now got into their post-chaises and were gone.

Vincentio stood gazing after the carriages, which, whirling down into the valley, now covered with evening vapours, seemed buoyant on clouds. They at length disappeared, and he returned to the inn to sleep. There was no room for him in the house, and if there had been, he was not disposed to part with his precious treasure, but in the last emergency. The stable door was open; he struck up a conversation with one of the grooms, who had come from his own town; the stall, from which the nobleman's horses had been taken, was vacant, he flung himself upon the straw, and soon fell into a slumber.

But his thoughts were seved by the day; uneasy dreams thickened on him; and he sprang up from this restless and uncheering sleep, and with the sensation that the steps of a murderer were at his side. He found the stable door open, and the groom who had lain down with him, gone. But the cool air refreshed him; and the moon, then in her wane, shed a tender and delicious light through the tall trees that sheltered the inn from the Levant winds.

The air was still, and the night had the tranquil splendour of a southern sky. A faint red flash broke upon the horizon at intervals, and showed that Vesuvius was kindling. Vincentio sat, wrapped in such conceptions as beset a young brain for the first time let loose upon the world—his desertion, his hopes of discovering his relatives at Gaeta, the insolence of the young Neapolitan noble, and perhaps the dark eyes of his sister.

But his reverie was disturbed by a voice behind the thicket, in whose shelter he was sitting.—“Diavoloue, corpo di porco, will you snore till day-light? Ah, Signor Farniente, the moon is as narrow as the edge of a Paul, They will be off: come.”

Vincentio recognised this as the voice of the groom who had slept beside him, but whom, from a crevice in the hedge, he discerned to be now metamorphosed into the wearer of an immense brown cloak, with a belt stuck with a pair of pistols. His call was answered by a long yawn; and a wild-looking visage, half covered with a foraging cap, looked from the window of an outhouse.

“Well, Master Diavolo, here I am,” yawned the ruffian; “you expect to find this job ready to your hand. It would be better for us both to go to our straw again, than to get nothing for our trouble, except being left to swing in the wind, like my brother Guistino.”

“Fish!—you think more of being hanged than of making your fortune. I saw the Count’s valise—why, I had it in my own hands. I put it into the carriage; it was as much as I could lift. If it had been but nightfall, or if it had been at Fondi, under your brother’s gibbet, with the sun shining as broad as a monk’s face, I should have been by this time a man of fortune.”

“Ay, and be hanged with the valise about your neck, before you had time to change a pistreen of it. I never drive a mule through that cursed Fondi, without thinking of turning honest man, and leaving to the inn-keepers to be the only robbers on the king’s highway.”

“Come—get on your cloak. You have been talking to a woman or a priest. Hanged, Porco! for what?—that might be when the French were here—the Infidels; but that fashion is gone by. Since our good King has come back, he lets all his loving subjects live; and who could blame us for following our father’s trade?” said the groom, with a laugh.

The fellow-ruffian was going away, but he still lingered, probably to increase the value of his services. “Is every thing settled?—are we sure to find them at the post-house? The Neapolitan has pistols.”

“To be sure he has, and will make as much use of them as of the cannon on the mole of Gaeta. But to prevent accidents, I have taken the liberty of drawing the balls. You are not afraid of the powder, I hope?” He stalked about impatiently.—“Come, Bestia; or, by the Virgin! the postillion will have robbed the carriage himself, and been off to the mountains.” He took out a large foreign watch, glittering with diamonds, and, holding it up to the light, that was then diminished to a line on the edge of the distant mountain—he started.

“But half an hour for the work now—they

will be off by daylight. Come, stir—here’s this watch for you; and if the ambassador that it belongs to reclaims it, give him the answer that I gave his courier.”—He took out his pistols, examined the flints, and loaded them—“A ball through his brains.”

His comrade grasped at the bribe, thrust it into his pocket, and led out a pair of mules. The groom sprang on one of them. The more tardy ruffian remained looking for something on the ground. “I have dropped my rosary,” said he. “Ay, well remembered,” was the answer. “Nothing prospers unless it is begun in the right style.” The rosary was found, the riders repeated their aves, crossed themselves, with their heads to the pummels of their saddles, struck in the spurs, and vanished into the darkness.

Vincentio had heard the colloquy, first with anxiety for himself, in the immediate power of these desperadoes, but with horror when he discovered its objects. Should he alarm the inn?—should he pursue the brigands?—should he fly to the first station of the cavalry that patrolled the road, and call them to the Neapolitan’s assistance? But he recollected that the inn was partially tenanted by fellow-robbers; he had seen too much of the insolence of the cavalry to hope that they would listen to the call of a boy, who might have been taken for an emissary of the brigands themselves.

Yet to stay where he was, was impossible; the scenes that might be acting at that moment rose before him with terrible distinctness; and, by an almost instinctive movement, as if to escape the fever of his thoughts, he rushed down the hill.

How far he ran, in this wild excitement of his spirit, he knew not; but he at length began to feel fatigue. The sinking of the moon had left the night pitchy dark; and he found himself entangled among the copse and brambles of a wood, which he had seen in the evening before from the inn. This had been the notorious haunt of the brigands for some months of the spring, until an action with some parties of Austrian chasseurs, had driven them up the mountains towards Terracina.

But Vincentio was not in a state of mind to fear, and he struggled forward, with hands and feet, through wild vines and creeping plants that hung like ropes and nets from the trees. His progress was impeded by a wall; he crept along it to find an entrance; and had laid his hand on a latch, when he felt himself grasped behind. “A spy, by the Virgin!” was uttered in a low, fierce tone. “Kill him,” was the answer, from a similar voice. At the next instant, a dark lantern flashed upon him, and he saw the glittering of a knife above his neck. He sprang aside, and struggled desperately, but the ruffian’s grasp was strong. The boy was flung upon his knees, the blade was again at his throat, and in his extremity he cried out to St. Antonia for succour.

A window was instantly thrown open above his head, and a violent scream uttered. The ruffian, in his alarm, dropped the knife—cried out, with an oath, that the house was alarmed, and that there was no time to be lost, and burst in the door. Vincentio, stunned by the struggle, lay speechless and powerless, with

his eyes fixed upon the spot from which he expected his murderer to return every moment.

But the business in the house seemed to thicken; lights passed rapidly from casement to casement; the house was evidently alarmed. In a few moments, loud voices and shots were heard, mingled with female screams. He would have given the world to be enabled to move a limb, but all his sinews seem to have been struck by a cold spell. Suddenly the casement above his head was forced out—shots were exchanged—and, by the light, he saw a man desperately struggling, with his back to the window. Immediately after, he heard a loud crash on the earth, and a groan. The struggler had been flung out, and had fallen beside him. He listened with intense agony—the groan was followed only by a deep sigh, and the man was dead. Vincentio feebly put forth his hand—it touched a pistol; his strength instantly and unaccountably returned; he sprang on his feet, and almost unconsciously rushed up into the house, where the contest was still carried on. At his first step within the threshold, he stumbled over a corpse, of which three or four lay in the entrance. By the flashing of the pistols, he saw a knot of peasant-looking men forcing their way round an angle of the spacious stairs; and above them, again, some *gens-d'armes*, who kept up a broken fire, as if their ammunition or their courage was exhausted.

At length one of the robbers exclaimed, with a fierce execration, that he would show them the way to plunder, and bounded up the stairs alone. The *gens-d'armes*, startled by his desperation, gave back; and the whole group of brigands were on the point of following their leader, when Vincentio fired. The leading ruffian had reached the top of the stairs, and had just turned, waving his arm to cheer them on, when the ball struck him in the side. He gave a yell, sprang into the air, and instantly dropped down dead. The unexpectedness of the fire from behind—the death of their leader, struck a panic into the banditti; they rushed down the steps, followed by the *gens-d'armes*, and scattered through the fields.

It was soon day light, and there was time to ascertain the events of the night. The Neapolitan's valise had been marked by the postillions, and the common incidents of Italian travel had been the natural result. They had broken down the carriage in the loneliest part of the road, and had used their time, till towards morning, in collecting their predatory associates. The groom at the inn on the mountain had been a dragoon in the French service, and was, from his experience and furious courage, the acknowledged leader of the district. They must have found the Neapolitan an easy victim; but in their absence, a patrol of *gens-d'armes* had taken up their quarters in the inn. The defence was thus unexpected, but the weight of the traveller's treasure had stirred up the robbers to unusual intrepidity; and the *gens-d'armes*, already disheartened, would have been massacred, but for the shot that struck down the leader.

As the dead bodies were laid, side by side, before the door, to be recognised, Vincentio saw, to his surprise, in the stern and stiffened

features of the man whom he had killed, the groom. The others were declared, by the people of the inn, to be strangers to that part of the country.

The noble was now sought for, and found, lying wounded upon his own bed. Vincentio was one of the first to enter the room; and he stood gazing, with instinctive admiration, at the beauty of the pale face that hung over the wounded man. The glowing cheek, and sparkling eye, of the girl that had so strongly moved him, were gone; and he saw, in her saddened features, and bending form, the deeper grace of one of those angels that he had often worshipped on his mother's tomb.

Still it was his patron saint that had saved them all; his cry to St. Antonia had awakened the Neapolitan girl, who had thought herself called to escape from some of the well-known perils of the forest. She saw the robber's lifted knife under her window, and alarmed the house. The *gens-d'armes*, worn out with the day's march, would have slept the sleep of death, but for her scream.

The affair was now completed by the arrest of the innkeeper and his household, long suspected of an intercourse with the vagrant conscripts and habitual marauders of the mountains. The Count's wound could find no suitable attendance in this desert, and the horses of the culprit landlord were put in requisition for his conveyance to Terracina. In the bustle, Vincentio, timid and reluctant, was forgotten; and it was not till the Count, leaning upon the arm of one of the soldiers, was entering the carriage, that his sister pointed out to him their general preserver. The Neapolitan, haughty and in pain, cast a contemptuous glance towards him, and ordered his valet to give him some money. The boy refused it steadily and strongly. But he was not proof against the look with which the young female advanced, holding a small topaz ring, which she had just drawn from her finger. "You will not refuse this slight remembrance," said she, "from one who owes to you her brother's life and her own?"

Vincentio found a tear swelling into his eye at the sound of human kindness; there was something strangely touching to him in the voice; the distance between their conditions was infinite, but if ever pure homage and delightful wonder was in his heart, it was when, with his eyes fixed on the ground and his hand reverently raised, as if the gift was given by a Queen, he knelt and took the ring.

The carriage and its escort had swept away, and Vincentio found himself mere alone than ever. But his mind, excited by the adventure of the night, and still more strongly by the parting present, which he turned a thousand ways before the rising sun, and felt to be almost a pledge that fortune would not abandon him, had given new strength to his frame. As he climbed the brow of the next hill, he saw at once the clouds of dust round the carriage, and the cavalry far on the dusty plain; and Mola di Gaeta gleaming on the edge of the horizon.

He reached the city towards noon, and had to wait by the drawbridge in the burning sun, till a long detachment of troops had passed out. Drums were beating, flags flying, trum-

pets sounding. The sight of military array is among the most stirring of all the deceptions of a world that lives on deceptions—the boy forgot his fatigue and his hunger, and climbing one of the pedestals of the famous gate which bears the sculpture of Sansovino, hung gazing at the martial multitude. An officer of cavalry, who had reined up his horse to see his troop pass, felt himself incommoded by the exclamations of the young observer hanging over his head, and ordered him to get down. The manœuvre was difficult, and the officer was impatient; he directed a soldier to pull him from the pillar, and Vincenzio was soon lowered. When he felt his feet upon the ground, his first impulse was to make his escape; but he was held fast by the soldier's grasp.

"Oh, hoh, Birbone! so you want to take your leave of us!" was the reply to the boy's remonstrances.—"What! would you have us disobey orders, and run the strappado, or be shot for my pains? Do you see, my lad, I have the Captain's positive commands, as you must have heard with your own ears, to bring you along with the troop."

Vincenzio protested that he had not heard a word on the subject.

"Bacco!" said the trooper, "none so deaf as those that won't hear—I know well what it is to disobey orders—the flat of the sabre, or picqueting, is the least a man gets for being deaf out of season. You are recruited as fairly as any man or boy in the service of his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies—forwards! Poltrone! the troop are almost out of sight! mount!"

The boy protested and struggled. He was on the spot where he was to have found his relatives, if they were on earth; the insolence of the soldier stirred his blood, and his resistance had begun to draw a crowd, always hostile to the recruiting system of his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies. Violence was beginning to grow impolitic, and the trooper thought of making something by capitulation. In the struggle the topaz ring had caught his eye, and, to make the best of his troublesome capture, he suggested to Vincenzio that he might get rid of the obligation of serving the State by sending that ring as a mark of respect to the Captain.

Vincenzio would as soon have parted with his life; but he was still seated on the charger's neck—the trooper suddenly grasped his hand, the ring was forced off, the boy was dropped on the ground, and the author of this forced loan in full gallop, before a human being could interpose.

Exclamations, tears, fury, all sympathized in by the mob of peasantry, were useless. To overtake the trooper, who was now in full speed on the rise of a distant hill, was hopeless; yet, to live without the ring, was not to be thought of. A military waggon, that had waited to gather up the stragglers, was now forcing its tardy passage through the crowd. Vincenzio made his way up to the corporal, who sat upon a pile of trunks and muskets, in the dignity of conscious command, stated his case with gushing eyes and

eager gestures, and demanded vengeance on the fugitive robber.

The corporal was a Senegallian, a handsome fellow, whiskered all over, and with a laughing glance, which was not lost on the ladies carrying home their baskets, in which had been brought the eggs, butter, and chickens, that were to make the day's indulgence of the households of Galeta. The corporal had an eye for a promising recruit as well as for the brown Graces of the ancient kingdom of the Lestrignons; but his style of captivity was less direct than that of the topaz plunderer. "Ahi, Geronimo fratello mio," said he, as he beckoned to the boy to come nearer.

"My name is not Geronimo," was the reply.

"Poh! no matter. Philippo, or whatever name you take liking to—come up here: I'll be sworn, but I recollect your face. My sword to a pistreen, but we are blood relations!" Vincenzio's eyes lightened. "I come from Lodi," said the boy.

"The very spot of all places in the world—I saw the family face at once—you may not recollect me, from my having gone into the service when I was not within half a dozen years of your age; you see I have arrived at command already. This little affair that we have in hand now, handsomely finished, I retire for life, and go back to Lodi, to settle with our family."

Vincenzio listened with breathless interest—his home was desolate, yet he felt a sudden longing to see Lodi again. He clasped the corporal's hand; the peasants, and particularly the women, were charmed with the recognition, and would have embraced both the corporal and his new cousin, but for the prudence of the *sous officier*, who felt that military dignity was not to be trifled with. He repelled them gently, with a hand not many shades whiter than a Moor's, and compensated his coldness by smiles that developed to the uttermost a row of ivory teeth, and by glances of the most vagrant kind, from eyes that flashed through his huge eyebrows, like summer lightning through twilight. Still Vincenzio lingered—his uncle in Galeta was yet to be looked for; he sprung from the car, and the corporal's smiles were checked by a compressed lip, and a whisker that rose and fell with angry energy. He had freed himself from a pile of goatskin bundles, in which was borne half the female finery of the regiment, and was preparing to spring upon his reluctant kinsman, when a look round the circle which still hemmed in the parties, satisfied him that force was not his best weapon. The boy's beauty had made a powerful impression on a ruddy middle aged woman, the principal among the crowd—a widow, for she had been lately released from the better half of her cares, and was now, by her opulence and her single blessedness, tenfold more important in the peasant eye, than she had been a month before. She was leading away Vincenzio by the hand, possibly not without some vague idea of hereafter advancing him to the conjugal possession of the best pasturage within sight of the tower of Bolondo, when the corporal bethought him of the ring, and inquired whether "the trooper was to be permitted to

keep it." The simple word was enough. Vincentio, to the obvious surprise of the red-cheeked relict, bounded on the ear, bade a rapid adieu to his new friends, and was gone as fast as the lash could urge a team of requisition mules.

The troops had passed the Carigliano, and had pitched a few tents for the officers, on a rising ground within sight of Minturnum. The corporal was a man of his word, his first business was to find out the robber of the ring. The trooper protested stoutly against the unsoldier-like doctrine of restitution; but the corporal was tall, and determined on his point—a notorious master of the sabre, and beginning to grow angry. The ring was at last given up, and Vincentio was made happier than any man in the Two Sicilies below the throne; the happiness of monarchs is, of course, immeasurable.

"And now," said the corporal, "my lad, if you like, you may go and look for your relations." But he had been too old an investigator of human nature to be generous at hazard—he knew his man.

"You are, to be sure," added he, "as fairly enlisted into his Majesty's service as ever hero was, and I might return your name to the Captain for a fusée in the company, if I chose. But, all fair above board. The fact is, we soldiers are generous by profession—we lead an easy life, and don't care a paul how the world goes. I have uncles and aunts by the dozen, yet what think I about them! The regiment is my family—the camp my house—and the country my estate." Vincentio listened. An officer, covered with orders and trappings, pranced by on a showy charger, gave some directions with the haughtiness of military authority, then clapped spurs to his foaming and curvetting horse, and was gone among the trees like a meteor.

The sight was beyond all argument. Vincentio felt within himself the materials of which heroes and homicides are made, decided to forget his relatives for the time, and was congratulated by the whole group who had gathered round to listen to the corporal's proverbial oratory—was inducted in form into the mess, drank to the glory of the regiment Santa Croce, in wine which made him writhe, but which, sour as it was, had grown on the Falernian hills, and was declared entitled to his full share of the prize money to be gained in the forthcoming campaign against the Infidels.

From the declarations of the corporal, and all the other military authorities, who, seated on their knapbags and pack-saddles, drank their Falernian with him on this evening, the young recruit had reason to believe that nothing less than the whole disposable force of Algiers was going to be annihilated. His after knowledge, however, told him, that the whole disturbance of the territory of Gaieta was occasioned by the descent of a single pirate galley, for the purpose of carrying off live stock for a cruise up the Mediterranean. The business, however, gave too fair an opportunity for a bulletin to be let slip by the gallant Neapolitan commanding along the margin of the bluest of blue and beautiful bays. With

a rapidity, rare in Italian warfare, he had at once despatched a courier with intelligence to Naples, and ordered out the elite of his garrison in pursuit. Tardiness would have been more fortunate. Neither statesman nor soldier breaks through national rules with impunity.

Night fell, and the Neapolitan warriors pitched their tents, ate their suppers, and laid themselves down upon their straw, to sleep themselves into vigour for the general attack which was to extinguish the Moors on the morrow. No Moors had been visible on land, the sea was without a sail,—the noblest mirror in the world, for the moon, that was now in its wane, and already setting in silver pomp and queenly loveliness on the verge of the horizon. Wagers were laid in the camp that the expedition would find nothing on the shore but its habitual shrimps, or on the land but the rabbits that had been so long masters of the soil, and the most regular of all his tributaries of lives and fortunes to the King.

At length the tumults of the encampment dwindled away—a laugh or a loud voice carolling some Bacchanalian song was heard from time to time—that too passed away. The sentinels were heard challenging as the officer of the night went round—that too passed away, and slumber seemed to have made an universal conquest of the warriors of Gaieta.

Vincentio, repelled by the heat of the corporal's tent, in which there was nothing for the senses but intolerable heat, the fumes of *Monte Nuova* tobacco, and the concert of twenty Neapolitan noses in full play, refused to trust himself to the double chance of fever and suffocation, and took for his pillow the sack which the corporal had provided for his share of the Moorish spoil, and for his couch the dry rushes of the edge of the river Carigliano.

Just before he went to sleep, he cast an eye round him. The commanding officer, determined to make fatal work of the Infidel, had pitched his camp on the edge of the shore; so if there was a Moor on land he must be caught in this military net, or if he would escape, he must fight for it. The latter part of the alternative had probably not entered into the gallant Governor's calculation, or he perhaps would not have drawn his line of circumvallation quite so close. But the disposition was such as a painter would have praised for the picturesque; and as Italian genius is at least as clever at the pencil as the sword, the Governor, in his castrametation, was probably thinking at least as much of the picturesque as of fighting. Nothing could be more beautiful than his arrangement of light and shade; the tents were like snow hillocks, played on by the most brilliant of all possible moons; the sea beyond them looked like a boundless blue carpet, studded with a star pattern of the most vivid brightness; the various and luxuriant vegetation of the low grounds, spreading from the marsh of Minturnum, looked an expanse of green velvet, and Vincentio thought of the famous picture at Lodi, in which Pietro Perugino had shown to the wondering townsmen the Sultan Mustapha the Second, surrounded by his court, and in the midst of piles of pur-

ple tapestry, and walls and weapons blazing with jewels, giving ducats for heads of the Constantinopolitans.

Ischia, dark and silent, lay on the waters before him, like a sleeping Leviathan. Naples, spread out on his left, still glittering with lights innumerable, and above it shot up Vesuvius, like the central cusp of the mural crown, beaming with the deep and steady splendour of a mighty gem.

At length he lay down, probably the last of the gay and gallant cavaliers among whom he had that day taken his chance for glory. With his eyes fixed on the stars, which seemed to thicken and whirl about, till they fell from their spheres, and coursed each other through the sky, he sunk into a profound slumber.

Then, his dreams were as vivid as his waking. He saw the camp, the stars, the shore; he saw figures rise out of the waters, and revel torch in hand through the camp; he heard songs which turned into outcries, and these outcries into groans. One object, above all the rest, haunted him. It was a star, whose strange and unlicensed gyrations he had watched for what seemed to him an unlimited time. It sometimes shot away into the ether, and showed nothing but a twinkle of the faintest blue; it would then rush down again with the speed and the splendour of a comet; it at length stood directly above his devoted head, expanding, reddening, glowing, a gigantic disk of fire. He screamed and started up; the corporal's tent was in flames at his back. He gazed round; the air was loaded with volumes of pitchy smoke, broken by thick bursts of flame. The whole encampment was in a blaze. Athwart the mingled clouds and fire, turbans were seen, and dusky faces rushing backwards and forwards, with screams of "Allah!" Vincentio thought that the last day was come, and the legions of Lucifer let loose for the ends of justice on the sinners of Naples and its vicinity.

When he recovered his recollection, he looked round for the corporal; but the brave Senegallian had known the value of his life to the state too well to hazard it under the pike and scimitar of the dogs of Mahomet. He had vanished at the first alarm. The Algerines now had the game all in their own hands. They played it to the last card. Tents, baggage, carts, knapsacks, and curricule-guns, all made a bonfire. The burnt-offering caught the eyes of the Gaïetans; and the deputy-governor, conceiving it to be the conflagration of the whole Algerine navy, gave orders for a *Te Deum*, at daybreak, in all the churches. The Neapolitans saw it, and conceiving it to be a new Vesuvius starting up on the west coast of their bay, to put Naples between two fires, had ordered out St. Januarius to extinguish the young volcano. The decay of the blaze, as its materiel was consumed, furnished the Neapolitans with a new conviction of the power of their great civic protector; and, in their delight, the authorities also appointed *Te Deum* to be sung at daybreak in all the churches.

The Algerines were later in their gratitude; but they too were grateful. A passing zebecque, attracted by the blaze, had landed its

crew to partake of the booty. They were interlopers; and when they had gathered as much as loaded their muscular and swarthy shoulders, they made their way down to the shore, under cover of the smoke, and sailed with a flowing sheet for Algiers. The Mahometans are not civilized enough to lie on the European scale, and demolish towns and armies by paragraph. Ages may pass before their science shall amount to a bulletin. But it was not the business of the captain who brought the news to degrade his own exploits, or depress the spirits of the faithful. Accordingly, there was a general rejoicing: bonfires were seen from the weedy borders of the ancient Cyrene to the sandy edge of the empire of Fez; the men of the green turban perfumed their beards, and thanked the Prophet that it was evil with the men of the hat. The Dey proclaimed a national donative of opium—the mosques were thrown open—every true believer loaded his musket with ball, and fired at every thing in his way to prayer, from the pigeon on the house-top, to the Jew in the corners of the streets. Blood was shed, of which no man took heed, as the bullets fell chiefly among the Frank merchants and the Jews; the captain of the zebecque was conveyed to the presence of the sovereign, who put a pelisse worth five hundred piastres on his shoulders, and sent him to the mosque on a horse worth a thousand. The crew were clapped in prison, preparatory to a deportation to the Berber mountains, for having grumbled at the tithe which the Ugli Baschi, or chief of the customs, had thought it his duty to subduct from their plunder for his trouble in looking at it. But excepting this rebellious and unjustifiable crew, all was satisfaction and shouting in Algiers, from the hour when the first Imam cried, "Allah il Allah!" from the tower of the Mosque Vanderashi, to the hour when the last cried, "Allah il Allah!" from the same—even from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.

Vincentio looked round for his fellow warriors; but a soul of them was to be seen on hill or plain. The gallant Senegallian had left nothing behind him but his sabre, that illustrious blade which, in its master's story, had eclipsed all the Andrew Ferraras of the earth. The ground was strewn with belts, cooking-pots, nightcaps and saddles. The heroic cavalry of the bulwark of Christendom had evidently been surprised, and routed in the most complete style of fugitation. But never was there so bloodless a field; neither dying horse nor hero lay on the scene of battle; and the regiment de la Cruz was fully entitled to wear for its future motto the boast reversed of Francis the First.

Vincentio, enveloped in smoke, was buckling on the sabre, which seemed fallen to him by the laws of war, and was in the midst of a problem as to the mode of tightening the straps of the corpulent Senegallian to his own slender figure, when he felt himself grasped behind, and a dissonance of the most barbarous phraseology thundered in his ear, "Ommani sab, hulaku Mahoun." The startled boy tried to escape, but the grasp was that of a giant. The terrible words were repeated, with the

expressive gesticulation of drawing a poniard, which, in the reflection of the flames, hung like a blade of solid fire over his head. Flight was impossible; to speak Algerine was as impossible as to understand it. The boy had no other alternative than the old manœuvre of the Italian warriors, when they meet a pirate at sea—throw by musket and sword, and fall on their knees to the Virgin. He dropped the sabre, and fell on his knees, calling loudly on his patron, Saint Antonia.

The Algerine had grasped him by the curls with one hand, and with the other was balancing the dagger, as if measuring where to strike. Vincentio threw up a last imploring glance at the murderer, when he saw him give a sudden start—the visage, black and fixed as a bronze statue, was suddenly convulsed—the eyes rolled as if they would start from their sockets—the lips writhed, and left the whole range of broad white teeth bare. Vincentio felt the grasp relax, but still knelt. In another moment, the dagger dropped—blood gushed from the Algerine's mouth—he staggered—strove to steady himself on his feet—and then, with a glare and a roar like that of a dying tiger, bounded forwards, and fell heavily at his length on the ground.

Vincentio was bewildered, and stood gazing on the parting struggles of the robber with a strange curiosity, when he heard a voice crying out, in Italian, "Is he gone? is he dead?" and another Algerine bounded through the smoke, and was at his side. "Come away, boy," said he: "that negro rascal will do no more mischief in this world at least. He was always for blood, and he has now got enough of it." He looked at Vincentio. "Why, you are a handsome fellow, too. That son of a serpent, to think of killing you, when you would sell for something. So, come along. We have made a famous night's work of it, and now for the Goletta."

A heavy gun was heard from the shore. "By my father's tomb, the galliot will be off!" He had seized Vincentio by the arm, and was hurrying him down the hill, when the dying man was heard to groan. "What, not dead yet?" said the pirate. He then dragged the boy up the steep, and again stood beside the Algerine. Life had passed away in that groan. "Aye," said he, "I thought that my carbine would not miss him. The rascal was mutinous on board, and I had determined to get rid of him on the first opportunity. It was but last night, as we were lying off Capri, that I overheard the plan for rising upon me, and making this butcher captain. I had checked them, it seems, too often in throat-cutting. However, I found work for them that put mutiny out of their heads for one night; and if your Neapolitan heroes had been any thing better than their own asses, they would have cured some of my crew of their hot blood. Our friends in Gaieta had given due notice of the expedition; and honour, as well as policy, compelled me to give these heroes a lesson how they meddle with the bloody flag. As soon as they began to light their lamps, I extinguished mine, threw a hundred and fifty ruffians, that feared neither pike nor bullet, into my boats, and absolutely walked into their camp. The affair

was over in the pulling of a trigger. Half a dozen shots sent general, staff, cavalry, and infantry, to the right-about. They made a gallant retreat, without the loss of a man, and we had nothing to do but to plunder at our ease. In gathering up my fellows, I heard the cry of "Antonia." I had some old recollections about that name. I saw that son of all evil going to stab what I thought in the dust and smoke was a woman. His time was come. I sent an ounce ball through him."

He stooped, tore open the *alhaic*, and flinging back the corpse's arm, showed a deep wound in his right side. "There," said he, with the triumph of a marksman, "there is one of the very safest spots for a carbine. I caught him just as he was lifting his arm with the knife over you. Never fire in front, when you can fairly hit the flank." He spurned the huge frame from him.

They reached the edge of the beach. It was utterly solitary. The pirate put a small horn to his lips, and it sounded in low and melancholy sweetness round the curved shore. He hurried along with fierce impatience. "Scoundrels, dogs, can they have gone plundering up the country? Can they have been cut off? Can they have mutinied, and left me behind?"

A flash gleamed along the distant waters, followed by the report of cannon.

"Gone, by all the saints in purgatory!" he cried, with a yell, followed by long exclamations against their treachery, and still more his own blindness, confidence, and tardiness of punishment. "Had I but shot one half of them yesterday upon the poop!" was his most frequent shape of remorse. But day was now stealing on the east; the outline of the bay was rising in a blue and vapourish light. The Liparis were seen like solid clouds resting on the verge of the horizon; and Vesuvius reared his summit through the purple dimness of the shore, like a Titan to be crowned with gold by the sun.

"This is no place for me now," said the Algerine gravely. "And now, boy, if you wish to make your fortune, the way lies before you. Betray me to the governor of Gaieta."

"Never! no, by St. Antonia, never!" said the boy, and kissed his hand.

The pirate mounted to the summit of one of the little eminences that line the shore of the Minturnian, and gazed earnestly towards the sea. Vincentio strained his eyes, but could see nothing but the long and dazzling light that poured on the waters from the East, continually broadening and brightening, like silver ore rushing out of a furnace. He was startled by an exclamation, and turned to his formidable companion. Every nerve of the pirate's face was working with fierce emotion. He began gesticulating with more than Italian violence, as if he were acting the pantomime of a fight for life. At intervals, fragments of half a dozen languages were uttered by him, in short and breathless interjection—*Ecco! il Mahoun; I carnifici!—Les perdus! Moment decisif!—Allah! Mandake salem al rasheim!—Ah, vengeance!*—with a multitude of others, which came from his parched and fiery lips like bullets.

All this was a mystery to his hearer, who, however, soon after, had its explanation. A low sound of cannon was heard. The pirate vessel rapidly rose on the horizon, and swept, with all sails spread, like a heron chased by a hawk, doubling and running close to the wind, along the edge of the Islands. This had been seen already by the pirate's sailor eye, and he had been exulting in the prospect of having his revenge upon the mutineers. The cause of the manœuvres was next shown; two large galleys, with the Maltese cross waving above their lateen sails, came rolling into light through the intervals of the Islands. The sea fell suddenly calm, and Vincentio could see the Algerines unwinding their turbans, and spreading them and their shawls along the shrouds and masts to catch the dying wind. This is the old practice of the Infidels, and has often saved them in the light winds of the Mediterranean. But no wind would come. The xebecque stood fixed upon the blue floor of the sea, a towering pile of all the colours of the rainbow, purple, scarlet, green, golden, as the sunlight fell upon the shawls and turban stripes, and, hoisted above all, the bloody flag with the crossed scymitars. It looked like a vast Turkish pavilion upon a boundless plain of lapis-lazuli. A few shot, fired from the heavy chase guns of the Maltese, came from time to time, bounding slowly along the waters. No return was made by the Algerine, she stood fixed, neither drum nor horn was heard, even her ports were shut, and except for the bloody flag which hung from the bend of the lateen sail, like a stream of fresh gore down its white, she might have been mistaken for one of the Trieste cotton chaloupes that are to be found constantly between the Levant and the east coast of Spain.

The pirate gazed long in silence, as the Maltese, with all their sweeps out, rushed along, nearing the Algerine till they were within cannon shot, at intervals trying their distance by a gun. "They will take her; Mahoun! if I were but on board!" exclaimed the pirate, with a spring from the ground. "The cowardly villains, they will strike without firing a shot." He rushed down to the water's edge. Vincentio, in the curiosity which he felt about the man and the scene, followed him, and caught his cloak. The sight of the boy brought him to his senses, and he stopped, looked on in silence, yet with the fierce restlessness of a tiger chained in sight of blood. The galleys had now ranged head and stern of the Algerine, and Vincentio's eye was looking for the descent of the red flag. Yet there it remained. The galleys now for a moment ceased firing; they had reached within pistol shot, and according to the old Mediterranean custom, hailed the enemy by sound of trumpet to surrender before they should send in the first broadside. In the twinkling of an eye the turbans and shawls were torn down, and the Algerine stood clear in the light, the decks and rigging covered with men; a sound, less a shout than a yell, was heard; the ports were at once thrown open, and an absolute storm of fire burst from both sides. The galleys actually half rose out of the water, and reeled back, like a man who had received a stunning blow.

For some minutes no attempt could be made to return the Algerine fire, which was now poured in with an incessant and furious discharge. The fragments of timbers, the gilded poops, and splinters of oars, were flying from the huge Maltese at every shot. "Now," cried out the pirate, "now let them but board, and by this time to-morrow they will have both these hulks in the Golette. Santa Vergine, if I had but wings to put me on my own deck, they should never salute Grand Master again." He paused breathlessly, the galleys had now combined their fire, and were sweeping round the black little xebecque, that stood desperate and still, waiting to wrap them in another shower of iron. But they had learned the peril of a near approach, and with their heavy metal kept up a distant fire, which was rapidly dismantling the enemy. Vincentio could see the gradual work of the cannon upon this fierce little opponent; gun after gun dismantled; port-holes beaten together; the only mast tottering; sails hanging in a thousand stripes; till, at length, one lucky shot struck the upper bend of the lateen yard, and brought down with it the flag, amidst the roar of the Maltese. It was soon re-hoisted upon the stump, but the fire of the Algerine was dying away. Blood was visibly gushing down her sides, and but a few of her people, and those chiefly gathered in a knot on the poop, were to be seen.

"She is gone!" cried out the pirate, with a gesture of wild indignation; "she is gone; the best sailer between the Capes; they will have her tied up to their cursed Mole for a show to the rabble of Malta. My ship, my jewels, my scymitar, my carbine,—my wife's picture—all are gone! And, there see, they are sending out the boats to take possession." He turned away, and with shut eyes and set teeth, stood grasping his forehead. All was silent; at once Vincentio saw a column of the densest black smoke, followed by a broad blaze, ascend like an Incarnation of the Evil One, rising from his own burning gulf. It hung over the waters for an instant, and as it rolled away on the clouds, a crash deeper than thunder tore the ear. Vincentio and the pirate felt themselves suddenly dashed upon the sand by an invisible force. How long they lay there, they could not tell; but when, on recovering their senses, they turned again to the sea, a solitary galley was seen slowly toiling its way towards Ischia. Its consort and the Algerine had gone to the bottom of the waters.

Vincentio and his stern fellow spectator, awed and exhausted, silently left the beach, and directed their steps toward the thicket; which, extending from the few feeble remnants of its earlier groves, covered the interior of the great marsh. Accidentally reverting his eyes to the shore, the boy saw something rising on the undulations of the waves, that were still disturbed by the explosion. They went towards it together. It had now reached the edge of the sand, and they drew it to shore; it was a human body, much blackened by smoke, its caftan and trowsers burnt in various places, and a deep plash of blood covered its left side. The pirate turned up its

face, and exulted aloud over the dead, of whom he spoke as one of his most trusted officers, and yet the chief agent in the mutiny. "As for that black scoundrel," said he, "that eldest whelp of Eblis yonder, he was a mere tool. This was the brain, the front, the soul of the conspiracy; well, and here he has his reward." As he spoke, he lifted up his foot, and was about to dash his heel into the mutilated and ghastly visage, when he suddenly checked himself. "There never was bolder heart or keener hand on board *xebeque*," said he, as if unconsciously; "all men have their madness, and his was to be Captain; tetchy and rash, I too may have hurt his pride; and so here he lies, and here he has found his grave from a beggarly Maltese culverin, or a barrel of gunpowder. But he went out of the world like a man."

He stooped down, and took out of the corpse's hand a small and hard paper roll, which the fingers still grasped with the nervous convulsion of death. "Ay!" he exclaimed; "I knew it; he died with the match in his hand; he would not suffer the ship to be taken; he would not see his crew chained, and starved, and trampled on, in the Grand Master's dungeons. Look here, boy; this is what sent a hundred and fifty souls and bodies into the elements at a touch." He gave the match to Vincentio. "There is a story about that piece of clay there," he continued, "that might make a woman weep, and any thing feel but a friar. There lies a noble renegade; but he had his wrongs to drive him to it. He was the eldest son of one of the proudest families of Verona; he loved some woman or other; she either jilted him, or, if I recollect the tale, was refused to him, through some family quarrel. He was a wild fellow, and, maddened with passion, he carried her off from a convent; they were seized; the lady was dragged back to take the veil, and the Count was thrown into a dungeon. His mistress, or his wife, as it may happen, died of a broken heart before the honest Padres could wed her to her prison bars for the good of her soul. This man broke loose at the tidings, and swore eternal vengeance against priest and country. He threw off family, friends, name, and country together. He joined me, for I too had something to lay to the account of the Padres; and, in our cruises, I think we paid the holy men in full." A tear stood in his eye. "We must not leave him here," said he, gazing on the body. "They will gibbet him; he must be buried."

He pointed to the white spires of a religious house on the brow of a remote hill. "Boy," said he, "if you want to be rich for life, you have only to go to that gate, and tell them that Huiaku is on shore and alone. It will be worth ten thousand zechins to you. Eh? what do you think of the opportunity?"

Vincentio coloured, and took the pirate's rough hand between his own. "You saved my life," said he, in a submissive tone. "Oh! well, so I did," was the reply. "I may have made you but a bad present after all; but, such as it is, you shall not be the worse for me." He put a purse of zechins into the reluctant boy's bosom.—"And now, sirrah," said

he, "we must turn to business, and bury the Captain."

They scooped out a trench in the morass, and laid the dead in it. "There," said Huiaku, "though we can sing no mass over him, he will rest perhaps as quiet as if he had the Pope and Cardinals to chaunt his requiescat. There he will be safe from the wolf and the priest in this world."

The mould was thrown in, and as it gradually hid the visage and form, Huiaku looked on his work with a more grieved countenance. His lip quivered, his frame shook; and when Vincentio had gathered some of the tufted weeds to give the grave the appearance of not having been lately made, the pirate, who had laboured vigorously before, refused to do more. "Cover him, boy," said he in a low voice. "I cannot lay the last sod on Montalto."

The boy did as he was ordered, and planted a few branches of the furze and wild shrubs at hand on the clay. Huiaku had sat down on a large stone while this was doing. His face was in his hands; and Vincentio, himself saddened by the ceremony, burst out into sobbing. The pirate started from the ground and took his hand. "Come, sirrah, no more of this." He led him to the head of the grave. "Yet, boy," he added, in an interrupted voice, "if love or ambition should ever tempt you, remember this grave. Here lies what might have been an honour and a happiness to his country." His voice failed. He pressed his foot lightly upon the edge of the turf, and, with a bended brow, and in almost a whisper, made his brief epitaph—"Here lies the heart of a lion!"

The ceremony ended, the pirate led the way, by paths with which he seemed to have had old acquaintance, towards the hills, that here are a kind of portraits in little of the Appennine range; fragments of rocky heights intersected with ragged defiles of a few feet across, and covered with stunted shrubs creeping down to the brink of noisy rivulets. "I bring you along with me, boy," said he, "because those heroes of his Majesty of the Two Sicilies will all find their way back to the field of battle, now that they hear no more firing. I should be hunted, and you would be hanged, to put into a bulletin."

To Vincentio all the world was the same. He was as much at home among the wild birds and beasts of the Appennines, and struggling along their rough paths and scarped declivities, as he could have been in the Toledo of Naples, or in the Piazza di Spagna of the Eternal City. He must in either have slept in the streets, and fed, as it might please the same chance that feeds the Lazaroni and the vulture. The pirate, too, had made some impression on his susceptible spirit. He was not ill pleased with the romantic adventure of the life that these mountains seemed to picture—a stirring and eager hazard for existence day after day, yet a new, bold, various struggle, any thing but the melancholy monotony, the meagre squalidness, the diseased and indolent poverty, of an Italian city.

His companion was one well calculated to give some force to this original impulse. His manliness and activity; his form in the vigour

of life; the commanding and handsome character of a countenance, from which a few days' wandering, and the fresh mountain air, had cleared away the gloom and haggardness of his habitual life; his inspiring and curious fragments of personal exploits and chances along the Mediterranean, bound the boy's orphan feelings to him. They had exchanged their clothes for those of the peasant pilgrims, that during the summer are to be continually met among the mountains, wandering from one shrine to another, and often, if report be true, making up their travelling expenses by contributions on the less sanctified whom they are fortunate enough to meet along the edge of forests at nightfall. Hulaku and his companion made unequalled pilgrims, and they traversed the immortal battlements of Italy, and the harder obstacles of its jealous cities, as if they were lords of the soil.

In this way they spent six months, and the last day of the six found them canvassing vigorously for a dinner with the landlord of the little half-way house between Sesta and Milan.

How they had lived in the meantime, it would be hard to tell. The purse of zechins was soon gone. The last survived only to purchase a guitar, with which Hulaku used to sit on some of the mountain pinnacles that showed the evening sea, and sing remnants of Arab and Greek songs. His pupil gradually became as expert as himself, and this was made a source of livelihood. When they struck off through the forests to avoid the troublesome magistrate of some luckless and beggared village, they lived upon chestnuts, chance, and towns.

In the towns their trials were of another kind, for Vincentio's delicate beauty, the grace of his slender form, and his obvious reluctance to leave his companion's side, sometimes raised the suspicion that the young pilgrim was a disguised female, a not unfrequent occurrence among those holy people; and, on the other hand, the Algerine's magnificent form, his flashing eye, and florid cheek, caught the attention of the round and happy dames of the Cispadane and Transpadane; and many a sigh followed the pauls, nay, the piastres dropped into the guitar-player's cap, by many a brown and loving Donzella, who would have rather seen him fitting her finger with the irrevocable mystic ring.

But all were alike repelled. He seemed to have adopted some stern determination against listening to the voice of the charmer, charm she never so wisely. His countenance wore even a peculiar cloud when woman was anxious to attract his eye; and the result of any attentions more marked than usual, was always his departure at daybreak from the vicinity.

They approached within a short distance of the great Queen of Northern Italy, where Hulaku, who had for some time preserved an unusual silence, stopped, and pointing to the spires of the Duomo, that rose in the sunlight like a bundle of lances of gold and ivory, he said, "Boy, here we must part for an hour or two. Circumstances make it hazardous for me to enter the city: take this letter to the Sig-

nor Barocci, in the Strada Romana, near the Oppidale di Frati. I shall wait here for his answer."

Vincentio went on his mission, entered Milan, made his obscure way through a labyrinth of streets, narrow, dark, and squalid, as is usual in the sight of the old Roman magnificence, and under the purest sky of the globe, wound his way, after a worse pilgrimage than if he had traversed the mountains barefoot, into light, near the Oppidale, and began his inquiries for the Signor.

But he might have better looked for him in the dungeons of the Venetian Inquisition. He found the Strada full of monks, friars, pedlars, and women, that made idlers of them all. A Swiss battalion, marching from their own honest country to be corrupted throughout Italy, and finish their education in the Neapolitan service, were halting in the street, to get from Milan what instruction that fat city of the arts and vices could furnish. A puppet-show was in full activity at one end, and at the other a Franciscan friar, with naked legs and breast, was haranguing the grannes, with an openness and vigour of allusion, that made them burst into roars of laughter.

Signor Barocci was not to be found, no one knew what had become of him; some recollected that there had been seen in the Strada at nightfall a miserable old man, suspected to be a Jew, who from time to time crept out from a hovel, now in ruins. He had disappeared two years before. The hovel had blown up with a loud explosion at night, and in the morning nothing was to be seen but burnt bones, and the fragments of chairs and tables. Whether the Signor had blown himself up, or been carried off by the Holy Office, which had long kept a keen eye upon him, or by the claws of Satan himself, was a matter of doubt, if that could be so called, in which belief leaned so strongly to the last conception.

Vincentio now made his way back to the hillock where he had left his fellow-pilgrim. But he was gone, without trace or remembrance, or direction where to follow. The peasants continually passing that rich road, through the richest plain of Europe, were questioned with a wild eagerness of importunity, that made them point to their foreheads, and count their beads, for the state of the inquirer's brains. The groves were hunted through with the untiring foot and quick eye of a mountaineer. Hedge and hillock echoed with the Algerine's name.

Night fell, and the compassionate villagers invited the boy to sleep under their roofs; but to sleep was impossible, and distracted with the loss of his only friend, he rushed away, making the fields ring.

The Algerine was not to be found, in a search of some days through the neighbourhood of the city, and through the city itself. The last paul was gone. Vincentio tried his guitar at the doors of some of the tables d'hôte, but he was not one of the profession, and was soon driven off by the established minstrels of the pipe and the hurdygurdy. The world grew sullen round him—hunger and despair were in his heart, and after a day of wandering, he threw himself upon the steps of a church,

when the last service of the day was beginning. The sound of the sweet music gradually softened him, and he dragged his feeble limbs within sight of the altar, with almost a feeling that there he was to die. The forms of the Romish faith are made to captivate the imagination—glittering altars; the fumes of censers; pictures where the pencil has fixed its finest memories of Italian beauty in the form of saint and angel; even the loftiness and massive grandeur of the architecture are of themselves enough to lift the worshipper beyond the low and chilling realities of life. But of all moments the most impressive is, when the grand ceremony is past—when the multitude of worshippers have scattered away, and the whole temple is left to a few, kneeling silently and distant, like beings whom the world has forsaken, and who remain to cling to the last hope of the wounded spirit, with but a solitary priest at a remote altar, carrying on the service in a low tone, and as if there was none to see or hear but the souls of the pale martyrs in the shrines round him. All this worship is to the imagination—the heart requires a loftier impulse, and is not to be exalted on the smoke of the censer, or the chant of priest or organ. He that is a spirit, must be worshipped in spirit; yet, to the unaccustomed eye, there is feeling, a solemn beauty, and strong mastery of mind, in this gorgeous compound of Heathen pomp and Christian prostration. It has lived long, and triumphed widely—it shall perish like that on whose altars its fires are lighted, and the world shall rejoice; but men shall long speak of it, as the richest device of the working of man's mind.

Vincenzio had knelt at the balustrade that, with a strange and mysterious evidence of the spirit of that church, shuts out the people from the priest and the altar. It was the holiday of the patron saint, and a lonely priest was going through the concluding rite of the day. As the prayers closed, a curtain was gradually drawn back from a shrine above; and in the sound of a low harmony of voice and organ, and in the splendour of a constellation of silver lamps, the picture of the saint appeared; a scroll at its feet, held by angels, bore the name of St. Antonia!

The young worshipper gazed on the divine beauty of this being, floating on clouds of purple light, and surrounded by seraph and cherub, with an awe and homage beyond all language. She was his patroness, the name that had always brought him help, the gracious and supreme loveliness that had perpetually filled his dreams. He had begun almost to imagine that all these interpositions were wrought by the same living influence, and even that the Italian girl who had given him the topaz, and whose gentle beauty he had never forgotten, was the saint under another form.

He was startled from his vision by the touch of a finger on his shoulder, and saw a round squat figure, with a good-humoured face, standing at his side. "Now that you have done your prayers, my lad," said the man, with a strong Neapolitan twang, "you had better go home, if you have not made up your mind

to sleep among the saints. They are now going to lock the doors, and you will get no supper here unless you are a monk, or," he added with a laugh and a cautious glance round, "the son of a monk."

They went out of the church together, and the result of the Signor's inquiries was to take his new acquaintance home to supper. Signor Rubinelli was a painter, and though not remarkable for his admiration of the priests, he was a frequent evening attendant at the church of St. Antonia. The cause of his coming was not love, for no arrow of Cupid could have penetrated such a depth of good living as covered his heart; nor money-making, for the monks allow of no interlopers on their natural pasture land; nor matrimony, for of that he was rumoured to have had more than his philosophy could manage at home. We must leave the point unsettled; but on this evening, in passing through the Chiesa, this painter's eye had been caught by Vincenzio's kneeling beauty. The fine head thrown back as the boy gazed upon the picture, the chesnut curls clustering round his brow, the large black eye, with an expression the deeper for the then exhaustion of the features, and the cheek burning with adoration, fixed the artist to the spot. He had found a model, perhaps a pupil, for there was genius in the boy's glance, and Signor Rubinelli could conceive no other name for genius than the faculty of handling a pencil. Perhaps, too, he had found an inmate, who might take a share in his domestic troubles, and take off the first of the Signora's Lombard tongue.

From all, and from the last perhaps not least, the arrangement was made on the way between the church and the little street of St. Barnabas, where the Signor secretly showed his weary friend to a bed in the attic, and where, among a mob of pictures, the terrible evidences of the Signor's first exploits in the rivalry of Angelo and Raphael, he flung himself down, and dreamed alternate dreams of sorrow and love, golden profusion and propitiations beauty.

Vincenzio made his appearance on the next morning with something of that mingled sensation of nervousness and curiosity which assails nine-tenths of mankind when they are to make their debut, whether as friends or footmen, before their superiors. The Signora Rubinelli combined all the characters of superiority in one, for she was a woman, a virago, and a wife.

A dialogue, which had been loud enough to make its way from the family-den, where the curtain-lectures were regularly held, up through the flights of winding and ruinous stairs, and finally through the partition behind which Vincenzio lay, next neighbour to the pigeons, acquainted him at once with the Signora's supremacy, her wrath at the attempt to take any step under her roof not originating in her will; and her suspicions that the Signor's rebellion was, in the present instance, aggravated by the nature of his wandering; for, as the native proverb says, "There may be an ocean of jealousy without a drop of love!"

The Signora always prohibited a reply; and

her Lombard volubility would not have left intermissive space enough for a word, unless she were to faint, or apply to the little sacred deposit of Rosalia, which she kept in her most sacred closet, for the refection of her eloquent soul. But, as the only answer which he dared to make, her husband brought in Vincentio by the hand. The boy knelt before the lady, and in the accustomed language, wished her all happiness. This, in Lombardy, is generally expressed in a long and almost Hebraic enumeration of beatitudes; "May you be happy when the sun rises, and when he sets; happy under morn-lights and under twilights, happy in summer and in winter, happy in waking and in sleep, in maidenhood and in marriage; may no ill star be above you, may no evil eye look upon you;" with a bead roll of other good wishes duly instilled into the Parmesan children, and which their grandmothers, yellow and wrinkled as their own cheeses, are as steadily occupied in teaching, and as proud of having taught, as an English countess of teaching her daughter the art of matrimony, and seeing her tuition rewarded in the capture of Man.

As the benediction went on, the Signora cast many a glance of reproachful commentary at her husband, who stood silently, waiting the renewal of the storm. But the boy knelt before her with so much grace, held her hand with so tender a pressure, and spoke in so silvery a tone, that she would not break off his gentle adjuration. It was now finished, and he rose at command. He lifted his eyes to her face; found that propitiousness was hovering there already, and added, with a smile, "May you be as happy as you are handsome." The smile might have been construed into any thing. Rubinelli set it down for a very allowable sneer at a visage, where, to his idea, all charms had long disappeared. The lady, who had a different opinion of her face, took it not even as Frenchwomen would, as a compliment; but as an Italian, in the serious way, of a debt. In fact, the Signora had been a celebrated beauty, and had been once a village belle, then an opera dancer; then a prima donna of the San Carlo; sonnetteered by half the abbati and improvisatori idlers from Vesuvius to the Alps; cicisbeo'd by a cardinal, and, in the opinion of the Marchesa di Friolera, whose income had fallen off rapidly at this crisis, subsidized by an Austrian prince.

How she rolled down the hill of fortune from this eminence, till she rolled into the arms of little fat Rubinelli, it would be difficult to tell. But she brought with her all of her charms, talents, wealth, and dignities, that can be couched in the comprehensive word "recollections."

The Signor Rubinelli was clever, as what Italian is not?—clever in his contriving to live by his art, or with his wife; clever in contriving to keep up his rosy rotundity, and clever in contriving to keep his ears on his head, or his head on his shoulders.

Vincentio rapidly made his way. The Signora was past the period of imprudence, and having lost the female propensity for seeing an adorer at her feet, she retained with the more vigour the female propensity for having a slave.

The Signor Rubinelli had found a young auxiliary in his art, and augured, in the boy's facility and fire, the rising of a prosperous trade to his Atelier. The Signor was an able artist. But who in Milan would employ a modern? He might have as well been born an Englishman, and looked for patronage among his compatriot nobles. But he was wiser than any English born pencil could be. Instead of lingering through life, painting the pudding faces of opulent citizenship, or the stony superciliousness of titled physiognomy, he applied himself to the patriotic task of increasing the pictorial riches of his country. Tintorets and Rossa, Raphaels and Julio Romanos, rushed from his creative hand; many a haughty gallery that would have repelled with instinctive scorn the name of the little adipose workman of Milan, was indebted to his working for half its honours. All masters and all subjects came alike to him. He dashed off the gloom of Caravaggio, beamed in the amenity of Albano, flamed with the sullen fires of Spagnoletti, and flooded earth and heaven with the golden glories of Titian. He was, in the course of the same week, a Lombard, a Roman, a Bolognese, a Venetian. On the peculiar emergency of a higher price being offered, he would condescend to be even a Fleming, and exhibit the lavish muscular energy and gorgeous colouring of Rubens, or call up Rembrandt, surrounded by all his magic of shadowy and spectral splendour.

And all this miracle was wrought with the greatest facility imaginable. Not an original idea was flung away; not a new inch of canvas stained. The whole machinery was raised on the destruction of an occasional pile of old pictures, rejected of gallery, shop, and stall alike. Here, indeed, was havoc. The whole tribe of the ancient lumberers of the pencil, the Arpinos, the Carpaccios, the Luchettos, the Cimabues, the Agostinos, went to instant oblivion, or rather were transmuted into an immortality of varnish and connoisseurship, to endure until the colouring peeled off from the ancient ground, and showed the heads of dingy virgins, and iron-visaged saints of the fourteenth century, forcing their way to light through the dropping roses and fading forms of the virgins and saints of the nineteenth.

Yet, in contradiction to the common opinion, that a rogue wants nothing but cleverness, or a clever man nothing but roguery, to be rich, the Signor was not rich. The cause was, as the political economists would say, in the superabundance of the article in the market. The simple fact, that every third man in Italy is a picture-dealer, and that no picture-dealer is supposed to find any impediment to his fortune in his conscience, may account equally for the narrow establishment of the Signor Pitore, and for his delight in discovering that Vincentio had a decided turn for the pencil. The young artist's heads were like his mind—brilliant, original, and full of passion. Rubinelli, well acquainted with the arts of exciting public curiosity, sent them in succession to the Marchesa di Cicognara, a cidevant belle, and the bluest of all the blue-stockings of Milan. They were there shown to the few who had the honours of the boudoir—descanted on by

the Marchesa in person—praised by her abbes in waiting, and absolutely worshipped by three cavalieri serventi. Rubinielli had, with professional tact, first taken the honours to himself. But the demand of the fervid Marchesa, that he should perform one of his miracles of art in her presence, for the mere advantage of receiving her advice in the process, made it necessary that he should unearth his wonder-worker, and satisfy himself with the reflected glory of having discovered the young genius, and filled him with his own inspiration.

There was a characteristic in these heads that still increased the curiosity of the noble blue-stocking. The same expression was traceable through them all—the same sunny brightness of smile—the same delicious play of a liquid eye, dark as jet—the same transparent blush, like the uncertain dye of a young rose on the noble oval countenance. The Marchesa half thought, and thought with a sigh, that this perpetual portraiture bore some resemblance to what she had once been, and, on the first conjecture, consulted her glass. She had better have consulted her conversazione, for no dubiousness met her there. On the earliest hint, their opinion was decided. The abbati applied their lunettes to their eyes, and pronounced on the fact with the authority of acknowledged connoisseurs. The Monsignori with the red stockings declared the expression to be the lovely similitude of the Marchesa at the present hour; and the three cavalieri serventi, with all the junior candidates for the survivorship, began to feel that a new candidate was coming who might shake them all. Even the ladies admitted that the resemblance was striking, but for some trivial differences, which they set down to the youth of the artist, but which, in their morning recollections, they unequivocally set down to the age of the Marchesa.

The romance grew; the Marchesa was a widow, supremely opulent, and, notwithstanding the general opinion of the ladies of Milan, still handsome;—a showy preservation of all the charms that caution and the cosmetic art can keep through the trying length of five and forty years. At fifteen, she had married an old Marquis and General. She bore her chain with angry dignity, and frequent aspirations for an universal war, in which Naples might be embarked for the term of her General's natural life. But peace brooded provokingly upon the world, and she ran through her full period of twenty domestic years of attendance upon gout, ennui, peevishness, and tyranny.

It had cost her ten years since the General's death to get rid of the recollections of a state, which, she afterwards professed, gave her the most complete conception of the galleys. But there is a tide in all affairs; the showy Marchesa began to feel that she was still made for society. The new romance of those pictures struck in its stamp upon her fancy in the plastic moment; and on the first sight of the young painter, she convinced herself that this was the man made for her by the stars.

Vincenzio had now lived five years with his friend, and was grown up into manly beauty. But the glowing Marchesa was doomed to be unfortunate. Attraction of dress perpetually

changing—tenderness of accent soliciting his sensibilities in every form of the pathetic—a pair of the most magnificent black eyes on this side of the Alps, restlessly pouring in their fire—all in vain; the whole assault and battery of passion seemed wasted on his impenetrable soul—he was of iron, ice, more than man, or less; passion enough to have liquified a Pope and all his Cardinals was utterly thrown away on this impregnable rock of a painter.

"Lungi ancor dal Campidoglio

Vi son alure a queste eguali,"

sighed the Marchesa; "but if they are, they are in Siberia, and may all the saints keep them there."

The young painter still went on with his work. The lady was not to be fatigued, or she consoled herself for the fatigue by the duty of patronising unknown genius, and the lately discovered conviction that her portraits were the most suitable presents for the various branches of her noble family. Vincenzio was happy—a fine woman was before his eyes, a fine house round him, hopes of distinction were rising in his fancy, and his pencil, which to his enthusiasm would have been an equivalent for all, was constantly in his hands.

It was now the height of summer, and the Marchesa, to enjoy the cool air from a fountain in one of her many gardens, had changed the sittings to a suite of rooms in another face of the palazzo. A new portrait had been completed, and pronounced a chef d'œuvre by the circle. Animated by the general praise of her favourite, the lady had betrayed her secret, and the scandalous chronicle of Milan had decided, without loss of time, that the nobilissimi of the Cicognara blood were about to be disgraced by a mesalliance.

The belief sank deep in one, a cousin, a cavalieri servente, and hitherto no hopeless suitor.

He was, like the general class of the Italian nobility, a man of desperate means, a man of talent, a volcano of passion and pride, and a first-rate gladiator. He had watched the rich widow with the double keenness of avarice and jealousy. The discovery of her inclinations smote him like a death warrant. To challenge the painter was out of the question; it would breed a fracas, it might procure him a sentence of exile, it must degrade his sword, and, worst of all evils, it must make the Marchesa hostile for life. The simple remedy for all was to run his sword without defiance or disturbance through the presumptuous painter. So thought and so did the most brilliant ruffiano of Milan, the Signor Jacopo Velletri.

The portrait had been brought back to the usual room of the sittings, to receive some final touches. Its stately subject had, on this day, felt herself impelled more than ever to distinctly ask Vincenzio "to marry her;" and, as a gentler means of leading him to ask the question for himself, she had wandered into a long prefatory dialogue relative to his history.

It was briefly communicated, and the enamoured widow was still more enamoured. The son, who never knew his father, might be the son of a prince in disguise; there was romance in his birth—romance in his life—romance in his beauty—and tenfold more romance in the

glowing soul of the mature Marchesa. She next ventured on the tender inquiry, whether those pictures, in which his pencil had perpetually revived the same expression, as saint or sinner, under hood, veil, and turban, did not owe their similitude to some face that "he had loved, or *could* love?" This was unfortunate, for Vincentio at once admitted that it was the recollection of a countenance that had struck him several years before. The story of his meeting with the Italian girl—the giver of that ring which still gleamed on his hand, was told; and his listener was for the first time aware, that whatever right she might obtain over the heart, the imagination was gone.

But "her rival had been a child. Time had passed; the lover, if lover he was, had seen her no more; and fortune, wealth, title, and time, were irresistible with nine-tenths of mankind." The reasoning shot through her mind, and her eye sparkled again. Yet she was agitated; the authority of her claims on universal homage had now been disputed for the first time. She suddenly felt the oppressive temperature of the day with increased oppression, buried herself in the shade of the roses that hung in a thicket of bloom and fragrance over the garden window; returned, quarrelled with the picture, reprobated the insolence, folly and tyranny of man; to Vincentio's surprise, declared that she would sit no more to his pencil; and then, with a strange mixture of haughtiness and humility, forced a ring of great value on him, and rushed out of the room.

It was impossible to mistake this disturbance of a proud and tempestuous bosom, and Vincentio felt himself painfully circumstanced. His mind was already filled with an image which he had unconsciously cherished till it had grown into a part of his nature. To meet his young preserver, that Antonia, whom, in his solitary enthusiasm, he had sometimes thought to be only the earthly presence of his Guardian Angel, he would have sacrificed the hope of a throne. He wandered into the ample gardens, and flung himself by a fountain, on which stood a marble Psyche, with her wings expanded; an emblem of love that sought its answering spirit above the stars. The gentle rustling of the myrtles around him, and the tinkling of the waters, lulled him into sleep.

His dreams were vivid. He saw clouds opening, and his love descending with the brightness of a seraph winged. He heard strange and furious voices—found himself struggling on the edge of a precipice, and awoke with an outcry.

Another moment and his sleep would have been in the grave. He saw a poniard darting at his neck. But his exclamation had startled the murderer; the blow missed, and the poniard was plunged in the ground. But a herculean grasp was on his throat. He sprang upwards by an effort of desperation, and shook off the assassin. Yet his youth, and slightness of form, were no match for the firm-knit sinew and muscular rage that now rushed upon him. The poniard was still fixed in the ground, and the deadly struggle was to get it into possession: they writhed, tore, trampled each other; they fought prostrate—fought on the knee—fought foot to foot. Each had still a hand on

the throat of the other; neither could utter a word;—at length Vincentio found himself failing, and gathering his last strength into one effort, bounded against his assailant's bare bosom. The shock was irresistible—he fell, and they rolled to the bottom of the slope together. As they lay gasping, face to face, Vincentio with returning recollection, for the first time recognised Velletri, and faintly pronounced his name. A hue of blacker ferocity crossed the villain's visage at the detection, and as he drew up his hand from under his side, Vincentio saw the flash of the poniard. They had rolled over it in the fall. Vincentio felt the steel at his throat, felt a sudden pang and gush of blood, sent out one dying cry, and thought that all was over.

When he returned to his senses, he thought that he saw a vision of paradise. A form was bending over him with an expression of anxious beauty, such as he had a thousand times imagined in his Guardian Angel. Youth, the dark eye, the waving ringlets, the glowing countenance, the form of luxuriant yet graceful loveliness;—he waited only to see this child of immortality spread its pinions, and summon him to follow her beyond the world. But he soon saw tears; he heard a timid voice, that, to him, sounded like the echo of early music; he saw a slight and snowy hand scattering drops from the fountain on his forehead; and he awoke to astonishment, love, and the true Antonia.

The explanation was rapid. She was the niece of the Marchesa, but had been kept studiously from general society, possibly from the reluctance of the elder beauty to allow the hazard of competition. Vincentio she had never seen since the adventure of the Inn, yet his memory had adhered to her with the vividness of first impressions. The accidental change of the painting-room had brought him to that side of the palazzo in which she lived. She had heard Vincentio's cry; she had run towards it instinctively. She saw a man spring from the ground, and escape into the thicket, and found Vincentio, whom she recognised at once, fainting.

The story has come to its conclusion. I should have but to detail the reluctant generosity of the Marchesa, convinced at last of the truth, that young love alone is irresistible;—or the desperate career and ruin of prodigality and blood in Velletri;—or the deep and hallowed penitence of the renegade Hulaku, reconciled to the faith of his Italian ancestors;—or the happiness of Vincentio, and the lovely being whose name was more than a talisman in all his sorrows, and whose possession might have made him forget that there was sorrow in the world.

From the London Magazine.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

THIS is so very virgin a subject that no man can fail to write something new on it. Marvellous new indeed. We cannot

even whip up the cream that Zimmerman and others have skimmed off, into a new-fashioned syllabus: it is spent, exhausted, worn thread-bare. What does it consist in and of?—pride. What does the pride consist in?—ignorance. What else does it consist in?—jealousy, rivalry, hatred. The corollary is, that the most ignorant and barbarous people are the most national, or the most attached to themselves, and the most contemptuous of others. The corollary also is, that the worst tempered people are the most national. Ignorance and ill-temper produce nationality—they are national pride. The equation is concluded. If this is not very new, it is at least brief, which is some merit.

Any one that chooses may try to apply this calculus to nations—to John Bull if they like, or to Sawney, to a Hottentot, or an Esquimaux. We shall be twitted with vanity, and it will be applied to France; but vanity and pride are birds of the same nest.

We have never read Zimmerman, because, by some means or other, we have thought him a dull visionary, and a dealer in words; and therefore we know not what value he gives to ill-temper in this matter: we consider it fundamental. France is not ill-tempered—quite the reverse; and hence its nationality is a gay and transitory flashing of the spirit of happy self-contemplation. Spain is not good-tempered; its nationality is solid, sulky, and deep. Ireland has no temper at all; it blusters now and then about Erin's green isle, and cares nothing about it. Bull land is surly and bad-tempered; its temper combines with its egregious self-conceit to make it among the most national of lands: it is not ignorant—as a man might say—ignorant; but it is perfectly, utterly, and entirely ignorant of all other lands, things, people, institutions; and that is ignorance enough for our theory. Caledonia is the worst tempered country on the face of the earth; and its nationality is accordant: multiply the ignorance by the ill-temper, and the product is before us. It is not, however, the worst tempered people—that is one comfort. There are bad-tempered nations as well as individuals, born, bred, generated, continued from the first egg downwards, and ramifying from all primogeniture to all postgeniture, for ever and ever—so there are good-tempered ones. Let Montesquieu find out the reasons, if he can; in climate, if he likes.

The Jews are the patterns of ill-temper, as they have been from the time of Jacob. They began with Sarah, and they maintain their character admirably, from the beginning to the end, from Sarah to Titus, and to Judas Maccabeus, and as far further forward as any one pleases. Mr. Rothschild, however, is a fat, good-humoured fellow; he has had a cross, and been spoiled. If any one doubts, ask Barrow; not the gentleman who travels all over the world in the Quarterly Review, but Isaac Barrow, mathematician and writer of sermons, another sort of a personage.

And the Jews are more national than even Bull and Sawney. They had once good reasons; it cannot be denied; but they have marvellous little cause at present. They con-

firm our theory; and let those who like to be at the trouble, hunt further a-field.

We must contract. There is an involution of nationality which demands a better pen than Zimmerman's or ours; a little set of circles within the great one. The character of all is the same, and the theory too. We want a word, and know not how to coin one. Country is the radical; who will compound, or spin it into a substantive of quality? Provinciality must do.

Provinciality has all the characters of nationality; *comparatis comparandis*. It has the same phases, the same causes; it presents the same varieties; it is attended by equal hates, and jealousies, and rivalries; it similarly accompanies ignorance, ill-temper, barbarism; it is modified by good humour, by the qualities of the vanity and the pride, by other matters of a collateral nature. It is therefore strongly marked in some provinces, feebly in others; sulky in one place, confident and cheerful in another; jealous and pugnacious here, passive there.

In short, an empire is here a world. It is divided against itself. Bull hates all nations; Sawney hates all nations. All modes of Bull, all bull-calves hate each other, all unite when needful against all that are *foris*, as the quarrelling wife and husband combine against their neighbours; but, withdraw the compressing force, and they all split asunder like crackers from a squib.

The study of provincialities is amusing, but it might be *lengthy*. We must contract: we shall only open the furrow, others may plough the field. We are also bound down to our own island.

To commence with the north. As far as we know Scotland, its leading provincialities are simple enough, and they really seem very reasonable ones. There is a trifidity, to begin, in them, which is as justifiable as the mutual jealousy of the Italian states. A Highlander hates a Lowlander, and the borderer of the Dales imagines himself also privileged to hate both. Thus far is proper. The first, at least, are distinct people from the second, or rather, from both the others. They despise most and hate most, because they are the most ignorant and the most barbarous. But they are better tempered than the Lowlanders, which makes a counterpoise: and being less selfish, their provincial pride does not put on such offensive forms. There is something grand in the self-partiality of their provincialism. We cannot subdivide them. We know not very well what a Ross man feels to an Invernessian; we must leave this to greater adepts than ourselves; but we understand that Argyleshire prides itself on comparative civilization. Clannishness is another matter, with which we have nothing to do.

The provinciality of the Dales diminishes every day; but they still imagine themselves pastoral, poetical, and free, *par excellence*. It is proper that they should hate their English neighbours, and not unreasonable that they should hate Lowlanders. After all, their provinciality somewhat resembles that of the Highlanders, and is not uncommendable; there is an antique and a warlike cast about it, as

there is a wild and pastoral one. It might once have savoured of that which marks the sons of Ishmael; perhaps it partakes, even now, in more of that than we know. Sir Walter Scott could tell us the truth, which he is not always inclined to do.

We made a triple division, and forgot Galloway; which was wrong. This was an independent kingdom: it was as independent as the Highlands; and it was united, not split into fragments. It retains some of this pride still: it fought hard for its altars and its gods, and it was well mauled. All this is matter of boast and of character. A kind of *soubriquet*, distinguishing one of its divisions, aids this feeling of separation. "The Stewartry" is a name not without power over provincial minds.

To possess but one mountain is to possess a beacon and a rallying point. Criffel is the tower of Babel that rallies a province round its standard.

There is some power in rivers as well as in mountains, in this matter; which is an episode in the theory, appertaining to causes. "All friends round the Wrekin" is the watch-word of Shropshire. The Tweed is the sufficient reason for another separation; as much as is that cause of segregation, never to be forgotten while Chevy Chase survives, "All men of pleasant Tiviotdale." The Tay, the Dee, all the Dees, have their little circles of union and separation. So, elsewhere, have the Tiber, and the Arno, and the Rhine, and the Nile: they are the sources of pride, and of union; of union around each, of rivalry with all others. Lakes:--in Scotland, as far as we know: in Cumberland, slenderly: in Switzerland, as decidedly as is Mont Blanc, and as is Vesuvius to Naples.

Islands, unquestionably, are justifiable causes of mutual hatred as much as provinces, or more. They are more perfectly segregated. Sky is as great as Cyprus or Rhodes, in its little way: so is the Isle of Wight. Guernsey and Jersey hate each other like mutual poisons. The nearer, the more hatred--as is proper all through life: and hence the warfare of proximate counties also.

But to return to Caledonia. There are some minor divisions within its Lowlands. Fife possesses a nickname--that is enough. Aberdeen has a dialect--and that is good ground of separation. Perthshire is proud of its extent, wealth, and beauty. We know not that the subordinate hatreds are further divisible; but we do not pretend to profound learning in Caledonian divisions.

Wales possesses all the reasons, of antiquity, language, and race, to justify its separation; and of injury, to justify its hatred of England. This is almost a section in national, rather than provincial pride. But North Wales hates South Wales; and the aboriginal Austrogaul hates his Flemish neighbours. The men of Harlech are privileged by song to despise the men of Carnarvon: the men of Meyrionidd have their rallying poetry also; and the Taafe and the Fowey, and the Oak and the Dee, have equally good grounds for mutual jealousy.

Of the English counties, we presume that Yorkshire possesses a pride, which, from its

magnitude, (the magnitude of the county rather than of the pride,) is nearly national. It is proud of its horse-dealing, and its cheating in horse-flesh; of its cunning and its knavery; and of its concealment of all this under the aspect of openness and simplicity.

Northumberland and Cumberland pride themselves as borderers, justifiably, as they do in bagpipes and oat-cakes, and in other matters less deserving of boast. They pride themselves in their burr and their brogue; since faults are good grounds of provincial pride. To live underground is a good reason for hating all those who live above it: to be able to riot and combine occasionally, as keelmen, is a better reason still; and thus Newcastle possesses a sort of imperium within the imperium of Northumberland.

Any mark serves for a Shibboleth; any usage for a ground of distinction--of mutual and eternal union--of external animosity. But all have not as good reasons for being separatists as Lancashire, in the beauty of its witches, and the goodness of its potatoes. The very term, Lancashire witches, is abundant reason for drawing a cordon round the county, and excluding the rest of the baser world. To be a Palatinate is somewhat more: this is better than cheating your neighbours in the sale of a horse. Whether Durham has any better reasons for pride than its oat-cakes and its bishops, we cannot tell. Cheshire vaunts its cheese, as of right.

Lincolnshire ought to have prided itself on its eels, and its ducks, and its marshes, and its bogs, and on the dexterity with which it fattens living geese, and on the ague. The men of the waters ought to despise the terrestrials. How that matter may be, we cannot tell; dreading Spalding as much as Deeping, and having an innate affection for terra firma whenever we find a piece. It might have been proud of its churches, and its early wealth; but provincial pride seldom bottoms itself on such good reasons.

Salopia has contrived to make itself a pride out of its cakes as well as its Wrekin: the Simnell is at least as rallying a point as the mountain; Shrewsbury cakes are matters of distinction, at least as valid as squab-pies. If Norfolk and Suffolk did not rest their fame on barley, and sand, and ploughs, and Mr. Coke, and pheasants, and game-laws, and preserves, and steel-traps, they would be much to blame. The Norfolkian has his character and his self-estimation; but though the world considers Norfolk and Suffolk "a pair," we have no doubt that they hold each other in cordial aversion, as is most just and proper.

Of Rutland, and Bedford, and Buckingham, if any body knows--we do not--let them step forward with a critical review of us, and defend their own causes. Let them prove that they are as great fools as their neighbours, and we will give them places in our next edition.

Κατ' ἐξοχην, Leicestershire is the county! Who can be a gentleman and follow a fox in "the Shires?" Let us admit that Leicestershire merits well of its country, since it occupies and abstracts that race of dunder dandies whose brains are in no danger from fractures

of their investing cases. Its merit lies in foxes, as that of Essex does in calves. He who prides himself on a fox, has clearly more merit than he who would derive honour from a fraternity with calves. But merit is merit, and distinction is distinction, be it what it may.

The pride of Middlesex, as well as its name and distinction, nearly merge in that of London; and such is the influence of the metropolis, that it suffocates the provincialities that might otherwise make fools of Surrey, and Berkshire, and Sussex, and so on. But Kent has inherited a pride from Julius Cæsar, or from Shakespeare, which does as well, which it is little inclined to forget; while the fortunate distinction of Kentish men, and men of Kent, gives it a perpetual claim on self-consequence, and on a petty intestine division of its own, added to its division from all the remainder of England.

As Essex derives its consequence from its calves, so does Hampshire from its hogs; which of the two animals, a calf or a hog, an Essex or a Hampshire man, is the supreme, we do not pretend to settle. As to Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, they seem to go for little or nothing in the public eye; but doubtless, they, like others of as little real character, possess also their mutual jealousies, their own pride, and all else that is requisite to the production of national harmony. If no other causes can be found in all such cases, it is sufficient for any two counties to be pitted at a cricket-match: or the militias answer the purpose, or even the sheriff's ball and the gallows. We must be in the secret councils to understand all these things; and we ourselves cannot afford to live ten years in each of the counties of England. Some future Sir John Sinclair, drawing up fifty-two quarto volumes of English statistics, will do what we have left undone.

Zummezetshire possesses those indisputable claims to self-excellence which arise from a coarse dialect, coarseness of all kinds, rough bullism, and Tom Jones. We presume that Gloucester and Hereford bottom their virtues on their cheese and their cider; and that the latter hates all mankind, because its roads are the worst in England, and it is the only maker of Perry. Worcester may go along with them.

Devonshire and Cornwall are one and two: they are one to the civilized part of England, from the extremity of their common barbarism, from their clotted cream, and their squab-pies, and their arrant vulgarity. But then it is a beautiful refinement, that, as from the moment you enter the Damnonian confines you are immediately sensible of the presence and land of barbarians, it is disputed which of the two divisions of the Western Barbary is the worst. The observant philosopher will nevertheless find the task easy; as, being far removed from all influence of civilization, but such as are imported in the Plymouth mail and the Cornish mail, their peculiarities have full room to display themselves, and their mutual recriminations require ample scope.

If Devonshire is noted for especial vulgarity, Cornwall claims the palm for rudeness, and roughness, and brutality, and the New Light; and the vulgarity of Devonshire, as is

proper, is the bottom of its pride: it is the only land of the world that can make cider or pickle pork; and then it possesses Devonport and Dartmoor; while, as a set-off, Cornwall glorifies itself in its Land's End, and its tin-mines, and its pilchards.

We must give Cornwall the palm, after all: it is Celtic, which goes for a good deal. Dolly Pentreath spoke Cornish to Mr. Daines Barrington; it wrecks vessels and murders the mariners, smuggles brandy, runs after Wesley very particularly, deals largely in ghosts, and plays at wrestling and hurling. It is a land of a character, and has the right to look down with contempt on Devonshire, and on all the rest of the world. It is a land of character, too, because it possesses a perpetual reason for mutiny and rebellion in its exquisite motto, "One and all."

We have arrived at the very Land's End itself, and at the end of our geography and knowledge. Had we possessed the talents of Zimmerman, we should have produced a decent octavo, instead of six pages. Had we taken a seventh page, we should have investigated the advantages and the effects, as we have the reasons and causes. The effects are good, though we have not now room to dilate on them. A man must hate somebody; it is better to hate somewhat far off than absolutely at home. A Frenchman is rather too distant: hate does not radiate strong enough across the channel. It is inconvenient to hate our wives and children. For townsmen to hate townsmen, is occasionally incommodious. The county forms a happy medium; not too near for serious grievance, not so far as to be an insufficient occupation for the delight of hating. Let us all cultivate pride and conceit, that we may hate as we ought. Let the counties give premiums. Thus will even the insipids learn to rival each other in horse-stealing, and horse-dealing, and wrestling, and coal-heaving, and squab-pies, and hogs, and calves, and cricket, and cudgelling; and thus a wise government will learn, by dividing, to govern. We have kept our main secret to the last.

From the Monthly Review.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. Edited by Maria A. Watts. London. 1825.

It is not a little gratifying to us to observe the keen and enterprising spirit of emulation which actuates our countrymen, in carrying, to the highest degree of improvement, any invention which they borrow from their neighbours. Three or four years ago we possessed no annual publication which, for beauty of ornament, or utility of design, could be compared with the embellished almanacs of Germany. We have now several pocket-volumes published yearly, the least elegant of which is greatly superior to any thing produced on the Continent, and the best of which preclude the possibility of rivalry any where out of England. When these undertakings were first commenced, they retained, for a season, the cha-

acter of the almanac, adding to it a few pieces of poetry, a tale or two in prose, and two or three very indifferent engravings. Now, with the exception of a few minor productions, they exclude every feature which would seem to attach them to one year more than to another; poets and other writers of the highest classes of our literature contribute to their pages, and feel proud to avow contributions which the most precious resources of art are employed to illustrate.

The success which has attended these publications is another circumstance at which we rejoice; for a single glance at their contents convinces us, that it is impossible for them to circulate through the country, without carrying in their train the happiest consequences. Stripped of all religious and political animosities, desiring only to please those individuals in every circle of society, whose taste and virtues best entitle them to the courtship of the muses, these works, wherever they penetrate, cannot fail of informing the understanding, and of attuning the heart and the fancy to the finest issues. A love of the arts is also kindled by their presence in the remotest corners of the empire, whither such admirable specimens of the pencil and the graver might not otherwise have reached in the course of a century.

The Literary Souvenir, produced by Mr. Watts, for the ensuing year, is the most able and finished work of its kind that has ever come under our notice. It has an artist-like touch about it, which skillfully mingles the serious with the gay, and disposes the materials, of which the volume is composed, in the manner best calculated to render them attractive. The embellishments, considering the scale to which they are necessarily confined, are, perhaps, with one or two exceptions, models of excellence; and their beauty is, for the most part, in perfect keeping with the many gems of poetry by which they are surrounded.

To that portion of the work which is in prose, we must object that it consists entirely of tales, and that of these the greater number are too slight, if not indeed too fantastic, in their texture. The uniformity of fictitious narrative might, perhaps, have been saved by the introduction of a few "curiosities of literature," inedited letters of distinguished men, an essay or two discussing some interesting question in literature or the arts, or speculating in a gay mood on the features of the past and the signs of the coming year. These, it may be said, are not matters so easy to be attained as the world in general imagines. We know they are not; but neither are tales—at least good ones. "The Lovers' Quarrel," however, is a story which no "cabinet of romance" might hesitate to own. It is a performance perfectly unique in its way. Let the reader judge.

"I wish I could describe the young Lady Sibyl. She was rather tall than otherwise, and her head was carried with a toss of the prettiest pride I ever saw; in truth, there was a supernatural grace in her figure, by which she was in duty bound to be more lofty in her demeanour than other people. Her eyes were of a pure, dark hazel, and seemed to wander from the earth as though they were surprised how they happened to drop out of the skies; and

the sweet, high and mighty witchery that sported round her threatening lips, inspired one with a wonderful disposition to fall down and worship her. It was, of course, not to be expected that such a strangely gifted lady should be quite so easily contented with her cavaliers as those who were not gifted at all; and Sibyl, very properly, allowed it to be understood that she despised the whole race. She likewise allowed it to be understood that, the world being by no means good enough for her, she conceived the best society it afforded to be her own wilful cogitations; and that she meant to pass the whole of her pretty life in solitude and meditation. People conjectured that she was in love, and too proud to show it; and Sibyl surmised that they were vastly impertinent, and by no means worth satisfying.

"There was a small grotto by the lake that wound before the old arched windows of the hall: a world of fine foliage was matted fantastically above and around it, so as to exclude every intruder but the kingfisher, who plunged, meteor-like, on his golden prey, and vanished in the shade before he was well seen; and an endless variety of woodhues leaped from branch to branch, swinging their dewy tendrils in the air, and showering fragrance upon the green moss beneath, or stealing round the rustic pinnacles, like garlands twined by Cupid for his favourite hiding place. It was in this choicest retreat that the Lady Sibyl chose to forget the world in which she was born, and imagine that for which she seemed to have been created; and in this mood, without manifesting any particular symptoms of exhaustion, excepting that she had grown a little paler and more slender, she continued for three whole years.

"On the third anniversary of her resolution,—she knew it was the third, because the said resolution happened to have been made on the same day that her wild cousin, who had earned for himself the title of Childe Wilful, chose for his departure to the wars,—on the third anniversary, as on all other days, Sibyl again tripped down the chase to live in paradise till tea-time, but, not as on other days; the noble summer sunset seemed to have stained her cheek with a kindred hue. Ere she reached her wilderness, she looked back, again and again, at the hall, slackened her pace that it might not appear hurried, and gazed as long upon the swans and water-lilies as though they really occupied her thoughts. Meanwhile, the flower of the fox-hunting chivalry were carousing with her father in the banquetting-room, and flourishing their glasses to her health. The most mighty and censorious dames of the land were seen stalking up and down the terrace, as stately and as stiff as the peacocks clipped out of the yew-trees at either end of it. Sibyl seemed to have lost the faculty of despising them, and was half afraid that her desertion would be thought strange. As she stood irresolute whether to go on or turn back, she was startled by a voice close by, and the blood leaped in a deeper crimson to her cheek.

"'Sibyl!—dear Sibyl!' it exclaimed, 'wilt thou come, or must I fetch thee, before the whole posse of them?'

"Sibyl tossed her head and laughed; and, with an agitated look, which was meant to be

indifferent, strolled carelessly into the shade, just in time to prevent the intruder from putting his threat in execution. He was a light, well made cavalier, with black moustaches and ringlets, and a high-born eye and forehead, which could have looked almost as proud as Sibyl's. As for his accomplishments, the fine frenchified slashing of his costume, and the courageous manner in which he assaulted a lady's hand, bespoke him a wonder.

"And so, my gallant cousin," said Sibyl, with a voice which was a little out of breath, and with a feeble effort to extricate her fingers, "and so you have brought your valour back to besiege my citadel again."

"Sweet arrogance! is it not the day three thousand years on which we parted; and did I not promise to be here at sunset?"

"I believe you threatened me that you would. Pray, have you run away from battle to be as good as your word?"

"And pray, did you always consider it a threat, or did you tell me that this grotto should be your hermitage till my return?"

"And pray, for the third time, do not be inquisitive; and trouble yourself to let go my hand, and sit down on that seat over the way, and tell me what you have been doing these three days?"

"I will, as you desire, take both your hands and the other half of your chair, and tell you, as you surmise, that I have been thinking of you till the thought became exceedingly troublesome; and now oblige me by telling me whether you are as proud as ever since you lost your beauty, or whether you have ever mustered humility to drop a tear for the mad blood which I have shed in toiling to be worthy such a mighty lady."

"Sibyl laughed, and snatched her hand away from him to draw it across her eyes."

"Dear Sibyl," he continued, in a gentler tone, "and has not that wild heart changed in three long years?—And has not such an age of experience made our boy and girl flirtation a folly to be amended? And do I find you the same,—excepting far more lovely,—the same perverse being who would not have given her wayward prodigal for the most dismally sensible lord of the creation? Often as I have feared, I have had a little comforter which told me you could not change. See, Sibyl, your miniature, half-given, half-stolen, at our last parting;—it has been my shield in a dozen fights, has healed, with its smile, as many wounds;—it has asked me if this was a brow whereon to register deceit,—if these were the lips to speak it,—if these were the eyes,—as I live, they are weeping even now!"

"She did not raise them from her bosom, but answered, with a smile of feigned mortification, that she thought it very impertinent to take such minute observations. 'I too have had my comforter,' she said, drawing the fellow-miniature from her bosom, and holding it playfully before his eyes;—it has been my shield against a dozen follies;—it has warned me to benefit by sad experience;—it has asked me if this was the brow whereon to register any thing good,—if these were the lips to speak it,—if these were the eyes,—as I live, they are conceited even now!"

"But have you indeed kept my picture so close to your heart?"

"And do you indeed think that your old rival, Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell, would have given me a farthing for it?"

"Did you ever try him?"

"Oh, Childe Wilful! can you change countenance at such a name even now? No, I did not try him, and (for you are a stranger, and must be indulged.) I will tell you wherefore. I would not have given it to him for his head; not for as many of them as would have built a tower to yonder moon; and so now see if you can contrive to be jealous of him;—nay, you shall not touch it. Do you remember how often, when it pleased you to be moody, you threatened to take it from me?"

"No more of that, sweet Sibyl."

"And will you never counterfeit a headache, to hide your displeasure, when I dance with Sir Duncie, or gallop with Sir Gosling?"

"No, never, Sibyl."

"And will you never take leave of me for ever, and return five minutes afterwards to see how I bear it?"

"Never, whilst I live."

"Why, then, I give you leave to ask my father's leave to stay a whole week at the hall, for I have a great deal to say to you—when I can think of it."

"I will ask him for yourself, Sibyl."

"No, no, Sir Childe, you will not do any such thing. When you went from hence, it was with a college character, which was by no means likely to ingratiate you with reasonable people, whatever it may have done with other folks; and you must not talk to my father of the treasured Sibyl till you are better acquainted with him. Talk of ploughs and politics as much as you please;—make it appear that, now the wars are over, there is some chance of your turning your sword into a pruning hook, and yourself into an accomplished squire;—and then,—and then, alas! for the high-minded Sibyl!"

Here is as much of elegant coquetry, of picturesque description, and of a charming tale of true love, as would have served, in other hands, for the substance of a volume. We have a lurking objection to the appellation of *Childe Wilful*: it is puerile, and it breaks in upon the otherwise uninterrupted beauty of the scene. But the portrait of Sibyl, whose name is as enchanting as her lover's is otherwise; the grace of her figure, her eyes surprised how they happened to drop out of the skies, and the witchery of her threatening lips, reveal the touches of a master-pencil. The grotto, too, and its neighbouring lake, are painted so vividly in a few words, that we see the whole picture at once, and can almost hear the lovers talking in the shade.

Sir Lubin, however, master of the finest glebe in the country, had not in vain paid his addresses, during the Childe's absence, to—Sibyl's father. The latter looked upon the young warrior merely in the light of a friendly visiter, endeavoured to initiate him into the arcana of agriculture, and to teach him the value of a prize-ox; lectures which our hero patiently endured for the sake of Sibyl, who had given him an early hint of the old man's

humour. But he had more than this to endure, for Sibyl, exulting in the general homage which was paid to her charms by all the fox-hunters of the country round, resolved to torment her lover, without well knowing why. The young soldier's jealousy was up in arms, and 'to keep the peace, Sibyl was obliged to accede to an interview in her little boudoir.'

"It was a fine honey-dropping afternoon. The sweet south was murmuring through the lattice amongst the strings of the guitar, and the golden fish were sporting till they almost flung themselves out of their crystal globe: it was just the hour for every thing to be sweet and harmonious,—but Sibyl was somewhat vexed, and the Childs was somewhat angry. He was much obliged to her for meeting him, but he feared that he was taking her from more agreeable occupations; and he was, moreover, alarmed lest her other visitors should want some one to amuse them. He merely wished to ask if she had any commands to his family, for whom it was time that he should think of setting out; and when he had obtained them, he would no longer trespass upon her condescension. Sibyl leant her cheek upon her hand, and regarded him patiently till he had done.

"My commands," she gravely said, "are of a confidential nature, and I cannot speak them if you sit so far off."

"As she tendered her little hand, her features broke through their mock ceremony into a half smile, and there was an enchantment about her which could not be withstood.

"Sibyl," he exclaimed, "why have you taken such pains to torment me?"

"And why have you so ill attended to the injunctions which I gave you?"

"Ill!—Heaven and earth! Have I not laboured to be agreeable till my head is turned topsy-turvy?"

"Oh, yes; and hind side before as well, for it is any thing but right. But did I tell you to pursue this laudable work with fuming and frowning, and doubting and desperation, till I was in an agony lest you should die of your exertions, and leave me to wear the willow?"

"The cavalier stated his provocation with much eloquence.

"Dear Sibyl," he continued, "I have passed a sufficient ordeal. If I really possess your love, let me declare mine at once, and send these barbarians about their business."

"Or rather be sent about your own, if you have any; for you cannot suppose that the specimen which you have given of your patient disposition is likely to have told very much in your favour."

"Then why not teach them the presumption of their hopes, and tell them that you despise them?"

"Because they are my father's friends, and because, whatever their hopes may be, they will probably wait for encouragement before they afford me an opportunity of giving my opinion thereupon."

"But has there been any necessity to give them so much more of your time,—so many more of your smiles,—than you have bestowed upon me?"

"And is it you who ask me this question?"

"—Oh!—is it possible to mete our attentions to those we love with the same indifference which we use towards the rest of the world?—Would nothing, do you think,—no tell-tale countenance,—no treacherous accent, betray the secret which it is our interest to maintain? Unkind, to make poor Sibyl's pride confess so much!"

"The cavalier did not know whether he ought to feel quite convinced. He counted the rings upon the fingers, which were still locked in his own, three times over.

"Sibyl," he at last said, "I cannot bear them to triumph over me even in their own bright fancies. If you are sincere with me, let us anticipate the slow events of time,—let us seek happiness by the readiest means,—and, trust me, if it is difficult to obtain consent to our wishes, you are too dear to despair of pardon for having acted without it."

"And you would have me fly with you?" Sibyl shrank from the idea:—her pride was no longer assumed in sport. "You do well," she resumed, "to reproach me with the duplicity which I have practised. It is but just to suppose that she who has gone so far, would not scruple to make the love which has been lavished upon her the inducement for her disobedience; that the pride which has yielded so much, would be content to be pursued as a fugitive, and to return as a penitent."

"Then, Sibyl, you do not love me?"

"I am not used to make assurances of that kind, any more than I am inclined to submit to the charge of deceit."

"Methinks, Lady Sibyl," he replied, with somewhat of bitterness, "you very easily take offence to-night. It certainly is better to be free from one engagement before we enter upon another."

"Sibyl's heart beat high, but she did not speak.

"It is possible that you may have mistaken your reasons for enjoining me to silence; for it is, no doubt, advisable that your more eligible friends should have the opportunity of speaking first."

"Sibyl's heart beat higher, and the tears sprang to her eyes, but her head was turned away.

"We have staid too long," she said, with an effort at composure.

"I thank you, Lady Sibyl," he replied, rising haughtily to depart, "for allowing me to come to a right understanding. And now—"

"Her anger never had been more than a flash,—she could hardly believe him serious, and if he was he would soon repent.

"And now," she interrupted him, relapsing into her loveliest look of raillery, "Childs Wilful would be glad of his picture again?"

"You certainly will oblige me by restoring it."

"Why do you not ask Sir Lubin for it?"

"Lady Sibyl, I am serious; and I must beg to remark that it can be but an unworthy satisfaction to retain it for a boast to your new lovers."

"I do not see that there is any thing to boast of in it. The face is not a particularly handsome one, and as for him for whom it is meant, he has never made a figure in any his-

tory excepting his own letters. Here is one in my dressing case,—I pray you stand still now while I read over the wondrous exploits which you performed in your last battle, for I think you must have looked just as you do now."

"There is no saying whether his resolution would have been firm enough to persist in his dire demand, had not the Lady Sibyl's attendant at that moment entered with Sir Lubin's compliments, and it was past the hour when she had engaged to ride with him. Child Wilful's heart was armed with a thicker coat of mail than ever, and his lips writhed into a bitter smile.

"Do not let me detain you, Lady Sibyl," he said; "perhaps your gentlewoman will be good enough to find me the picture amongst your cast-off ornaments."

"This was rather too much, to be exposed in her weakest point to the impertinent surprise of her servant.

"Nay—nay," she replied in confusion, "have done for the present;—if you ask me for it to-morrow, I will return it."

"I shall not be here to-morrow, and it is hardly compatible with Lady Sibyl's pride to retain presents which the donor would resume."

"Her answer was a little indignant,—his rejoinder was a little more provoking,—the maid began to laugh in her sleeve,—and Sibyl felt herself humiliated. It is but a short step, in mighty spirits, from humiliation to discord; and Sibyl soon called in the whole force of her dignity, and conjured up a smile of as much asperity as the Child's."

"No!" she exclaimed, "it is not amongst my cast-off ornaments. I mistook it for the similitude of true affection, of generosity and manliness, and have worn it where those qualities deserved to be treasured up."

"The picture was produced from its pretty hiding place, and carelessly tendered to him.

"You will, perhaps, remember," she continued, "that there was a fellow to this picture, and that the original of it has as little inclination as other people to be made a boast of."

"Undoubtedly, Lady Sibyl,—it was my intention to make you perfectly easy on that point."

"The little jewel was removed coldly from his breast, and seemed to reproach him as it parted, for it had the same mournful smile with which Sibyl sat for it when he was preparing for the wars. He gave it to her, and received his own in return. It was yet warm from its sweet depository, and the touch of it thrilled to his soul;—but he was determined for once to act with consistency. As he closed the door he distinguished a faint sob, and a feeling of self-reproach seemed fast coming over him; but then his honour! Was he to endure the possibility of a possibility of being triumphed over by such an eternal blockhead as Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell?"

This is exquisite. It is a real lover's quarrel, the lips chiding under the dictation of pride, while the heart is writhing inwardly with pain. The scene, as it is here told, is completely descriptive of Newton's picture of it, by which it is accompanied, and which is engraved by C. Rolls in his most accomplished style. If there

be any fault in the drawing, it is, perhaps, that the face of the warrior does not appear quite so youthful as the lady would have wished it to be; the attitude of his right arm is also, perhaps, too theatrical. But the drapery, the figure, and the neck of Sibyl, the beauty and expression of her countenance, shaded by the clusters of her raven hair, deserve unqualified approbation. The maid behind her lady's chair 'laughs in her sleeve' with a provoking archness of look, which seems to delight in mischief. The screen, and the decorations of the boudoir, which evince a great deal of minute and various labour in the artist, seem, by their home-like look, to take part with their mistress in the quarrel, and to bid her lover begone.

The fool did go;—as the author happily expresses it, he left the place "like a spirit turned out of Paradise." In the course of Sibyl's ride with Sir Lubin she was bewildered, answering "no" when she should have said "yes," and pestering herself with vain hopes that her lover would soon return, or at least write to her. In a little time she received a letter from his sister, informing her, among other things, that he was paying violent attentions to a certain Lady Blanche.

"She tore the letter calmly into little strips;—her lips were compressed with beautiful, but stern and desperate determination. That night Sir Lubin made his proposals, and, in the delirium of fancied vengeance, Sibyl answered,—she knew not what."

We must not omit the comparison between Blanche and Sibyl. There is scarcely any reader who can pass it over with indifference, or who will not pause on the image, "she was a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose." As a simile it is perfect.

"It was not long after that the Child was returning sadly home from the Lady Blanche. She was very beautiful,—but, oh, she had not the speaking glance of Sibyl. She was lofty and high-minded; but it was not the sweet pride that fascinated whilst it awed,—it was the aspiring woman, and not the playful and condescending seraph. She was accomplished; but they were the accomplishments approved by the understanding rather than the heart,—the methodical work of education, and stored up for display. But Sibyl was accomplished by Heaven; her gifts were like the summer breezes which sported about him,—wild, exquisite, and mysterious,—which were the same, whether wasted on the desert, or wafted delight to the multitude. She was a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose,—she was a blossom dropped from Paradise to shame all the flowers of the earth."

The Child was sadly bewildered: he had a great mind to turn his horse's head towards the hall; but then—his honour! On arriving at home he found there a note from Sibyl's father inviting him to her wedding! We must give the remainder of the tale in the author's words.

"Should he send an excuse, and stay at home, and prove that he did not care about it; or should he plunge headlong into their revelry, and spare neither age nor sex of the whole party? No matter, he would consider of it on his way. He gave his steed the spur as though

the good animal had been Sir Lubin himself, and set out to cool his blood, and shake his wits into their places, by a moonlight gallop of a hundred miles.

"The morning was far advanced when he came within sight of the hall. He was almost exhausted; and the preparations for festivity, upon the fine slope of the chase, came over his soul with sickness and dismay. The high blood of his poor animal was barely sufficient to answer the feeble urging of its rider; and the slow stride, which was accompanied by a deeper and a deeper sob, seemed fast flagging to a stand still. The Childe felt that he was too late. He inquired of a troop of merry-makers round a roasting ox, and found that the wedding cavalcade had set off for the church. He looked down upon the hilt of his sword,—he was still in time for vengeance,—still in time to cut short the bridegroom's triumph,—to disappoint the anticipations of—Spirits of fury! were there none to inspire a few minutes' vigour into his fainting steed. The steed toiled on as though he had possessed the burning heart of his master;—troops of peasant girls, dressed fantastically, and waving garlands on either side of the road, soon told him that he was near the scene of the sacrifice. They had received a sheep-faced duck from the head of the blushing Sir Lubin,—a sprawling wave of his long arm, thrust, in all the pride of silver and satin, from the window of his coach and six. They had beheld the fevered and bewildered loveliness of the Lady Sibyl, looking, amongst her bride's maids, intense as a planet amidst its satellites, and they were all in ecstasies, which, if possible, increased his agony. Another lash, another bound, and he turned the corner which brought him full upon the old elm-embowered church, surrounded by the main body of the May-day multitude, and a string of coaches which displayed all the arms in the county. He sprang from his horse, and dashed through them like a meteor. The party were still standing before the altar; and he staggered and restrained his steps to hear how far the ceremony had proceeded. There was a dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon Sibyl, who trembled, as it seemed, too much to articulate.

"More water," said some one in a low voice: 'she is going to faint again.'

"Water was handed to her, and the clergyman repeated,—Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband?"

"Sibyl said nothing, but gasped audibly: her father looked more troubled, and Sir Lubin opened his mouth wider and wider.

"The question was repeated, but still Sibyl spoke not.

"It was pronounced a third time,—Sibyl shook more violently, and uttered an hysterical scream.

"Oh, merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, 'it is impossible—I cannot—I cannot!'

"Her astonished lover sprang forward, and received her fainting form in his arms. A glance at each other's countenance was sufficient to explain all their sufferings,—to dissipate all their resentment. Concealment was now out of the question, and their words broke forth at the same instant.

"Oh, faithless! how could you drive me to this dreadful extremity?"

"Sweet Sibyl, forgive—forgive me! I will atone for it by such penitence, such devotion, as the world never saw."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the bridegroom, 'but I do not like this!'

"By my word!" added the Lady Jemima, 'but here is a new lover!'

"By mine honour!" responded the Lady Bridget, 'but he is an old one!'

"By my word and honour too," continued the Lady something else, 'I suspected it long ago!'

"And by my grey beard," concluded the old Lord, 'I wish I had done so too!—Look you, Sir Lubin, Sibyl is my only child, and must be made happy her own way. I really thought she had been pining and dying for you, but since it appears I was mistaken, why e'en let us make the best of it. You can be bride's man still, though you cannot be bridegroom, and who knows but in our revels to-night, you may find a lady less liable to change her mind?"

"Sir Lubin did not understand this mode of proceeding, and would have come to high words but for the peculiar expression of Childe Wilful's eye, which kept them bubbling in his throat. He could by no means decide upon what to say. He gave two or three pretty considerable heins, but he cleared the road in vain, for nothing was coming; and so, at last, he made up his mind to treat the matter with silent contempt. He bowed to the company with a haughty dive, kicked his long sword, as he turned, between his legs, and strode, or rather rode, out of the church as fast as his dignity would permit. The crowd on the outside, not being aware of what had passed within, and taking it for granted that it was all right that the bridegroom, on such great occasions, should go home alone, wished him joy very heartily and clamorously; and the six horses went off at a long trot, which was quite grand.

"Sibyl and her cavalier looked breathlessly for what was to come next.

"The wedding feast must not be lost," said the old Lord; 'will nobody be married?"

"Sibyl was again placed at the altar, and in the room of Sir Lubin, was handed the Cavalier Wilful.

"Wilt thou take *this* man for thy wedded husband?" demanded the priest.

"Sibyl blushed, and still trembled, but her faintings did not return; and if her voice was low when she spoke the words 'I will,' it was distinct and musical as the clearest note of the nightingale."

We shall make no comment on this tale; for if it has not already recommended itself to the reader's admiration, nothing that we could say would heighten its attractions. We must, however, congratulate Mr. Watts on possessing such a contributor as the author of this *morceau*, and express our hope, that we shall soon again meet him in those paths of literature, which his genius seems so well calculated to embellish and extend.

To this tale succeed some pretty verses by Mr. Wiffen, on a drinking cup called "The Luck of Eden Hall," from a tradition connect-

ed with one of the ancient superstitions of Scotland. But we must pass over these, as well as some pleasing contributions by Mrs. Hemans and Mr. Bowles, in order to make room for a few beautiful stanzas, entitled "My own Fire-Side," written by Mr. Watts.

"Let others seek for empty joys,
At ball, or concert, rout, or play;
Whilst, far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,—
'Twixt book and lute, the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own Fire-side!

"My own Fire-side! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise:
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy my eyes!
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own Fire-side!

"A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasp'd in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;—
Where may Love seek a fitter shrine,
Than thou—my own Fire-side!

"What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more,
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth:—
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads—my own Fire-side!

"My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There, all is cheerful, calm, and fair,
Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife, or Pride,
Have never made their hated lair,
By thee—my own Fire-side!

"Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting;
Where even grief is half subdued;
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then, let the pampered fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude,
To thee—my own Fire-side!

"Shrine of my household deities!
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burthened spirit flies,
When fortune frowns, or care annoys:
Thine is the bliss that never cloy;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;—
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own Fire-side!

"Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!

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Whate'er my future years may be;
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me
My own—my own Fire-side!"

"The Bachelor's Dilemma," from the same pen, is in a very different style, and shows the happy facility with which Mr. Watts can change from the tender to the playful tones of his lyre.

"By all the bright saints in the Missal of Love,
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair!

"There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright
As the depths of Spring skies in their noon-tide array;

Whose every fair feature is gleaming in light,
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day:

"Whose form, like the willow, so slender and lithe,
Has a thousand wild motions of lightness and grace;

Whose heart, as a bird's, ever buoyant and blithe,
Is the home of the sweetness that breathes from her face.

"There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshroud;
With a black regal eye, and the step of a queen,
And a brow, like the moon breaking bright from a cloud.

"With a bosom, whose chords are so tenderly strung,
That a word, nay, a look, oft will waken its sighs;
With a face, like the heart-searching tones of her tongue,
Full of music that charms both the simple and wise.

"In my moments of mirth, amid glitter and glee,
When the soul takes the hue that is brightest of any,
From her sister's enchantment my spirit is free,
And the bumper I crown, is a bumper to Fanny!

"But, when shadows come o'er me of sickness or grief,
And my heart with a host of wild fancies is swelling,
From the blaze of her brightness I turn for relief,
To the pensive and peace-breathing beauty of Helen!

"And when sorrow and joy are so blended together,
That to weep I'm unwilling, to smile am as loth;
When the beam may be kicked by the weight of a feather;
I would fain keep it even—by wedding them both!

S

"But since I must fix on black eyes or blue,
Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace
and a Muse;

Pr'ythee, Venus, instruct me that course to
pursue

Which even Paris himself had been puzzled
to choose?

"Thus murmured a bard—predetermined to
marry,

But so equally charmed by a Muse and a
Grace,

That though one of his suits might be doomed
to miscarry,

He'd another he straight could prefer in its
place!

"So, trusting that 'Fortune would favour the
brave,'

He asked each in her turn, but they both
said him nay:

Lively Fanny declared he was *somewhat* too
grave,

And Saint Helen pronounced him a *little* too
gay!

"May so awful a fate bid young poets beware
How they sport with their hopes 'till they
darken and wither;

For who thus dares presume to make love to a
pair,

May be certain he'll ne'er be accepted by
either!"

If we were inclined to be rigid we might object to the legitimacy of the rhymes *lithe* and *blithe*, and to the figurative as well as the grammatical correctness of the line "whose beauty a world of dark ringlets *enshroud*." But these are insignificant faults in a composition that seems intended to take its place among the comic effusions of our best lyric poets. The melody of the verse reminds one of Moore, while the sentiments seem to be inspired by the coquettish muse of Shenstone.

It has fallen to the lot of the authoress of "Phantasmagoria" to illustrate Leslie's picture of "The Rivals," from which Finden has executed an admirable engraving. Her tale evinces a good deal of her characteristic humour. Indeed, the picture is a comedy in itself: and it is due to the fair writer to say that she has drawn its *dramatis personæ* to the life.

Mr. Hogg's little poem of "Love's Jubilee" is written with much fervour, but we confess that the style of the imagery and verse does not appear to us to be in good taste. "The Poet's Den" is another of the editor's contributions, which tends not a little to enrich his miscellany. A few pages beyond that poem we meet Charles Heath's engraving of "The Forsaken," from a picture by Newton, which is in itself a magnet. We look again and again at that sweet resigned face, and again return to gaze upon it with renewed delight. It seems instinct with vitality: without at all resembling a Venus or a Madonna, it is eminently beautiful; and her flowing, exuberant hair, wreathed with a simple rose, speaks a volume of tenderness. The hands and arms are perhaps not sufficiently delicate, in proportion to her slender figure and her swan-like neck. Miss Landon, in the verses which she has written to illustrate this lovely

portrait, seems not to have caught its true spirit. She will give us leave to say that she imputes to the fair seraph a much deeper feeling of woe than the expression of her features justifies. The gloom on her brow is but that of a summer cloud. She seems to have no notion whatever of the tomb, and at the worst she feels but that "nympholepsy of some fond despair," which the morrow's sun would chase away from her bosom. We shall, however, present the reader with Miss Landon's lines: he will observe that the motto is not only taken by her from one of her own poems, but signed with her initials. We would in kindness recommend her in future to avoid quoting herself: for, however innocent may be her intentions in paying herself a compliment, there are those who might be inclined to impute her preference to another cause. We offer this suggestion to her consideration, because we find that she has exposed herself to this imputation in a variety of instances.

"I dreamed a dream, that I had flung a chain
Of roses around Love,—I woke, and found
I had chained Sorrow." L. E. L.

"I have caught the last wave of his snow-white
plume,—

How fast to-night closes the evening gloom;
I have heard the last sound of his horse's
feet:—

Oh, wind! once more the echoes repeat.

"I should not weep thus if thou wert gone
Away to the battle as oft thou hast done;
Or, if I wept, my tears would be
But voiceless orisons for thee.

"Thou wert wont to part my scarf on thine
arm,

My last kiss laid on thy lips like a charm:
I could pray, and believe that thy maiden's
prayer

Would be with thee in battle, and guard thee
there.

"But now thou art gone to the festival,
To the crowded city, the lighted hall,
In the courtly beauty's shining bower,
Little thou'lt think of thine own wild flower.

"Thou wilt join in the midnight saraband,
With thy graceful smile, and thy whisper bland;
And to many another thou wilt be
All thou once wert to only me.

"I might have known what would be my
share—

Silent suffering, and secret care;
I might have known my woman's part—
A faded cheek, and a rifled heart.

"Often I'd read in the minstrel-tale,
How bright eyes grow dim, and red lips pale;
Of the tears that wail the fond maiden's lot,
But I loved thee, and all but my love forgot.

"And must this be, oh, heart of mine!
Why art thou not too proud to pine?
Again I will wreath my raven hair,
With the red-rose flowers it was wont to wear;

"Again I will enter my father's hall;
Again be the gayest and gladdest of all;
Like the falcon that soars at her highest bound,
Though her bosom bear in it its red death-
wound!

"But what boots it to teach my heart a task
So vain as weeping behind a mask,
Broken, with only ruins to hide,
Little it rocks of the show of pride.

"Will a smile bring back to my lip its red,
Or the azure light from my blue eye fled?
Efface from the faded brow and cheek,
The tale that tells my heart must break?

"No! I will away to my solitude,
And hang my head in my darkened mood;
Passing away, with a silent sigh,
Unknown, unwept, and thus will I die!

"Farewell, farewell! I have but one prayer—
That no thought may haunt thee of my des-
pair;

Be my memory to thee a pleasant thing,
An odour that came and past with thy spring.

"Forget me,—I would not have thee know
Of the youth and bloom thy falseness laid low;
That the green grass grows, the cypresses
wave,

And the death-stone lies on thy once love's
grave! L. E. L.

"The Old Manor-House" is a ghost story, supposed to be told in a nursery; a region to which, perhaps, it might have been confined without impairing the attractions of the Souvenir. The reader, perhaps, will be pleased to see some exquisite verses by John Clare, the untutored poet of nature. The editor seems to have imparted a little of his own rhythmical elegance to some of the lines, and in one or two instances to have improved the imagery. But this friendly assistance diminishes in no degree the merit of Clare. The stanzas remind us forcibly of Burns.

"First love will with the heart remain

When its hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die.
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung;
As Summer-leaves the stems behind
On which Spring's blossoms hung.

"Mary! I dare not call thee dear,
I've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I vex thine ear
With memory's idle song:
Had time and change not blotted out
The love of former days,
Thou wert the last that I should doubt
Of pleasing with my praise.

"When honied tokens from each tongue
Told with what truth we loved,
How rapturous to thy lips I clung,
Whilst nought but smiles reprieved!
But now, methinks, if one kind word
Were whisper'd in thine ear,
Thou'dst startle like an untamed bird,
And blush with wilder fear!

"How loth to part, how fond to meet,
Had we two used to be!
At sunset with what eager feet
I hastened on to thee!
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
In spring, nay, wintry weather;
Now nine years' suns have ris'n and set,
Nor found us once together!

"Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone
Would bring thee to mine eye;
But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face!

"I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown;
And burning blushes speak my shame
That thus I love thee on!
I felt I then thy heart did share,
Nor urged a binding vow;
But much I doubt if thou could spare
One word of kindness now.

"Oh! what is now thy name to me,
Though once nought seemed so dear?
Perhaps a jest in hours of glee,
To please some idle ear.

And yet, like counterfeits, with me
Impressions linger on,
Though all the gilded finery
That passed for truth is gone!

"Ere the world smiled upon my lays
A sweeter meed was mine;
Thy blushing look of ready praise
Was raised at every line.
But now, methinks, thy fervent love
Is changed to scorn severe;
And songs that other hearts approve
Seem discord to thine ear.

"When last thy gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befell
Even loftier hopes than ours;
Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers!"

A charming engraving of Windsor-Castle, by Charles Heath from a drawing by F. De-wint, is illustrated by a tale from the authoress of "London in the Olden Time." It bears evidence of her extensive acquaintance with the topographical episodes of Windsor, but it has no particular relation to the picture, which is a general landscape comprising in a single point of view the unrivalled beauties of that royal domain. We next come to Chantrey's fascinating statue of Lady Louisa Russell, of which a steel engraving by Thomson, from a drawing by H. Corbould, is given. In describing this well known *chef d'œuvre* we must adopt the language of Mrs. Hemans, than which no words can possibly be more descriptive.

"Thou art a thing on our dreams to rise,
'Midst the echoes of long-lost melodies,
And to fling bright dew from the morning back,
Fair form, on each image of childhood's track!

"Thou art a thing to recall the hours
When the love of our souls was on leaves and
flowers:

When a world was our own in some dim sweet
grove,
And treasure untold in one captive dove!

"Are they gone? can we think it, while thou
art there,
Thou radiant child with the clustering hair?

Is it not Spring that indeed breathes free
And fresh o'er each thought, as we gaze on
thee?

"No! never more may we smile as *thou*
Sheddest round smiles from thy sunny brow!
Yet something it is, in our hearts to shrine,
A memory of beauty, undimmed as thine!

"To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace;
To have lingered before thee, and turned, and
borne

One vision away of the cloudless morn!"

The extent of the extracts which we have already made prevents us from noticing in detail several other pieces which we had selected from the brilliant collection with which this volume is enriched.

From the Monthly Review.

OBSERVATIONS ON ITALY. *By the late John Bell, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, &c. 4to. pp. 356. 1825.*

REMEMBERING the numerous volumes on Italy which, for the last twenty years, have vexed the world in every shape and size, from the neat duodecimo to the exuberant quarto, we candidly confess that we took up this work with feelings bordering on despair. The subject, we imagined, had been thoroughly exhausted; and eminent as were the talents which distinguished the professional career of Mr. Bell, we were prepared to expect little from his pen beyond a few critical remarks on the anatomical perfections and defects, which he might have discovered in the statues and paintings that, in the course of his journey, presented themselves to his notice. On turning over the preface our anticipations were not at all improved, when we found that these "Observations" consisted of the notes of a valetudinarian, who travelled in Italy under the pressure of a malady, which terminated in his death before he could reduce them to order. Written, too, so long ago as the year 1817, how was novelty or interest to be expected from such fragments? What energy of thought or diction was to be looked for in the work of a traveller, who said of himself, shortly before he left Paris, "I have seen much of the disappointments of life: I shall not feel them long. Sickness, in an awful and sudden form; loss of blood, in which I lay sinking for many hours, with the feeling of death long protracted, when I felt how painful it was not to come quite to life, yet not to die,—a clamorous dream! tell that in no long time that must happen, which was lately so near."

We know not how it was, but this preface, so modestly, so touchingly written by his editor, his widow, drew us insensibly on. The ill health, the unhappy circumstances, the melancholic disposition of the author, excited more than an ordinary degree of curiosity, and we were anxious to see how he commenced his tour.

"We began our journey into Italy in the beginning of June, 1817, and left Paris on our way to Fontainebleau. It was a beautiful

morning. The air had been rendered peculiarly mellow and refreshing by a severe storm the preceding evening; and a bright sunshine cheered us on our way, shedding its pleasing influence on the mind, and dispelling that undefined dejection of spirit which, with such powerful influence, affects us at the outset of a long journey. Even in the brilliant hour of youthful hope and gay anticipation, such a moment is not unclouded by some mixture of pain; the mind insensibly revolves the days that are past, and looks forward, with a feeling of anxiety, to those which are yet to come; but the spirit soon finds relief in the pleasing images and the new stores of knowledge presented in travelling."

The justness of thought, the sensibility, and the philosophic spirit of this exordium, promised an itinerary of no mediocre description. The first requisite in a traveller who would interest our feelings, is a vigilant attention, not alone to the character of the inns and villages through which he hastens, but to the scenery which surrounds him, and to every hue of the heavens above him. We can at once place ourselves beside the tourist, who paints the varying landscape as he moves along, who watches the rising and descending day, and faithfully delineates the feelings which every new prospect kindles in his bosom. We rejoice with him in the sunshine, we listen with him to the music of those rural sounds, which emanate from woods and mountains and rushing waters, and keenly feel all the vicissitudes of pleasure or disappointment by which he is affected. Something of this sympathy attaches a reader at once to the fragments before us, and though the route which they describe, from Paris to Rome, be as common as any other that could be mentioned, yet it is impossible not to feel that they impart to it an extraordinary degree of freshness and beauty. In many passages they remind one of the fascinating pencil of Mrs. Radcliffe, which invested every scene it touched with the splendour and the mystery of romance. The descent from Mount Cenis is painted exactly in her style.

"Having reached the summit of the mountain, and paused a moment in contemplation, we began our descent, which was every way delightful. We rolled down a smooth gravelly road, passing through a narrow gorge, or gully, resembling a quarry, backed on the left by enormous mountains, towering high and perpendicular, and terminating in many forms of fantastic grandeur; while at the angles of the road we sometimes caught glimpses of dells far beneath, with their villages and churches, presenting, in perspective, the beautiful scenery we were soon to approach. As the road expands, the slopes of the mountains are covered with green and flourishing brushwood, interspersed with trees, and enlivened by the domestic aspect of cottages: the children of each hamlet tending their little flocks of goats, sheep, or cows, formed a picturesque and rustic scene, which contrasted pleasantly with the dreary grandeur of the country we had left. The descent of this rapid precipice, in which the most faint-hearted lady feels no insecurity, gives great delight. The interest still increases as you advance; for, although equally smooth

and safe, it is more perpendicular, and at each turning you see, at a vast distance below, the little villages, churches, and spires. As you descend from the mountain, the prospect becomes comparatively bounded. Hills, with sweet valleys between; streams, with their indented banks; tufted trees, raised into groups by the shape of the ground, form a pleasing landscape; while the mountains rising behind in boundless majesty, and the light passing clouds coursing along the horizon, or streaming from the lesser hills, add greatly to the picturesque effect. From hence we looked up to the singular pass above Suza, a gully, whence the waters of the Doria Riparia pour with the impetuous fury of a vast cataract into the stream below."

Those who have travelled over the same route will recognise the features of the following picture. They will also find, in the comparison of the Italian with the French sky, ideas which will appear familiar to them, although, perhaps, they never took the trouble to analyze them like Mr. Bell.

"Rivoli, which we reached early in the afternoon, is finely situated on a hill, at the opening of the great valley of the Po, commanding a most beautiful and magnificent prospect. The eye runs along the vast range of Alps, forming a long blue line in the distance; and the gigantic mountains you have just passed, where Mont Cenis presides, are seen towering, dark and massive, against the light. From the gully above Suza you see the Doria bursting forth, and trace its resplendent waters, pursuing their course through the arches of the long and slender bridges which span its tide; while the evening sun flames over the mountains, shooting down through the narrow valley, and touching with vivid tints the great monastery of St. Michael, which stands solitary and majestic on its lofty hill. Leaving these sublime objects, and looking in the opposite direction, we distinguished the highest points of the numerous steeples and spires of Turin, tipped with the reddening rays of the setting sun. No smoke ascends, as in northern countries, indicating the spot on which the city stands; but a light transparent haze seemed to hang over it in the pure still air, while magnificent and lofty trees marked its boundaries with a dusky line. The whole of this fine scenery receives an added charm in the softening features of the rich fields, and woody plains, which, reaching far to the west, spread out below, enlivened by innumerable white dwellings, giving life and animation to the picture. While thus, after a sultry day, inhaling the refreshing breeze of the evening, and contemplating the varied beauty of the surrounding landscape, we were naturally led to compare it with the climate and aspect of the country we had left; and could not hesitate to prefer Italy, with its splendid sun, its soft, balmy, and clear atmosphere, vast mountains, and noble rivers.

"France is like a maritime country, broad, flat, and unprotected; the soil is comparatively barren, the sky cloudless, and there are no mountains to have effect on the landscape, or influence on the air. Susceptible as I have ever been of tranquil or perturbed landscape, of the beauties of opening or declining day, I

never remember, during my residence in France, to have been charmed with the morning or evening sun; I never recollect any difference of light but in intensity; the sky is ever uniform, like that of Coleridge, in his enchanted ship,—the sun rises in the east, mounts to noontide, and descends in the west, without producing any other variation than that of length of shadow. That which has been praised by the ignorant, a sky ever clear and transparent, distinctly marking the outline of every building, is to the painter's eye destructive of all richness and grandeur."

There is no sort of writing more dangerous for the mind of an enthusiast, than that which is employed in describing superb scenery. It is exceedingly difficult to be distinct, and still preserve the picturesque; to convey the shade and aspect of the mountain, the windings of the river, and the undulating beauties of the valley to the eye of the reader. The very sense of admiration which kindles the fancy of the observer, is apt to lead him into confusion, to give a vagueness, and often a false splendour, to his language, which is intended to embellish the scene, but which in truth deforms or altogether destroys it. There is nothing of this bad taste in Mr. Bell's descriptions. His language is vigorous, terse, and pure; his lights and shadows are disposed with a masterly hand; his page, like a mirror, reflects the scene in its natural order and colours. He looked around him with the eye of a poet, and seemed to forget all his infirmities, when revelling in those romantic dreams, which, when duly chastened, and touched with a spirit of devotion, shed such a charm over existence. Take, as an instance, his first evening visit to the cathedral of Milan:

"Acquainted with its site only from the general impression received on approaching the city, I passed on hastily, without knowing exactly how to direct my steps: when, entering from a narrow street into a great square, I suddenly and unexpectedly turned upon this noble edifice, which, in this my first view, I beheld, not in the usual form, standing flat and monotonous, with a broad and wide-spread front, but presenting itself obliquely, its pure white marble, its dazzling spire fret-work, rising high and bright in light, elegant, and indistinct forms.

"In the shade of night the effect was superb, and for a moment I was indeed astonished. The vivid and powerful sensations, arising from first impressions, on beholding a building so beautiful and singular, cannot return a second time. There are moments when recollections of past ages crowd upon the mind—Gothic structures forcibly bring to memory images of holy rites, recalling the period when crusades and pilgrimages animated the spirit, and filled the souls of kings, warriors, and priests—when to offer relics at the sacred shrine, to adorn altars with the gorgeous spoil taken in war, was at once the means to make peace with Heaven, and obtain power over man. I stood long gazing on this splendid edifice, which, as night closed in, I distinguished only by the lustre of its own white marble."

There is a bridge at Pavia, which is used as a public walk. It is roofed over as a protec-

tion against the heat of noon. In itself, the structure is an unpicturesque object, but the arches which support the roof, open upon scenery whose aspect is peculiarly delicious in the evening of a summer day. The impression which it produces at night is like that of a dream.

"In entering Pavia, I had observed a ruined, although modern gate, situated close to a castle of great extent, with four vast brick towers, once guarding the ramparts. I had marked the solitude and melancholy aspect of the spot, and wishing to view it more nearly, proceeded now, in the decline of day, through the dusky and dismal streets of the city, in pursuit of this object. It was growing dark, the shops were shut, no light appeared in any quarter, nor was any footstep heard save that of the sentinel. I perceived that I had missed my way to the old castle, but I found myself opposite to a structure, which (at least when seen in this dim light) seemed worthy of examination. The effect presented was that of the entrance into a deep cave; on proceeding a few steps, however, into the interior, I perceived, from the rushing sound of water underneath, that I was traversing a covered bridgeway, the canopy overhead being supported by low pillars, placed at distant intervals. Through these arches I paused to view a prospect in itself most striking, but rendered still more so from the obscurity of the spot on which I stood. Several vessels lay in deep shade, dark and gloomy below; the moon was just risen, so as to throw a soft tempered light over the landscape, yet leaving the heavens and the milky way in all their starry splendour; not a breath was stirring, the heat was intense, and from time to time the forked lightning coursed along the horizon, passing from one light cloud to another, without approaching the earth; while in its short transit the electric fluid for a moment dimmed the stars, leaving them again glowing and bright. The broad river, pure and lucid as a mirror, lay stretched out as far as the eye could reach, and the rush of its deep waters added to the grandeur and solitude of a scene, the beauty of which I shall never forget."

This is the only description we have ever met, which realizes the impressions of that enchanting prospect. In order to appreciate it fully, the reader should understand the peculiar character of an Italian evening.

"The serenity of the approach of night in these fine climates is most soothing; yet, so sudden is the fall of evening, that while we are just beginning to trace the rising stars, day is gone. But how beautiful, how grand, is the contemplation of nature at this hour! how splendid the spangled sky, how soft the milky way, clearly defined in its long course, as it lies spread out in the heavens! while, perhaps, from light clouds in the distant horizon, the harmless lightning plays, as if to mock the fire-fly, which rising from every spot deepened by foliage, soars and plies its busy wings, filling the air with incessant bright alternations of light and shade, and seeming to give life to the silence and stillness of night."

Led by such a guide as Mr. Bell, we traverse the beaten roads of Italy with new de-

light. His observations on the architecture of the public buildings of Florence, and on the statues and paintings which fill its galleries, are in general original and judicious, and often touched with that tinge of romance, which seems to have exercised a powerful influence over his genius. Those scenes capable of exciting the highest emotions, found in him a diligent and a delighted observer. We know of no work to which we could refer, for such fascinating descriptions of landscapes and manners as are to be found in this volume. They are, it is true, little more than fragments, but they are for that reason much more agreeable than if they embellished a connected narrative. We can easily supply from other authors those things which Mr. Bell has omitted: but where might we find such an affecting account of the profession of a nun as that which he has left us? We regret that this episode is too long for quotation. The least diminution would disturb its beauty, and in a great measure spoil its wonderful effect. We must substitute for it one of his nights in Florence, which, we venture to say, is without a parallel in any composition of prose or poetry.

"Traversing the great centre of the city, along streets darkened from the height of the buildings, I passed along these immense edifices with strange feelings of solitude, as if in a dream, as if the gay and peopled world had vanished, and these gloomy mementoes of the past alone remained. It was night, and in this distant spot not a soul was stirring, not a foot was heard, when, on crossing a narrow alley, the prospect suddenly opened, and the slanting rays of the full moon, falling with a softened light among the magnificent monuments of ancient times, displayed a splendid scene."

"At that moment the tower-bell of the prison struck loud and long, tolling with a slow and swinging motion, seeming, from the effect of reverberation, to cover and fill the whole city; even in day this bell is distinguished from any I ever heard; but in the dead silence of the night it sounded full and solemn. Impressed by the feelings excited by the grandeur of the scene, I still prolonged my walk, and insensibly wandered on. The silence of night was unbroken, save by an occasional distant sound, arising from the busiest quarter of the city, or from time to time by the song of the nightingale, which reached me from the rich and beautiful gardens that skirt the walls of Florence, recalling to my mind the voice of that sweet bird, as I heard it when detained in the narrow valley of the gloomy Arco. I remember how its little song thrilled through the long melancholy of the night, a lengthened off-repeated note, which still came floating on the air like a light sleep. Involved in these musings of lulled and idle thought, I suddenly beheld in the distance, issuing from the portals of a large edifice, forms invested in black, bearing torches, which, casting a deepened shadow around, rendered their dark figures only dimly visible. Still increasing in numbers, as they emerged from the building, they advanced with almost inaudible steps; gliding along with slow and equal paces, like beings of another world, and recalling to mind all that we had heard or read of Italy, in

the dark ages of mystery and superstition. As they approached, low and lengthened tones fell upon the ear; when the mournful chanting of the service of the dead told their melancholy and sacred office. The flame of the torches, scarcely fanned by the still air, flung a steady light on the bier which they bore, gleaming with partial glare on the glittering ornaments, that, according to the manner of this country, covered the pall.

"I looked with a long fixed gaze on the solemn scene, till, passing on in the distance, it disappeared, leaving a stream of light, which, lost by degrees in the darkness of night, seemed like a vision. The images presented to the mind had in them a grand and impressive simplicity, a mild and melancholy repose, which assimilated well with the hopes of a better world."

The simile of the "oft-repeated note" of the nightingale, "which still came floating on the air like a light sleep," is singularly poetic and touching. The procession was no invention: it is one of the few national traits of Florence which still remain to it. The figures to which the author alludes were those of the Brethren of the Misericordia, an institution the origin of which is traced to the great plague of 1348, celebrated by Boccaccio in his Decameron. They impose upon themselves the duty of attending the poor sick and dying. They have medical aid and spiritual consolation always ready: they remove the sick to the hospital, and for the dead they provide biers, palls, torches, dresses, and burial. They also visit the prisons, and prepare the condemned for death. There is a certain number of them, in rotation, ready, night and day, for the "call of sudden calamity;" and the order consists of individuals who dedicate themselves to it for life, or for a limited period, as they think fit.

Mr. Bell's observations on Rome are inspired by all the choicest associations of classical antiquity. The pompous ceremonies of the Holy Week seem to have kindled his imagination to enthusiasm. The chanting of the "Miserere" on that occasion has long been celebrated, and a thousand times described by tourists. The following magical representation of the scene is worth the whole of them put together.

"The service opens by a portion of the Lamentations of Jeremiah sung by the choristers, after which the Pope recites the Paternoster in a low voice: then being seated on the throne, and crowned with the mitre, the theme is continued, sung loud and sweet by the first soprano, in a tone so long sustained, so high, so pure, so silvery and mellifluous, as to produce the most exquisite effect, in contrast with the deep choruses, answering in rich harmony at the conclusion of every strophe; and then again the lamenting voice is heard, tender and pathetic, repeating one sweet prolonged tone, sounding clear and high in the distance, till brought down again by the chorus. The exquisite notes of the soprano almost charmed away criticism; but yet we could not help being conscious of the difficulties attending a composition of this nature, even in the hands of so great a master as Allegri, whose music it was; nor of perceiving that, after a time, the continued strain and measured answering

chorus becomes monotonous, and the mind insensibly sinks into languor. Yet the whole is very fine: it is as if a being of another world were heard lamenting over a ruined city, with the responses of a dejected people, and forms a grand and mournful preparation for the *Miserere*.

"The last light being extinguished, the chorus, in hurried sounds, proclaims that our Saviour is betrayed; then, for a moment, as a symbol of the darkness in which the moral world is left, the deepest obscurity prevails; when at the words "*Christus est mortuus*," the Pope, the whole body of clergy and the people, knelt, (in former times, they fell down on the earth,) and all was silent, when the solemn pause was broken by the commencing of the *Miserere*, in low, rich, exquisite strains, rising softly on the ear, and gently swelling into powerful sounds of seraphic harmony.

"The effect produced by this music is finer and greater than that of any admired art; no painting, statue, or poem, no imagination of man, can equal its wonderful power on the mind. The silent solemnity of the scene, the touching import of the words, "*Take pity on me, O God*," passes through to the inmost soul, with a thrill of the deepest sensation, unconsciously moistening the eye, and paling the cheek. The music is composed of two choruses of four voices; the strain begins low and solemn, rising gradually to the clear tones of the first soprano, which at times are heard alone; at the conclusion of the verse, the second chorus joins, and then by degrees the voices fade and die away. The soft and almost imperceptible accumulation of sound, swelling in mournful tones of rich harmony, into powerful effect, and then receding, as if in the distant sky, like the lamenting song of angels and spirits, conveys, beyond all conception to those who have heard it, the idea of darkness, of desolation, and of the dreary solitude of the tomb. A solemn silence ensues, and not a breath is heard, while the inaudible prayer of the kneeling Pope continues. When he rises, slight sounds are heard, by degrees breaking on the stillness, which has a pleasing effect, restoring, as it were, the rapt mind to the existence and feelings, of the present life. The effect of those slow, prolonged, varied, and truly heavenly strains, will not easily pass from the memory."

The description of the ceremonies of Easter Sunday is still more magnificent: but we must refer the reader for it to the volume itself; and we feel the less difficulty in doing so, because it is a book which every person of taste and feeling will hasten to add to his library. We observe that it is dedicated to his majesty, by his permission.

We apprehend, from some circumstances which the editor rather insinuates than discloses, that the author's imagination held too unrestricted a sway over the closing years of his life, and, deluding him into those day-dreams which are so delicious to cultivated minds, gave him a distaste for business, that proved injurious to his family. It has been, unfortunately, the fate of too many men of genius to neglect the realities of life, for those visionary enjoyments which are found in the

world of meditation. We cannot but admire their enthusiasm, though one must lament its consequences to those whom it may have practically affected. It is, therefore, peculiarly creditable to the editor that she has occupied her time in revising and perfecting this beautiful monument to the author's memory.

From Friendship's Offering.

"THE DEAD TRUMPETER."

"Wake, soldier!—wake!—thy war-horse waits,
To bear thee to the battle back ;—
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates ;—
Thy dog would break thy bivouac ;—
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falchion gathering rust !

Sleep, soldier!—sleep!—thy warfare o'er,—
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle plain ;
A trumpet-note more loud and deep,
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep !

Thou need'st nor helm nor cuirass, now,
—Beyond the *Grecian* hero's boast,—
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host,—
For head and heel alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound !

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild, widowed look she wore
The day—how long to her it seems !
She kissed thee, at the cottage door,
And sickened at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy !

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait,
To hear thy bugle on the blast ;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,
And bid her home to thee at last ;—
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
When last—and far away—she heard its lin-
gering echoes fall !"

"How sweet to sleep where all is peace,
Where sorrow cannot reach the breast,
Where all life's idle throbbings cease,
And pain is lul'd to rest ;—
Escaped o'er fortune's troubled wave,
To anchor in the silent grave !

That quiet land where, peril past,
The weary win a long repose,
The bruised spirit finds, at last,
A balm for all its woes,
And lowly grief and lordly pride
Lie down, like brothers, side by side !
The breath of slander cannot come
To break the calm that lingers there ;
There is no dreaming in the tomb,
Nor waking to despair ;
Unkindness cannot wound us more,
And all earth's bitterness is o'er.

There the maiden waits till her lover come—
They never more shall part ;—
And the stricken deer has gained her home,
With the arrow in her heart ;
And passion's pulse lies hushed and still,
Beyond the reach of the tempter's skill.

The mother—she is gone to sleep,
With her babe upon her breast,—
She has no weary watch to keep
Over her infant's rest ;
His slumbers on her bosom fair
Shall never more be broken—there !

For me—for me, whom all have left,
—The lovely, and the dearly loved,—
From whom the touch of time hath left
The hearts that time had proved,
Whose guerdon was—and is—despair,
For all I bore—and all I bear ;

Why should I linger idly on,
Amid the selfish and the cold,
A dreamer—when such dreams are gone
As those I nursed of old !
Why should the dead tree mock the spring,
A blighted and a withered thing !

How blest—how blest that home to gain,
And slumber in that soothing sleep,
From which we never rise to pain,
Nor ever wake to weep !
To win my way from the tempest's roar,
And lay me down on the golden shore !"

TO AN INFANT.

Thou wak'st from happy sleep to play
With bounding heart, my boy !
Before thee lies a long bright day
Of summer and of joy !

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream
To cloud thy fearless eye ;—
Long be it thus ; life's early stream
Should still reflect the sky !

Yet ere the cares of earth lie dim
On thy young spirit's wings,—
Now in thy morn forget not Him
From whom each pure thought springs !

So in thy onward vail of tears,
Where'er thy path may be,
When strength hath bow'd to evil years—
He will remember thee. F. H.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

M. Martinoff is the first author who has introduced the classical beauties of the ancient Greeks into Russia. He has had successively printed the Books of Homer's *Iliad*, with a literal translation, the *Tragedies* of Sophocles, the *Hymns* of Callimachus, with philosophical remarks, and Esop's *Fables*.

From the *New Monthly & European Magazines*.

REMINISCENCES OF MICHAEL KELLY, of the *King's Theatre*, and *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane*; *Abroad and at Home*; including a period of nearly half a century; with original Anecdotes of many distinguished persons, royal, political, literary, and musical. Dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty.

"Pleased let me trifle life away,
And sing of love ere I grow old."

THIS seems to have been the motto of our old theatrical acquaintance Michael Kelly, whose life has been a round of gaiety and happiness. From his boyhood upwards, he has flourished familiarly and with infinite enjoyment, not only in the society of all the illustrious men of his day, in the musical world, here and on the continent, but in the more brilliant circles of courtiers, nobles, princes, and kings, whose patronage he seems uniformly to have obtained. This is not all; for from one or two slight hints dropped in the course of his book, we suspect that fortune, as if determined to make a pet child of Michael, conferred favours on him still more precious than even the applauses of royalty, by gifting him with a knack of propitiating the kindness of some of the prettiest women in Italy and Germany. Nothing, indeed, seems to have been wanting to make Kelly's draught of life, especially the early part of it, go down in the sweetest possible way; and here we cannot refrain from remarking on the great advantages the musical profession appears to have over most others in introducing its followers to all the gay luxuries of the very highest circles of fashionable life. This is abundantly proved by the book before us, which is the fullest of adventures and anecdotes (the greater part of a joyous cast) of any we ever read without exception; and we think the next good thing to passing such a life as Kelly's, is to sit down with a bottle and a bright fire on a winter's evening, and read his very diverting volumes, out of which we purpose to lay before our readers a few quotations, as the best possible way of reviewing such a work.

Before, however, we say a word more, it is fair to apprise the reader that our passions are Italy, Music, and the Drama; and that Mr. Kelly's Memoir treats of those matters from the beginning to the end. If, therefore, our judgment should seem overstrained, we must beg the reader to make a reasonable discount for these weaknesses before he condemns our partiality. Having thus eased our consciences, we may say, that a more gay, light-hearted, unassuming narrative we have seldom read; and though, as the author himself allows, he was not much famed for modesty as an actor or a man, yet, as an author, he lays no claim to merit which he does not amply justify: let it likewise be borne in mind that the greatest masters in literature have not always been the best writers of memoirs; and that Benvenuto Cellini, the liveliest and most entertaining of biographers, was an unlettered artist. Instruction in such a work nobody will look for. Kelly is a mere comedian, more conversant

with musical operas, than with literature, or the scenes and business of real life, and more given to notes than to comments. With the exception of a little squeamish loyalty at the end of the book, very excusable in such a writer, the attempts at reflection are rare, and never burthensome. In a lively, humorous and natural style, he goes on retailing his bon-mots and his anecdotes in a series of gossiping stories of himself, and of the various remarkable persons, princes and poets, ministers and musicians, boon companions, actors, wits, the emperor of Austria, and "dear Nancy Storace," with whom he came in contact in his long and various passage through life. In the calibre of the ideas, this book very closely resembles the *Memoirs of Goldoni*; but in spite of Goldoni's established reputation, it is infinitely more entertaining, and even "better told."

Born of most respectable parents, and well educated in Dublin, young Kelly proceeded, after making great progress in music and Italian, to Italy, and remained on the Continent until the year 1787; the scene of the early part, therefore, of these *Reminiscences*, is laid in Germany and Italy, at Naples and Sicily, and in different European cities, which gives a novelty and freshness to the work, not expected by those who merely expect to read an account of the past proceedings of a popular London performer.

His description of the Roman critics, as a theatrical *bit*, is extremely interesting. (p. 65, vol. 1.)

"The Romans assume that they are the most sapient critics in the world; they are certainly the most severe ones: they have no medium—all is delight or disgust. If asked whether a performance or a piece has been successful, the answer, if favourable, is 'e andato al settimo cielo'—it has ascended to the seventh heaven.' If it has failed, they say, 'e andato al abisso del inferno'—it has sunk to the abyss of hell.' The severest critics are the Abbess, who sit in the first row of the pit, each armed with a lighted wax taper in one hand, and a book of the opera in the other, and should any poor devil of a singer miss a word, they call out, 'bravo, bestia,'—bravo, you beast!"

"It is customary for the composer of an opera to preside at the piano forte the first three nights of its performance, and a precious time he has of it in Rome. Should any passage in the music strike the audience as similar to one of another composer, they cry, 'Bravo, il ladro,'—bravo, you thief; or, 'bravo, Paesiello! bravo, Sacchini!' If they suppose the passage stolen from them, 'the curse of God light on him who first put a pen into your hand to write music!' This I heard said, in the Teatro del Altiberti, to the celebrated composer Gazzaniga, who was obliged to sit patiently at the piano-forte to hear the flattering commendation.

"Cimarosa, who was their idol as a composer, was once so unfortunate as to make use of a movement in a comic opera, at the Teatro del la Valle, which reminded them of one of his own, in an opera composed by him for the

preceding carnival. An Abbe started up, and said, 'Bravo, Cimarosa! you are welcome from Naples; by your music of to-night, it is clear you have neither left your trunk behind you, nor your old music; you are an excellent cook in hashing up old diheas.'

"Poggi, the most celebrated buffo singer of his day, always dreaded appearing before those stony-hearted critics; however, tempted by a large sum, he accepted an engagement at the Teatro del la Valle. He arrived in Rome some weeks previous to his engagement, hoping to make friends, and form a party in his favour; he procured introductions to the most severe and scurrilous, and thinking to find the way to their hearts through their mouths, gave them splendid dinners daily. One of them, an Abbe, he selected from the rest, as his bosom friend and confidant; he fed, clothed, and supplied him with money; he confided to him his terrors at appearing before an audience so fastidious as the Romans. The Abbe assured him, that he had nothing to fear, as *his* opinion was looked up to by the whole bench of critics, and when *he* approved, none dare dissent.

"The awful night for poor Poggi at length arrived; his *fidus Achates* took his usual seat, in his little locked-up chair in the pit. It was agreed between them, that he was to convey to Poggi, by signs, the feeling of the audience towards him;—if they approved, the Abbe was to nod his head; if the contrary, to shake it. When Poggi had sung his first song, the Abbe nodded, and cried, 'Bravo! bravissimo!' but in the second act Poggi became hoarse and imperfect; the audience gave a gentle hiss, which disconcerted the affrighted singer, and made him worse; on this his friend became outrageous, and standing up on his chair, after putting out his wax-light, and closing his book, he looked Poggi in the face, and exclaimed, 'Signor Poggi, I am the mouth of truth, and thus declare, that you are decidedly the worst singer that ever appeared in Rome! I also declare, that you ought to be hooted off the stage for your impudence, in imposing on my simple and credulous good nature, as you have done.' This produced roars of laughter, and poor Poggi retired, never to appear again, without even exclaiming, 'Et tu, Brute,' which he might most appropriately have applied to his guardian enemy.

"A circumstance something like this took place at the Teatro Argentini. A tenor singer of the name of Gabrielli, brother of the great female singer of that name, was engaged there. Before he had got through five bars of his first song the critics began to hiss and hoot, (and very deservedly so, for he was execrable,) saying, 'Get away, you cursed raven!' 'Get off, you goat!' On which he came forward and addressed the audience very mildly, 'You fancy you are mortifying me, by hooting me; you are grossly deceived; on the contrary, I applaud your judgment, for I solemnly declare to you that I never appeared on any stage without receiving the same treatment, and sometimes much worse!' This appeal, though it produced a momentary laugh, could not procure a second appearance for the poor fellow."

The whole description of the manners of the Venetians, the theatrical and even political *chit-chat*, and the general information he affords, are really extremely entertaining, and his account of a sanguinary rencontre with some nobleman, and his precipitate flight from the murderous attacks of one Manuel, who retained a host of assassins in green jackets and scarlet breeches, are truly interesting.

It is impossible to follow him through his professional career, but we may perhaps pick here and there an amusing incident for our readers, without taking up too much space or time.

The following description of the effect produced upon the audience at Vienna by an English hunting song is worth reading:—

"Upon my return, (from the country) my servant informed me that a lady and gentleman had called upon me, who said they came from England, and requested to see me at their hotel. I called the next morning, and saw the gentleman, who said his name was Botterelli, that he was the Italian poet of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, and that his wife was an Englishwoman, and a principal singer at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Pantheon, &c. Her object in visiting Vienna was to give a concert, to be heard by the Emperor, and if she gave that satisfaction, (which she had no doubt she would,) to accept of an engagement at the Royal Theatre; and he added, that she had letters for the first nobility in Vienna.

"The lady came into the room; she was a very fine woman, and seemed sinking under the conscious load of her own attractions. She really had powerful letters of recommendation. Prince Charles Lichtenstein granted her his protection, and there was such interest made for her, that the Emperor himself signified his royal intention of honouring her concert with his presence. Every thing was done for her;—the orchestra and singers were engaged;—the concert began to a crowded house, but, I must premise, we had no rehearsal.

"At the end of the first act, the beautiful Syren, led into the orchestra by her caro sposo, placed herself just under the Emperor's box, the orchestra being on the stage. She requested me to accompany her song on the piano-forte.—I of course consented. Her air and manner spoke 'dignity and love.' The audience sat in mute and breathless expectation. The doubt was, whether she would melt into their ears in a fine cantabile, or burst upon them with a brilliant bravura. I struck the chords of the symphony—silence reigned—when, to the dismay and astonishment of the brilliant audience, she bawled out, without feeling or remorse, voice or time, or indeed one note in tune, the hunting song of 'Tally ho!' in all its pure originality. She continued shrieking out tally ho! tally ho! in a manner and tone so loud and dissonant, that they were enough to blow off the roof of the house. The audience jumped up terrified; some shrieked with alarm, some hissed, others hooted, and many joined in the unknown yell, in order to propitiate her. The Emperor called me to him, and asked me in Italian (what tally ho!

meant?)—I replied I did not know, and literally, at that time, I did not.

"His Majesty, the Emperor, finding that even I, a native of Great Britain, either could not, or would not, explain the purport of the mysterious words, retired with great indignation from the theatre, and the major part of the audience, convinced by his Majesty's sudden retreat that they contained some horrible meaning, followed the royal example. The ladies hid their faces with their fans, and mothers were heard in the lobbies cautioning their daughters on the way out, never to repeat the dreadful expression of 'tally ho,' nor even to ask any of their friends for a translation of it.

"The next day, when I saw the husband of 'Tally ho,' he abused the taste of the people of Vienna, and said that the song which they did not know how to appreciate, had been sung by the celebrated Mrs. Wrighton, at Vauxhall, and was a great favourite all over England. Thus, however, ended the exhibition of English taste; and Signora Tally ho! with her Italian poet, went *hunting* elsewhere, and never returned to Vienna, at least during my residence."

The admirers of Mozart's fine music to the Marriage of Figaro, will be pleased to learn the story of its first reception in Vienna.

"There were three operas now on the tapis, one by Regini, another by Salieri (the Grotto of Trophonius,) and one by Mozart, by special command of the Emperor. Mozart chose to have Beaumarchais' French comedy, 'Le Mariage de Figaro,' made into an Italian opera, which was done with great ability by Da Ponte. These three pieces were nearly ready for representation at the same time, and each composer claimed the right of producing his opera for the first. The contest raised much discord, and parties were formed. The characters of the three men were all very different. Mozart was as touchy as gunpowder, and swore he would put the score of his opera into the fire if it was not produced first; his claim was backed by a strong party; on the contrary, Regini was working like a mole in the dark to get precedence.

The third candidate was Maestro di Cappella to the court, a clever shrewd man, possessed of what Bacon called, crooked wisdom, and his claims were backed by three of the principal performers, who formed a cabal not easily put down. Every one of the opera company took part in the contest. I alone was a stickler for Mozart; and naturally enough, for he had a claim on my warmest wishes, from my admiration of his powerful genius, and the debt of gratitude I owed him, for many personal favours.

"The mighty contest was put an end to by his Majesty issuing a mandate for Mozart's 'Nozze di Figaro,' to be instantly put into rehearsal; and none more than Michael O'Kelly, enjoyed the little great man's triumph over his rivals.

"Of all the performers in this opera at that time, but one survives—myself. It was allowed that never was opera stronger cast. I have seen it performed at different periods in

other countries, and well too, but no more to compare with its original performance than light is to darkness. All the original performers had the advantage of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. I never shall forget his little animated countenance, when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius;—it is as impossible to describe it, as it would be to paint sunbeams.

"I called on him one evening; he said to me, 'I have just finished a little duet for my opera, you shall hear it.' He sat down to the piano, and we sang it. I was delighted with it, and the musical world will give me credit for being so, when I mention the duet, sung by Count Almaviva and Susan, 'Crudel perche finora farmi languire coai.' A more delicious morceau never was penned by man, and it has often been a source of pleasure to me, to have been the first who heard it, and to have sung it with its greatly gifted composer. I remember, at the first rehearsal of the full band, Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, 'Non piu andrai, farfallone amoroso,' Benucci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice.

"I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating, Bravo! Bravo! Benucci; and when Benucci came to the fine passage, 'Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar,' which he gave out with Stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, Bravo! Bravo! Maestro, Viva, viva, grande Mozart. Those in the orchestra I thought would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music-desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him."

At the two hundred and ninetieth page of the first volume our hero arrives in London for the first time, on the 18th of March, 1787, and on that day is introduced to the first Mrs. Sheridan, at the house of her father, Mr. Linley, the composer, and from this moment the scene of his adventures being shifted to London, the reader is introduced to fresh characters, and finds himself among persons long known to him by reputation. The following is a very fair specimen of his style and manner of telling stories.

After giving an account of his first appearance at Drury Lane, he goes on thus:

"I had the pleasure to be introduced to my worthy countryman, the Reverend Father O'Leary, the well-known Roman Catholic Priest; he was a man of infinite wit, of instructive and amusing conversation. I felt highly honoured by the notice of this pillar of the Roman Church; our tastes were congenial, for his reverence was mighty fond of whiskey punch, and so was I; and many a jug of St. Patrick's eye-water, night after night, did his reverence and myself enjoy, chatting over that exhilarating and national beverage. He

sometimes favoured me with his company at dinner; when he did, I always had a corned shoulder of mutton for him, for he, like some others of his countrymen, who shall be nameless, was ravenously fond of that dish.

"O'Leary told us of the whimsical triumph which he once enjoyed over Dr. Johnson. O'Leary was very anxious to be introduced to that learned man, and Mr. Murphy took him one morning to the Doctor's lodgings. On his entering the room, the Doctor viewed him from top to toe, without taking any notice of him; at length, darting one of his sourest looks at him, he spoke to him in the Hebrew language, to which O'Leary made no reply. Upon which, the Doctor said to him, 'Why do you not answer me, Sir?'

"Faith, Sir," said O'Leary, 'I cannot reply to you, because I do not understand the language in which you are addressing me.'

"Upon this the Doctor, with a contemptuous sneer, said to Murphy, 'Why, Sir, this is a pretty fellow you have brought hither:—Sir, he does not comprehend the primitive language.'

"O'Leary immediately bowed very low, and complimented the Doctor with a long speech in Irish, of which the Doctor, not understanding a word, made no reply, but looked at Murphy. O'Leary, seeing that the Doctor was puzzled at hearing a language of which he was ignorant, said to Murphy, pointing to the Doctor, 'This is a pretty fellow to whom you have brought me:—Sir, he does not understand the language of the sister kingdom.' The Reverend Padre then made the Doctor a low bow, and quitted the room."

Of a mournful interest is the pathetic tale of the Duc D'Aguillon, whom Kelly knew in his emigration.

"One morning he called on me, and said he had a favour to beg of me. I requested him to command my services: he said, "my dear Kelly, I am under many obligations for your repeated acts of kindness and hospitality to me and my friends; but still, though under a cloud, and labouring under misfortunes, I cannot forget that I am the Duke D'Aguillon, and cannot stoop to borrow or beg from mortal; but I confess I am nearly reduced to my last shilling, yet still I retain my health and spirits; formerly, when I was a great amateur, I was particularly partial to copying music.—It was then a source of amusement to me. Now, my good friend, the favour I am about to ask is, that *sub rosa*, you will get me music to copy for your theatres, upon the same terms as you would give to any common copyist, who was a stranger to you. I am now used to privations, my wants are few; though accustomed to palaces, I can content myself with a single bed-room up two pair of stairs; and if you will grant my request, you will enable me to possess the high gratification of earning my morsel by the work of my hands.'

"I was moved almost to tears by the application, and was at a loss what to answer, but thought of what Lear says,

"Take physic, pomp!"
and, 'to what man may be reduced.' I told him I thought I could procure him as much

copying as he could do, and he appeared quite delighted; and the next day I procured plenty for him. He rose by daylight to accomplish his task—was at work all day—and at night, full dressed, in the Opera House in the pit. While there, he felt himself Duke D'Aguillon; and no one ever suspected him to be a drudge in the morning, copying music for a shilling per sheet; and strange to say, that his spirits never drooped; nine Englishmen out of ten under such circumstances would have destroyed themselves; but the transitory peace of mind he enjoyed was not of long duration; an order came from the Alien Office for him and his friends to leave England in two days; they took an affectionate leave of me: the Duke went to Hamburg, and there was condemned to be shot. They told me that he died like a hero.

"He had a favourite Danish dog, a beautiful animal, which he consigned to my protection, until, as he told me, he had an opportunity to send for him with safety. I pledged myself to take every care of him, and never shall I forget his parting with this faithful animal: it seemed as if the last link which held him to society was breaking; the dog had been the faithful companion of his prosperity—his adversity—he caressed, and shed a flood of tears on quitting it—the scene was grievous; but I did not then think that I should never see the Duke more. I took every care of his poor dog—who, missing his kind master, after a little, refused all nourishment, and actually *pined, and died*. Yet he survived the being who had fed and cherished him."

Towards the conclusion of his first volume, Kelly goes to France—visits the National Convention—sees the Royal Family return to Paris—encounters some very odd characters, and makes some hair-breadth 'scapes, which are replete with amusement.

About the commencement of the second volume, he becomes manager of the Opera House, and the intimate acquaintance and companion of Mr. Sheridan. The following description of a theatrical club, called the School of Garrick, may be found interesting:—

"Speaking of the School of Garrick, and of my belonging to it, I ought perhaps, to explain, that it was a club formed by a few of the contemporaries of the British Roscius, who dined together during the theatrical winter season, once a month. They did me the honour (unsolicited on my part) to admit me among them. I was highly flattered as a young man, and duly appreciated the favour. It was, of all societies I ever have been in, perhaps the most agreeable; nothing could surpass it for wit, pleasantry, good humour, and brotherly love. When I was admitted, I found the following members belonging to it:—

KING,	JAMES AICKIN,
DODD,	FARREN,
MOODY,	WROUGHTON,
PARSONS,	JOHN PALMER,
BADDELY,	ROBT. PALMER,
J. and C. BANNISTER,	and
FRANK AICKIN,	BURTON.

"In mentioning their names, I need not say what were the flashes of wit and merriment,

that set the table in a row; and yet, with the exception of my worthy friend, Jack Bannister, (whom God long preserve!) they are all gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

"As they fell off, the following members were elected in their room:--

HOLMAN,	CHERRY,
HENRY JOHNSTONE,	DOWTON,
POPE,	MATHEWS.
SCOTT,	CHARLES KEMBLE.

"My friend Pope gave an excellent dinner, upon the occasion of his election, at his house in Half Moon-street. And the first Mrs. Pope, the ci-devant Miss Young, who had acted many of the principal characters of our Immortal Bard, with distinguished eclat, was requested to become a member of the club by accepting the silver medal of Garrick, which each member wore at the meetings of the society. She came amongst us, and seemed to appreciate the flattering attention paid to her high professional merits. She was the only female who ever had the compliment paid to her; but, alas! she, among the rest, is now no more; and delightful as the society was, and intellectual as its recreations were, it gradually dwindled, either from deaths or desertions, until at last it has become extinct.

"Old Moody, who was delighted with every thing which reminded him of his great master, was almost broken-hearted at the event. I was always partial to Moody's agreeable society; so, to indulge the old gentleman, I proposed that he and I should meet once a month, dine together, and keep up the form of the club which we did for some time.

"I remember upon one of these occasions, I perceived, as we sat over our bottle, that he was more than usually low spirited, and I ventured to ask, what made him so? 'My dear fellow,' said he, 'I feel myself the most miserable of men, though blessed with health and affluence. Such is the detestable vice of avarice, which I feel growing upon me, that parting with a single sixpence, is to me like parting with a drop of my heart's blood, for which reason, unconquerable as the growing passion is, I feel that I ought to be abhorred and detested by mankind.'

"I endeavoured to rally him out of so singular a feeling; and as far as I am personally concerned, I can vouch for it, that he had no just reason for indulging it; for when I was desirous of purchasing the lease of my house, in Pall-mall, and happened to say in his presence, that I wanted 500*l.* to complete the bargain, he called upon me the following day and offered me the loan of that sum, upon no other security than my simple note of hand.

"At the *tete-a-tete* meetings of the club he was, at times, very entertaining, and told me many stories of himself. Amongst others, he said, that early in life, he was sent out to Jamaica; and on his return to England, went on the stage, unknown to his friends. I do not recollect the name of the ship, in which he told me he came back to England; but he informed me, that he worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast.

"One night, some time after he had been on the stage, when he was acting Stephano in the 'Tempest,' a sailor, in the front row of the pit of Drury Lane, got up, and standing upon the

seat, hallooed out, 'What cheer, Jack Moody, what cheer, messmate?'

"This unexpected address from the pit rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, stepped forward to the lamps, and said, 'Jack Hullet, keep your jawking tacks aboard ---don't disturb the crew and passengers; when the show is over, make sail for the stage door, and we'll finish the evening over a bowl of punch; but till then, Jack, shut your locker.'

"After the play was ended, the rough son of Neptune was shown to Moody's dressing-room, and thence they adjourned to the Black Jack, in Clare Market, (a house which Moody frequented,) and spent a jolly night over sundry bowls of arrack. This story, told by himself in his humorous manner, was very amusing.

"Previous to the dissolution of the club, one night, when we were full of mirth and glee, and Moody seated, like Jove in his chair, and Mathews, amongst other members, present, a waiter came in to tell Mr. Henry Johnstone, that a gentleman wished to speak to him in the next room. In a few minutes we heard a great noise and bustle, and Henry Johnstone, in a loud tone say, 'Sir, you cannot go into the room where the club is: none but members are on any account admitted; such are our rules.'

"'Talk not to me of your rules,' said the stranger; 'I insist upon being admitted.'---And after a long controversy of, 'I will go;' and 'You shan't go;'---the door was burst open, and both contending parties came tumbling in.

"The stranger placed himself next to me, and I thought him the ugliest and most impudent fellow I ever met with. He went on with a rhapsody of nonsense, of his admiration of our society, that he could not resist the temptation of joining it,---filled himself a glass of wine, and drank to our better acquaintance.

"Moody, with great solemnity, requested him to withdraw, for no one could have a seat at that table who was not a member.

"The stranger replied, 'I don't care for your rules!--talk not to me of your regulations!--I will not stir an inch!'

"'Then,' cried the infuriated Moody, 'old as I am, I will take upon myself to turn you out.'

"Moody jumped up, and throttled the stranger, who defended himself manfully;---all was confusion, and poor Moody was getting black in the face; when the stranger threw off his wig, spectacles, and false nose, and before us, stood Mathews himself, *in propria persona*. So well did he counterfeit his assumed character, that except Henry Johnstone, who was his accomplice in the plot, not one amongst us suspected him."

Soon after his intimacy with Sheridan commences, Kelly gets arrested for a debt incurred for furnishing the Opera House---the whole of which affair, connected as it is with two or three other characteristic anecdotes, we sub-join.

"In the summer of 1793, Mrs. Crouch and I had engagements at Birmingham, Manchester, Chester, Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Liver-

pool; and at Dublin, for December, January, and February.

"Previous to going there, we played a few nights at Liverpool. My benefit was the last night of our engagement. In the morning of that eventful day, crossing Williamson-square to go to the theatre, a gentleman stopped me, and accosting me with the most pointed civility, informed me that he had a writ against me for 350*l.*; I, at the time, not owing a sixpence to any living creature.

"I said he must be mistaken in his man. He shewed me the writ, which was at the suit of a Mr. Henderson, an upholsterer, in Coventry-street, and the debt was incurred for furnishing the Opera House with covering for the boxes, pit, &c. &c. So, instead of preparing for the custody of Lockit, on the stage, (for the 'Beggars' Opera' was the piece to be acted,) I was obliged to go to a sponging-house.

"I requested the Sheriff's officer, who was extremely civil, to accompany me to Mrs. Grouch, to consult what I had best do; she advised me by no means to acknowledge the debt, but to go to the Exchange, and state publicly the cause of my arrest, and to ask any gentleman there to become bail; and to make over to such bail as a security, nearly five hundred pounds, which we luckily had paid into Mr. Heywood's Bank, in Liverpool, three days before; but Mr. Frank Aickin, who was then manager, rendered any such arrangement unnecessary, as he very handsomely came forward and bailed me. I was therefore released, and performed Macheath that night to a crowded house.

"I sent my servant to London by the mail, with an account of the transaction to Mr. Sheridan, who immediately settled the debt in his own peculiar way. He sent for Henderson the upholsterer, to his house, and after describing the heinous cruelty he had committed, by arresting a man who had nothing to do with the debt, and who was on a professional engagement in the country, expatiated and remonstrated, explained and extenuated, until he worked so much upon the upholsterer, that in less than half an hour, he agreed to exonerate me and my bail; taking, instead of such security, Mr. Sheridan's bond; which, I must say, was extremely correct in the upholsterer. But Mr. Sheridan never did things by halves; and therefore, before the said upholsterer quitted the room, he contrived to borrow 200*l.* of him, in addition to the original claim, and he departed, thinking himself highly honoured by Mr. Sheridan's condescension in accepting the loan.

"I have seen many instances of Mr. Sheridan's power of raising money when pushed hard; and one among the rest, I confess even astonished me. He was once 3000*l.* in arrears with the performers of the Italian opera: payment was put off from day to day, and they bore the repeated postponement with Christian patience; but, at last, even their docility revolted, and finding all the tales of Hope flattering, they met, and resolved not to perform any longer until they were paid. As manager, I accordingly received on the Saturday morning their written declaration, that not one of them would appear at night. On receiving

this, I went to Messrs. Morlands' banking-house, in Pall Mall, to request some advances, in order to satisfy the performers for the moment; but, alas! my appeal was vain, and the bankers were inexorable—they, like the singers, were worn out, and assured me, with a solemn oath, that they would not advance another shilling either to Mr. Sheridan or the concern, for that they were already too deep in arrears.

"This was a pözer; and with a heart rather sad I went to Hertford-street, Mayfair, to Mr. Sheridan, who at that time had not risen. Having sent him up word of the urgency of my business; after keeping me waiting rather more than two hours in the greatest anxiety, he came out of his bed-room. I told him unless he could raise 3000*l.* the theatre must be shut up, and he, and all belonging to the establishment, be disgraced.

"'Three thousand pounds, Kelly! there is no such sum in nature,' said he, with all the coolness imaginable, nay, more than I could have imagined a man, under such circumstances, capable of. 'Are you an admirer of Shakspeare?'

"'To be sure I am,' said I; 'but what has Shakspeare to do with 3000*l.* or the Italian singers?'

"'There is one passage in Shakspeare,' said he, 'which I have always admired particularly; and it is that where Falstaff says, 'Master Robert Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds'—'Yes, Sir John,' says Shallow, 'which I beg you will let me take home with me.'—'That may not so easy be, Master Robert Shallow,' replies Falstaff; and so I say unto thee, Master Mick Kelly, to get three thousand pounds may not so easy be.'

"'Then, Sir,' said I, 'there is no alternative but closing the Opera House; and not quite pleased with his apparent carelessness, I was leaving the room, when he bade me stop, ring the bell, and order a hackney-coach. He then sat down, and read the newspaper, perfectly at his ease, while I was in an agony of anxiety. When the coach came, he desired me to get into it, and order the coachman to drive to Morlands, and to Morlands we went; there he got out, and I remained in the carriage in a state of nervous suspense not to be described; but in less than a quarter of an hour, to my joy and surprise, out he came, with 3000*l.* in bank notes in his hand. By what hocus-pocus he got it, I never knew, nor can I imagine even at this moment, but certes he brought it to me out of the very house where, an hour or two before, the firm had sworn that they would not advance him another sixpence.

"He saw, by my countenance, the emotions of surprise and pleasure his appearance, so provided, had excited, and, laughing, bid me take the money to the treasurer, but to be sure to keep enough out of it to buy a barrel of native oysters, which he would come and roast at night in Suffolk-street."

Some very agreeable anecdotes of the Irish stage are dispersed about this part of the second volume, and an account of a most wonderful escape of the hero from shipwreck.

The account of a visit to the late Mr. Cum-

berland is extremely well done, and forms a curious and interesting picture of the interior of a poet's retirement.

Kelly says—

"It was in this year that Mr. Cumberland, the author, promised my friend, Jack Bannister, to write a comedy for his benefit, which was to be interspersed with songs, for Mrs. Jordan, which he wished me to compose. He was good enough to give Bannister and myself an invitation to spend a few days with him at his house at Tunbridge Wells, in order that he might read his comedy to us; and as we were both interested in its success, we accepted his invitation; but fearing that we might not find our residence with him quite so pleasant as we wished, we agreed, previously to leaving town, that Mrs. Crouch should write me a letter, stating, that Mr. Taylor wished me to return to London immediately, about some Opera concerns, by which measure we could take our departure without giving offence to our host, if we did not like our quarters, or remain with him if we did.

"I got to Mr. Cumberland in time for dinner. The party consisted of myself, Bannister, Mrs. Cumberland, an agreeable well-informed old lady, and our host, who by-the-bye, during dinner, called his wife mamma. We passed a pleasant evening enough, but wine was scarce; however, what we had was excellent, and what was wanting in beverage, was amply supplied in converse sweet, and the delights of hearing the reading a five-act comedy.

"Five acts of a play, read by its author after tea, are at any time opiates of the most determined nature, even if one has risen late and moved little; but with such a predisposition to somnolency, as I found the drive, the dust, the sun, the air, the dinner, and a little sensible conversation had induced, what was to be expected? Long before the end of the second act I was fast as a church—a slight tendency to snoring, rendered this misfortune more appalling than it otherwise would have been; and the numberless kicks which I received under the table from Bannister, served only to vary, by fits and starts, the melody with which nature chose to accompany my slumbers.

"When it is recollected, that our host and reader had served Sheridan as a model for Sir Fretful, it may be supposed that he was somewhat irritated by my inexcusable surrender of myself: but no; he closed his proceedings and his manuscript at the end of the second act, and we adjourned to a rational supper upon a cold mutton-bone, and dissipated in two tumblers of weak red wine and water.

"When the repast ended, the bard conducted us to our bed-rooms: the apartment in which I was to sleep, was his study; he paid me the compliment to say, he had a little tent-bed put up there, which he always appropriated to his favourite guest. 'The bookcase at the side,' he added, 'was filled with his own writings.'

"I bowed, and said, 'I dare say, Sir, I shall sleep very soundly.'

"Ah! very good,' said he; 'I understand you—a hit, Sir, a palpable hit; you mean, be-

ing so close to my writings, they will act as a soporific. You are a good soul, Mr. Kelly, but a very drowsy one—God bless you—you are a kind creature, to come into the country to listen to my nonsense—*buonas noches!* as we say in Spain—good night! I hope it will be fine weather for you to walk about in the morning; for I think with Lord Falkland, who said he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day—*umph—good night, God bless you,—you are so kind.*

"I could plainly perceive, that the old gentleman was not over-pleased, but I really had no intention of giving him offence. He was allowed, however, to be one of the most sensitive of men, when his own writings were spoken of; and moreover, reckoned envious in the highest degree.

"He had an inveterate dislike to Mr. Sheridan, and would not allow him the praise of a good dramatic writer; which, considering the ridicule Sheridan had heaped upon him in 'The Critic,' is not so surprising. That piece was wornwood to him: he was also very sore at what Sheridan had said of him, before he drew his portrait in that character.

"The anecdote Mr. Sheridan told me. When the 'School for Scandal' came out, Cumberland's children prevailed upon their father to take them to see it;—they had the stage box—their father was seated behind them; and, as the story was told by a gentleman, a friend of Sheridan's, who was close by, every time the children laughed at what was going on on the stage, he pinched them, and said, 'What are you laughing at, my dear little folks? you should not laugh, my angels; there is nothing to laugh at;—keep still, you little dunces.'

"Sheridan having been told of this, said, 'It was very ungrateful in Cumberland to have been displeased with his poor children, for laughing at my comedy; for I went the other night to see his tragedy, and laughed at it from beginning to end.'

"But with all the irritability which so frequently belongs to dramatists, Mr. Cumberland was a perfect gentleman in his manners, and a good classical scholar. I was walking with him on the pantiles one morning, and took the opportunity of telling him (which was the truth) that his dramatic works were in great request at Vienna: and that his 'West Indian' and 'Brothers,' particularly, were first-rate favourites: this pleased the old man so much, that (I flattered myself) it made him forget my drowsy propensity.

"A letter however arrived, as we had planned, which called me to London; we informed our host, that we were obliged to quit his hospitable roof, early the next morning. 'My children,' said he, 'I regret that you must leave your old bard, but business must be attended to; and as this is the last evening I am to have the pleasure of your company, when you return from your evening's ramble on the pantiles, I will give you what I call a treat.'

"After dinner, Bannister and myself went to the library. 'What' said I to Bannister, 'can be the treat Cumberland has promised to give us to-night? I suppose he took notice of your saying at dinner that your favourite meal was supper, and he intends, as we are going

away to-morrow morning, to give us some little delicacies.' Bannister professed entire ignorance, and some doubt; and on our return from our walk, we found Cumberland in his parlour, waiting for us, and, as I had anticipated, the cloth was laid for supper, and in the middle of the table was a large dish with a cover on it.

"When we were seated, with appetites keen, and eyes fixed upon the mysterious dainty, our host, after some preparation, desired a servant to remove the cover, and on the dish lay another manuscript play. 'There, my boys,' said he, 'there is the treat which I promised you: that, Sirs, is my *Tiberius*, in five acts; and after we have had our sandwich and wine and water, I will read you every word of it. I am not vain, but I do think it by far the best play I ever wrote, and I think you'll say so.' The threat itself was horrible; the Reading sauce was ill suited to the supper, and neither poppy nor mandragora, nor even the play of the preceding evening, would have been so bad as his *Tiberius*; but will the reader believe that it was no joke, but all in earnest, and that he actually fulfilled his horrid promise, and read the three first acts? but seeing violent symptoms of occitancy coming over us, he proposed that we should go to bed, and in the morning that he should treat us, before we started, by reading the fourth and fifth acts; but we saved him the trouble, for we were off before he was out of his bed. Such are the perils and hair-breadth 'scapes which attend the visitors of dramatists who live in the country."

In speaking of Monk Lewis, Mr. Kelly, who appears to have been very intimate with him, gives the following account of his death, which we do not remember to have heard before:—

"After his father's death, he went to Jamaica, to visit his large estates. When there, for the amusement of his slaves, he caused his favourite drama, '*The Castle Spectre*,' to be performed; they were delighted, but of all parts which struck them, that which delighted them most was the character of Hassan, the black. He used indiscreetly to mix with his slaves in the hours of recreation, and seemed, from his mistaken urbanity and ill-judged condescension, to be their very idol. Presuming on indulgence, which they were not prepared to feel or appreciate, they petitioned him to emancipate them. He told them, that during his life-time it could not be done, but he gave them a solemn promise, that at his death, they all should have their freedom. Alas! it was a fatal promise for him, for on the passage homeward he died; it has been said, by poison, administered to him by three of his favourite black brethren, whom he was bringing to England to make free British subjects of, and who, thinking that by killing their master they should gain their promised liberty, in return for all his liberal treatment, put an end to his existence at the first favourable opportunity."

Mr. Kelly adds—

"This anecdote I received from a gentleman, who was at Jamaica when Mr. Lewis sailed for England, and I relate it as I heard it,

without pledging myself to its entire authenticity."

It is quite impossible for us to give any adequate review of the innumerable anecdotes which the latter part of the work contains; but of those which relate to Mr. Sheridan, we must find room for some of the most striking.

Mr. Kelly says (vol. 2, p. 243):—

"Musical pieces were often performed at Drury Lane; amongst others, Mr. Sheridan's Opera of '*The Duenna*;' I performed the part of Ferdinand. It was customary with me, when I played at night, to read my part over in the morning, in order to refresh my memory. One morning, after reading the part of Ferdinand, I left the printed play of '*The Duenna*,' as then acted, on the table. On my return home, after having taken my ride, I found Mr. Sheridan reading it, and with pen and ink before him, correcting it. He said to me, 'Do you act the part of Ferdinand from this printed copy?'

"I replied in the affirmative, and added, 'that I had done so for twenty years.'

"Then," said he, 'you have been acting great nonsense.' He examined every sentence, and corrected it all through before he left me; the corrections I have now, in his own handwriting. What could prove his negligence more, than correcting an opera which he had written in 1775, in the year 1807; and then, for the first time examining it, and abusing the manner in which it was printed?

"I know, however, of many instances of his negligence, equally strong, two of which I will adduce as tolerable good specimens of character. I can vouch for their authenticity.

"Mr. Gotobed, the Duke of Bedford's lawyer, put a distress into Drury Lane Theatre, for non-payment of the ground rent; and the chandeliers, wardrobe, scenery, &c. were to be sold to satisfy his Grace's claim. Sheridan, aroused and alarmed at the threat, wrote a letter to the Duke, requesting him to let his claim be put in a state of liquidation, by Mr. Gotobed's receiving, out of the pit door money, 10*l.* per night, until the debt should be paid; this was agreed upon by his Grace. More than a twelvemonth passed, and Sheridan was astonished at receiving no reply to his letter. In an angry mood he went to Mr. Gotobed's house in Norfolk-street, (I was with him at the time,) complaining of the transaction; when Mr. Gotobed assured him, on his honour, that the Duke had sent an answer to his letter, above a year before. On hearing this, Sheridan went home, examined the table on which all his letters were thrown, and amongst them found the Duke's letter, unopened, dated more than twelve months back. To me, it did not appear very surprising; for, when numbers of letters have been brought to him at my house, I have seen him consign the greatest part of them to the fire unopened.

"No man was ever more sore and frightened at criticism than he was, from his first onset in life. He dreaded the newspapers, and always courted their friendship. I have many times heard him say, 'Let me but have the periodical press on my side, and there should be no

thing in this country which I would not accomplish."

"This sensitiveness of his, as regarded newspapers, renders the following anecdote rather a curious one.—After he had fought his famous duel at Bath, with Colonel Matthews, on Mrs. Sheridan's (Miss Linley's) account, an article of the most venomous kind, was sent from Bath, to Mr. William Woodfall, the Editor of the Public Advertiser, in London, to insert in that paper. The article was so terribly bitter against Sheridan, that Woodfall took it to him. After reading it, he said to Woodfall, 'My good friend, the writer of this article has done his best to vilify my character in all points, but he has done it badly and clumsily. I will write a character of myself, as coming from an anonymous writer,—you will insert it in your paper. In a day or two after, I will send you an article for insertion, as also coming from another anonymous correspondent, vindicating my character, and refuting most satisfactorily, point by point, every particle of what has been written in the abusive one.'

"Woodfall promised that he would attend to his wishes; and Sheridan accordingly wrote one of the most vituperative articles against himself, that mortal ever penned, which he sent to Woodfall, who immediately inserted it in his newspaper, as agreed upon.

"Day after day passed; the calumnies which Sheridan had invented against himself, got circulation, and were in every body's mouth; and day after day did Mr. Woodfall wait for the refutation which was to set all to rights, and expose the fallacy of the accusations; but, strange to say, Sheridan never could prevail upon himself to take the trouble to write one line in his own vindication; and the libels he invented against himself, remain to this hour wholly uncontradicted.

"I was well acquainted with Mr. Woodfall, who declared to me that this was the fact.

"Another instance of his neglect of his own interest came (amongst many others) to my knowledge. He had a particular desire to have an audience of his late Majesty, who was then at Windsor, on some point which he wished to carry, for the good of the theatre.—He mentioned it to his present Majesty, who, with the kindness which on every occasion he shewed him, did him the honour to say, that he would take him to Windsor himself, and appointed him to be at Carlton House, to set off with His Royal Highness precisely at eleven o'clock. He called upon me, and said, 'My dear Mic, I am going to Windsor with the Prince the day after to-morrow; I must be with him at eleven o'clock in the morning, to a moment, and to be in readiness at that early hour, you must give me a bed at your house to-morrow night; I shall then only have to cross the way to Carlton House, and be punctual to the appointment of His Royal Highness.'

"I had no bed to offer him but my own, which I ordered to be got in readiness for him; and he, with his brother-in-law, Charles Ward, stayed dinner with me. Amongst other things at table, there was a roast neck of mutton, which was sent away untouched. As the servant was taking it out of the room, I observed, 'There goes a dinner fit for a king;' alluding

to His late Majesty's known partiality for that particular dish.

"The next morning I went out of town, to dine and sleep, purposely to accommodate Mr. Sheridan with my bed; and got home again about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was told by my servant, that Mr. Sheridan was upstairs still, fast asleep—that he had been sent for several times from Carlton House, but nothing could prevail upon him to get up.

"I was told that an hour after I had quitted town, he called at the saloon, and told my servant-maid, that 'he knew she had a dinner fit for a king, in the house, a cold roast neck of mutton' and asked her, if she had any wine. She told him there were, in a closet, five bottles of port, two of madeira, and one of brandy, the whole of which, I found that he, Richardson, and Charles Ward, after eating the neck of mutton for dinner, had consumed;—on hearing this, it was easy to account for his drowsiness in the morning. He was not able to raise his head from his pillow, nor did he get out of bed until seven o'clock, when he had some dinner.

"Kemble came to him in the evening, and they again drank very deep, and I never saw Mr. Sheridan in better spirits. Kemble was complaining of want of novelty at Drury Lane Theatre; and that, as manager, he felt uneasy at the lack of it. 'My dear Kemble,' said Mr. Sheridan, 'don't talk of grievances now.' But Kemble still kept on saying, 'Indeed we must seek for novelty, or the theatre must sink—novelty, and novelty alone, can prop it.'

"Then, replied Sheridan with a smile, 'if you want novelty, act "Hamlet," and have music played between your pauses.'

"Kemble, however he might have felt the sarcasm, did not appear to take it in bad part. What made the joke tell at the time, was this: a few nights previous, while Kemble was acting Hamlet, a gentleman came to the pit-door, and tendered half-price. The money-taker told him that the third act was only then begun.

"The gentleman, looking at his watch, said, 'It must be impossible, for that it was then but half-past nine.'

"That is very true, Sir,' replied the money-taker, 'but recollect Mr. Kemble plays Hamlet to-night.'

"Mr. Sheridan, although a delightful companion, was by no means disposed to loquacity—indeed, quite the contrary; but when he spoke he commanded universal attention, and what he said deserved it. His conversation was easy and good-natured, and so strongly characterized by shrewdness and a wit peculiarly his own, that it would be hard indeed to find his equal as a companion. That he had his failings who will deny; but then, who amongst us has not? and one thing I can safely affirm, that he was as great an enemy to himself as to any body else.

"One evening that their late Majesties honoured Drury Lane Theatre with their presence, the play, by royal command, was the 'School for Scandal.' When Mr. Sheridan was in attendance to light their Majesties to their carriage, the King said to him, 'I am much pleased with your comedy of the 'School

for Scandal; but I am still more so with your play of the 'Rivals,' that is my favourite, and I will never give it up.

"Her Majesty, at the same time, said, 'When, Mr. Sheridan, shall we have another play from your masterly pen?' He replied, that 'he was writing a comedy, which he expected very shortly to finish.'

"I was told of this, and the next day, walking with him along Piccadilly, I asked him if he had told the Queen that he was writing a play? He said he had, and that he was actually about one.

"No," said I to him, 'you will never write again; you are afraid to write.'

"He fixed his penetrating eye on me, and said, 'Of whom am I afraid?'

"I said, 'You are afraid of the author of the 'School for Scandal.'"

"I believe, at the time I made the remark, he thought my conjecture was right.

"One evening after we had dined together, I was telling him that I was placed in a dilemma by a wine-merchant from Hockheim, who had been to London to receive orders for the sale of hock. I commissioned him (as he offered me the wine at a cheap rate) to send me six dozen. Instead of six dozen he sent me sixteen. I was observing it was a greater quantity than I could afford to keep, and expressed a wish to sell it.

"My dear Kelly," said he, 'I would take the wine off your hands with all my heart, but I have not the money to give you for it; I will, however, give you an inscription to place over the door of your saloon. Write over it, 'Michael Kelly, composer of wines, and importer of music.'

"I thanked him for his kind advice, and said, 'I will take the hint, Sir, and be a composer of all wines, except old Sherry; for that is so notorious for its intoxicating and pernicious qualities that I should be afraid of poisoning my customers with it.'

"The above has been told in many ways, but as I have written it here is the fact. He owned I had given him a Roland for his Oliver, and very often in company he used to speak of it.

"Every body knows that during the short administration of Mr. Fox's party Mr. Sheridan held the office of Treasurer of the Navy, to which office, as every body also knows, a handsome residence is attached. It was during his brief authority in this situation that he gave a splendid fete, to which, not only the ministers and a long list of nobility were invited, but which, it was understood, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his present Most Gracious Majesty, would honour with his presence: a ball and supper were to follow the dinner. Morelli, Rovedino, and the Opera company, were to appear in masks, and sing complimentary verses to the Prince, which Pananto wrote, and I composed. The music in 'Macbeth' was to follow; and, in short, nothing was to surpass the gaiety and splendour of the entertainment, which, as it turned out, went off as well as was anticipated.

"But, previous to the great consummation of all the hopes and wishes of the donor, I happened to call at Somerset House, about half

past five; and there I found the brilliant, highly gifted Sheridan, the star of his party, and the Treasurer of the Navy, in an agony of despair. What was the cause?—had any accident occurred?—bad news from the Continent?—were the party tottering?—In short, what was it that agitated so deeply a man of Sheridan's nerve and intellect, and temporary official importance?—He had just discovered that there was not a bit of cheese in the house—not even a paring—What was to be done? Sunday, all the shops shut—without cheese, his dinner would be incomplete.

"I told him I thought some of the Italians would be prevailed upon to open their doors and supply him; and off we went together in a hackney-coach, cheese-hunting, at six o'clock on a Sunday afternoon—the dinner hour being seven, and His Royal Highness the Prince expected.

"After a severe run of more than an hour, we prevailed upon a sinner, in Jermyn-street, to sell us some cheese, and got back just in time for mine host to dress to receive his company. I forget now who paid for the cheese, but the rest of the story I well remember, and have thought it worth recording."

Mr. Kelly gives some anecdotes of Hibernian failings, which are quite worth extracting. Being in Ireland, he says:—

"I went one day to dine with my witty countryman, Curran, the Master of the Rolls, at his pretty place at Rathfarnham. Among his guests was Counsellor Mac Nally, the author of the opera of 'Robin Hood.' I passed a delightful day there. Many pleasant stories were told after dinner; among others, one of Mac Nally's, to prove the predilection which some of our countrymen formerly had for getting into scrapes when they first arrived in London.

"The night his opera of 'Robin Hood,' was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, a young Irish friend of his, on his first visit to London, was seated on the second seat in the front boxes; on the front row were seated two gentlemen, who, at the close of the first act, were saying how much they liked the opera, and that it did great credit to Mrs. Cowley, who wrote it. On hearing this my Irish friend got up, and tapping one of them on the shoulder, said to him:—

"Sir, you say that this opera was written by Mrs. Cowley; now, I say it was not: this opera was written by Leonard Mac Nally, Esq. Barrister at Law, of No. 3, Pump-court, in the Temple. Do you take my word for it, Sir?"

"Most certainly, Sir," replied the astonished gentleman, 'and I feel very much obliged for the information you have so politely given me.'

"Umph! very well, Sir," said he, and sat down.

"At the end of the second act he got up, and again accosted the same gentleman, saying, 'Sir, upon your honour, as a gentleman, are you in your own mind perfectly satisfied that Leonard Mac Nally, Esq. Barrister at Law, of No. 3, Pump-court, in the Temple, has actually written this opera, and not Mrs. Cowley?"

"Most perfectly persuaded of it, Sir," said the gentleman, bowing.

"Then, Sir," said the young Irishman, 'I

wish you a good night; but just as he was leaving the box he turned to the gentleman whom he had been addressing, and said--

"Pray, Sir, permit me to ask, is your friend then convinced that this opera is written by Mr. Mac Nally, Barrister at Law, of No. 3, Pump-court, in the Temple?"

"Decidedly, Sir," was the reply, "we are both fully convinced of the correctness of your statement."

"Oh, then, if that is the case I have nothing more to say," said the Hibernian, "except that if you had not both assured me you were so, neither of you should be sitting quite so easy on your seats as you do now."

"After this parting observation he withdrew, and did not return to the box."

"I have often heard it said that Irishmen are generally prone to be troublesome and quarrelsome. Having, in the different countries I have visited, had the pleasure of mixing much with them, I can aver, from experience, that the contrary is the case, and that, generally speaking, they are far from being either the one or the other; and if they find that an affront is not intended for them, no nation in the universe will join more freely in the laugh, if even against themselves. I will take leave to quote an example,--Curran versus Mac Nally:

"Mac Nally was very lame, and when walking had an unfortunate limp, which he could not bear to be told of. At the time of the Rebellion he was seized with a military ardour, and when the different volunteer corps were forming in Dublin, that of the lawyers was organized. Meeting with Curran, Mac Nally said, 'My dear friend, these are not times for a man to be idle, I am determined to enter the Lawyers' Corps, and follow the camp.'

"You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" said the wit, "tut, tut, renounce the idea; you never can be a disciplinarian."

"And why not, Mr. Curran?" said Mac Nally.

"For this reason," said Curran, "the moment you were ordered to march you would halt."

Mr. Kelly introduces the reader to a cousin of his, an extraordinary character--informs us that Mr. Sheridan was beyond measure superstitious, and would never begin any thing, commence a journey, or produce a new piece at the Theatre, on a Friday, if he could possibly avoid it.

The following story of Sheridan's Pizarro is scarcely credible.

"Expectation was on tip-toe; and strange as it may appear, 'Pizarro' was advertised, and every box in the house taken, before the fourth act of the play was begun; nor had I one single word of the poetry for which I was to compose the music. Day after day, was I attending on Mr. Sheridan, representing that time was flying; and that nothing was done for me. His answer uniformly was, 'Depend upon it, my dear Mic, you shall have plenty of matter to go on with to-morrow;--but day after day, that morrow came not, which, as my name was advertised as the composer of the music, drove me half crazy.

"One day I was giving a dinner to the Earl of Guilford, the Marquis of Ormond (then

Lord Ormond), my valued friend Sir Charles Bamfylde, Sir Francis Burdett, George Colman, J. Richardson, M. Lewis, and John Kemble; and, about ten o'clock, when I was in the full enjoyment of this charming society, Mr. Sheridan appeared before us, and informed my friends, that he must carry me off with him, that moment, to Drury Lane; begged they would excuse my absence for one hour, and he would return with me. I saw it would be useless to contradict him, so I went to the theatre, and found the stage and house lighted up, as it would have been for a public performance; not a human being there, except ourselves, the painters, and carpenters; and all this preparation was merely that we might see two scenes, those of Pizarro's tent, and the Temple of the Sun.

"The great author established himself in the centre of the pit, with a large bowl of negus on the bench before him; nor would he move until it was finished. I expostulated with him on the cruelty of not letting me have the words which I had to compose, not to speak of his having taken me away from my friends, to see scenery and machinery, with which, as I was neither painter, nor carpenter, nor machinist, I could have nothing to do: his answer was, that he wished me to see the Temple of the Sun, in which the choruses and marches were to come over the platform. --To-morrow," said he, "I promise I will come and take a cutlet with you, and tell you all you have to do. My dear Mic, you know you can depend upon me; and I know that I can depend upon you; but these bunglers of carpenters require looking after."

"After this promise, we returned to my house; I found my party waiting; nor did we separate until five o'clock in the morning."

"But if this were a puzzling situation for a composer, what will my readers think of that, in which the actors were left, when I state the fact, that, at the time the house was overflowing, on the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and that, incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth? Mr. Sheridan was up stairs in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piece-meal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies, for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense.

"One remarkable trait in Sheridan's character was, his penetrating knowledge of the human mind; for no man was more careful in his carelessness; he was quite aware of his power over his performers, and of the veneration in which they held his great talents: had he not been so, he would not have ventured to keep them (Mrs. Siddons particularly) in the dreadful anxiety which they were suffering through the whole of the evening. Mrs. Siddons told me, that she was in an agony of fright; but Sheridan perfectly knew, that Mrs. Siddons, C. Kemble, and Barrymore, were quicker

in study than any other performers concerned; and that he could trust them to be perfect in what they had to say, even at half an hour's notice. And the event proved that he was right: the play was received with the greatest approbation, and though brought out so late in the season, was played thirty-one nights; and for years afterwards proved a mine of wealth to the Drury Lane treasury, and, indeed, to all the theatres in the United Kingdom."

The concluding remark is singularly sagacious; and shows that Kelly is not deficient in penetration in those points which came under the sphere of his observation, and are within the scope of his acquirements. One more story of Mr. Sheridan, and we have done.

"Mr. Harris, the late proprietor of Covent Garden, who had a great regard for Sheridan, had at different times frequent occasions to meet him on business, and made appointment after appointment with him, not one of which Sheridan ever kept. At length Mr. Harris, wearied out, begged his friend Mr. Palmer, of Bath, to see Mr. Sheridan, and tell him that unless he kept the next appointment made for their meeting, all acquaintance between them must end for ever.

"Sheridan expressed great sorrow for what had been in fact inevitable, and positively fixed one o'clock the next day to call upon Mr. Harris at the theatre. At about three he literally made his appearance in Hart Street, where he met Mr. Tregent, the celebrated French watchmaker, who was extremely theatrical, and had been the intimate friend of Garrick.

"Sheridan told him, that he was on his way to call upon Harris.

"'I have just left him,' said Tregent, 'in a violent passion, having waited for you ever since one o'clock.'

"'What have you been doing at the theatre?' said Sheridan.

"'Why,' replied Tregent, 'Harris is going to make Bate Dudley a present of a gold watch, and I have taken him half a dozen that he may choose one for that purpose.'

"'Indeed,' said Sheridan.

"'They wished each other good day, and parted.

"Mr. Sheridan proceeded to Mr. Harris's room, and when he addressed him, it was pretty evident that his want of punctuality had produced the effect which Mr. Tregent described.

"'Well, Sir,' said Mr. Harris, 'I have waited at least two hours for you again; I had almost given you up, and if—'

"'Stop, my dear Harris,' said Sheridan, interrupting him; 'I assure you these things occur more from my misfortunes than my fault; I declare I thought it was but one o'clock, for it so happens that I have no watch, and to tell you the truth, am too poor to buy one; but when the day comes that I can, you will see I shall be as punctual as any other man.'

"'Well, then,' said the unsuspecting Harris, 'if that be all, you shall not long want a watch, for here—(opening his drawer)—are half a dozen of Tregent's best—choose any

one you like, and do me the favour of accepting it.'

"Sheridan affected the greatest surprise at the appearance of the watches; but did as he was bid, and selected certainly not the worst for the *cadeau*."

Such are the light and amusing materials which the author, by a singular power of memory, has been able to put together. His accounts of the Italian singers and composers with whom he lived when abroad, will serve to fill up an important gap in the history of music, and will be read with pleasure by all lovers of the stage. To those who, like ourselves, are advanced in life, the latter portion of these volumes will afford a melancholy interest, through the frequent mention of names gracious to the recollection by their association with our earliest pleasures. The dropping off of actor after actor, as it stands recorded in Mr. Kelly's page, affords food for much melancholy reflection. All biography ends in a tragedy; but that of an actor is peculiarly sombre in its close. The strong contrast of the brilliant triumphs and gay dissipations of youth, with the decrepitude, dependance, and abandonment of old age, furnishes a better lesson on the world's vanity and the flight of time, than the most wearisome homily that it was ever our misfortune to listen to.

Poor Mic, it must be owned, makes a terrible hash of his French and Italian, if the printer be not more to blame than he; and has fallen into some ludicrous mistakes about persons. He makes Mad. Albani to be the Pretender's daughter instead of his wife. These, however, are trifles which those who know better may correct, and those who do not will not be led into any serious error by them. One thing is commendable, that there is not a single ill-natured phrase in the whole book. We shall be very much mistaken if these volumes do not prove a favourite, and take their place in Theatrical Libraries, beside the Davies's, the Cibbers, the Murphys, and other established historians of "the brief chronicles of the times."

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

JOANNIS MILTONI, ANGLI, DE DOCTRINA CHRISTIANA LIBRI DUO POSTHUMI. *A Treatise on Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone.* By John Milton. Translated from the original by Charles R. Sumner, M.A. &c. &c. 1825.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1823, Mr. Lemon, Deputy Keeper of the State Papers, in the course of his researches among the presses of his office, met with a large Latin manuscript. With it were found corrected copies of the foreign Despatches written by Milton, while he filled the office of Secretary, and several papers relating to the Popish Trials and the Rye-house Plot. The whole was wrapped up in an envelope, superscribed "To Mr. Skinner, Merchant." On examination, the large manuscript proved to be the long lost Essay on the Doctrines of Christianity, which, according to Wood and Toland, Milton finish-

ed after the Restoration, and deposited with Cyriac Skinner. Skinner, it is well known, held the same political opinions with his illustrious friend. It is therefore probable, as Mr. Lemon conjectures, that he may have fallen under the suspicions of the Government during that persecution of the Whigs which followed the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament, and that, in consequence of a general seizure of his papers, this work may have been brought to the office in which it has been found. But whatever the adventures of the manuscript may have been, no doubt can exist that it is a genuine relic of the great Poet.

Mr. Sumner, who was commanded by his Majesty to edit and translate the treatise, has acquitted himself of his task in a manner honourable to his talents and to his character. His version is not indeed very easy or elegant; but it is entitled to the praise of clearness and fidelity. His notes abound with interesting quotations, and have the rare merit of really elucidating the text. The preface is evidently the work of a sensible and candid man, firm in his own religious opinions, and tolerant towards those of others.

The book itself will not add much to the fame of Milton. It is, like all his Latin works, well written,—though not exactly in the style of the Prize Essays of Oxford and Cambridge. There is no elaborate imitation of classical antiquity, no scrupulous purity, none of the ceremonial cleanness which characterizes the diction of our academical Pharisees. He does not attempt to polish and brighten his composition into the Ciceronian gloss and brilliancy. He does not in short sacrifice sense and spirit to pedantic refinements. The nature of his subject compelled him to use many words

“That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.”

But he writes with as much ease and freedom as if Latin were his mother tongue; and where he is least happy, his failure seems to arise from the carelessness of a native, not from the ignorance of a foreigner. What Denham with great felicity says of Cowley, may be applied to him. He wears the garb, but not the clothes of the ancients.

Throughout the volume are discernible the traces of a powerful and independent mind, emancipated from the influence of authority, and devoted to the search of truth. He professes to form his system from the Bible alone; and his digest of Scriptural texts is certainly among the best that have appeared. But he is not always so happy in his inferences as in his citations.

Some of the heterodox opinions which he avows seem to have excited considerable amazement; particularly his Arianism, and his notions on the subject of polygamy. Yet we can scarcely conceive that any person could have read the *Paradise Lost* without suspecting him of the former; nor do we think that any reader, acquainted with the history of his life, ought to be much startled at the latter. The opinions which he has expressed respecting the nature of the Deity, the eternity of matter, and the observation of the Sabbath, might, we think, have caused more just surprise.

But we will not go into the discussion of these points. The book, were it far more orthodox, or far more heretical than it is, would not much edify or corrupt the present generation. The men of our time are not to be converted or perverted by quartos. A few more days, and this Essay will follow the *Defensio Populi* to the dust and silence of the upper shelf. The name of its author, and the remarkable circumstances attending its publication, will secure to it a certain degree of attention. For a month or two it will occupy a few minutes of chat in every drawing-room, and a few columns in every magazine; and it will then, to borrow the elegant language of the play-bills, be withdrawn, to make room for the forthcoming novelties.

We wish however to avail ourselves of the interest, transient as it may be, which this work has excited. The dexterous Capuchins never choose to preach on the life and miracles of a saint, till they have awakened the devotional feelings of their auditors, by exhibiting some relic of him—a thread of his garment, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood. On the same principle, we intend to take advantage of the late interesting discovery, and, while this memorial of a great and good man is still in the hands of all, to say something of his moral and intellectual qualities. Nor, we are convinced, will the severest of our readers blame us if, on an occasion like the present, we turn for a short time from the topics of the day, to commemorate, in all love and reverence, the genius and virtues of John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty.

It is by his Poetry that Milton is best known; and it is of his poetry that we wish first to speak. By the general suffrage of the civilized world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. His detractors, however, though out-voted, have not been silenced. There are many critics, and some of great name, who contrive in the same breath to extol the poems and to decry the poet. The works, they acknowledge, considered in themselves, may be classed among the noblest productions of the human mind. But they will not allow the author to rank with those great men who, born in the infancy of civilization, supplied, by their own powers, the want of instruction, and, though destitute of models themselves, bequeathed to posterity models which defy imitation. Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created; he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education; and we must therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions for these advantages.

We venture to say, on the contrary, paradoxical as the remark may appear, that no poet has ever had to struggle with more unfavourable circumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born “an age too late.” For this notion Johnson has thought fit to make him the butt of his clumsy ridicule. The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poetical genius derived no advantage from the ci-

vilization which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

We think that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits it, augmented, by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little *Dialogues on Political Economy*, could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilized people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause and partly the effect of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations, a change by which science gains and poetry loses. Generalization is necessary to the advancement of knowledge, but particularly in the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyze human nature than their predecessors. But ana-

lysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense, like Shaftesbury. He may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius, or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lacrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood will affect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakspeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the *Fable of the Bees*. But could Mandeville have created an *Iago*? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man,—a real, living, individual man?

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if any thing which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry we mean, not of course all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean, the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colours. Thus the greatest of poets has described it, in lines universally admired for the vigour and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled.

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

These are the fruits of the "fine frenzy" which he ascribes to the poet,—a fine frenzy doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, every thing ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence of all people children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear, as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding-Hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps, she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

In a rude state of society men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore

in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones,—but little poetry. Men will judge and compare; but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors, the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek Rhapsodists, according to Plato, could not recite Homer without almost falling into convulsions.* The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping-knife while he shouts his death-song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilized community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which it calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hinderance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigour and activity of his mind. And it is well if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man, or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time great talents, intense labour, and long meditation, employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

If these reasonings be just, no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education. He was a profound and elegant classical scholar: he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature: he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was perhaps the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excel-

lence of his Latin verse. The genius of Petrarch was scarcely of the first order; and his poems in the ancient language, though much praised by those who have never read them, are wretched compositions. Cowley, with all his admirable wit and ingenuity, had little imagination: nor indeed do we think his classical diction comparable to that of Milton. The authority of Johnson is against us on this point. But Johnson had studied the bad writers of the middle ages till he had become utterly insensible to the Augustan elegance, and was as ill qualified to judge between two Latin styles as a habitual drunkard to set up for a wine-taster.

Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly, imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill suited to the production of vigorous native poetry as the flower pots of a hot-house to the growth of oaks. That the author of the *Paradise Lost* should have written the *Epistle to Manso* was truly wonderful. Never before were such marked originality, and such exquisite mimicry, found together. Indeed, in all the Latin poems of Milton the artificial manner indispensable to such works is admirably preserved, while, at the same time, the richness of his fancy and the elevation of his sentiments give to them a peculiar charm, an air of nobleness and freedom, which distinguishes them from all other writings of the same class. They remind us of the amusements of those angelic warriors who composed the cohort of Gabriel:

"About him exercised heroic games
The unarmed youth of heaven. But o'er their heads
Celestial armoury, shield, helm, and spear,
Hung bright, with diamond flaming and with gold."

We cannot look upon the sportive exercises for which the genius of Milton ungrids itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind, that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of its fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.

It is not our intention to attempt any thing like a complete examination of the poetry of Milton. The public has long been agreed as to the merit of the most remarkable passages, the incomparable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style which no rival has been able to equal, and no parodist to degrade, which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic powers of the English tongue, and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism on which we are entering, innumerable reapers have already put their sickles. Yet the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton, is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the

* See the Dialogue between Socrates and Io.

reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests, not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative man must understand the *Iliad*. Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion; but takes the whole upon himself, and sets his images in so clear a light, that is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing, but applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced, than the past is present, and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence; substitute one synonyme for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure with it, would find himself as much mistaken as Cassin in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying, "Open Wheat," "Open Barley," to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open Sesame!" The miserable failure of Dryden in his attempt to rewrite some parts of the *Paradise Lost* is a remarkable instance of this.

In support of these observations, we may remark, that scarcely any passages in the poems of Milton are more generally known, or more frequently repeated, than those which are little more than muster-rolls of names. They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history.—Another places us among the moral scenery and manners of a distant country. A third evokes all the dear classical recollections of childhood, the school-room, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, and the prize. A fourth brings before us the splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance, the trophied lists, the embroidered housings, the quaint devices, the haunted forests, the enchanted gardens, the achievements of enamoured knights, and the smiles of rescued princesses.

In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in the *Allegro* and the *Penseroso*. It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of per-

fection. These poems differ from others as otar of roses differs from ordinary rose water, the close packed essence from the thin diluted mixture. They are indeed not so much poems, as collections of hints from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a Canto.

The *Comus* and the *Samson Agonistes* are works, which, though of very different merit, offer some marked points of resemblance. They are both Lyric poems in form of Plays. There are perhaps no two kinds of composition so essentially dissimilar as the drama and the ode. The business of the dramatist is to keep himself out of sight, and to let nothing appear but his characters. As soon as he attracts notice to his person l feelings, the illusion is broken. The effect is as unpleasant as that which is produced on the stage by the voice of a prompter, or the entrance of a scene-shifter. Hence it was, that the tragedies of Byron were his least successful performances. They resemble those pasteboard pictures invented by the friend of children, Mr. Newberry, in which a single moveable head goes round twenty different bodies; so that the same face looks out upon us successively, from the uniform of a hussar, the furs of a judge, and the rags of a beggar. In all the characters, patriots and tyrants, haters and lovers, the frown and sneer of Harold were discernible in an instant. But this species of egotism, though fatal to the drama, is the inspiration of the ode. It is the part of the lyric poet to abandon himself, without reserve, to his own emotions.

Between these hostile elements many great men have endeavoured to effect an amalgamation; but never with complete success. The Greek *Dráma*; on the model of which the *Samson* was written, sprung from the Ode. The dialogue was ingrafted on the chorus, and naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of the Athenian dramatists co-operated with the circumstances under which Tragedy made its first appearance. *Æschylus* was, head and heart, a lyric poet. In his time, the Greeks had far more intercourse with the East than in the days of Homer; and they had not yet acquired that immense superiority in war, in science, and in the arts, which, in the following generation, led them to treat the Asiatics with contempt. From the narrative of Herodotus it should seem, that they still looked up, with the veneration of disciples, to Egypt and Assyria. At this period, accordingly, it was natural that the literature of Greece should be tinged with the Oriental style. And that style, we think, is clearly discernible in the works of Pindar and *Æschylus*. The latter often reminds us of the Hebrew writers. The book of Job, indeed, in conduct and diction, bears a considerable resemblance to some of his dramas. Considered as plays, his works are absurd: considered as choruses, they are above all praise. If, for instance, we examine the address of Clytemnestra to Agamemnon on his return, or the description of the seven Argive chiefs, by the principles of dramatic writing, we shall instantly condemn them as monstrous. But, if we forget the characters, and think only of the poetry, we shall admit that it has never been surpassed in energy and magni-

science. Sophocles made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity not of a painting, but of a bas-relief. It suggests a resemblance; but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the reform further. But it was a task far beyond his powers, perhaps beyond any powers. Instead of correcting what was bad, he destroyed what was excellent. He substituted crutches for stilts, bad sermons for good odes.

Milton, it is well known, admired Euripides highly; much more highly than, in our opinion, he deserved. Indeed the caresses which this partiality leads him to bestow on "sad Electra's poet," sometimes remind us of the beautiful Queen of Fairyland kissing the long ears of Bottom. At all events, there can be no doubt that his veneration for the Athenian, whether just or not, was injurious to the Samson Agonistes. Had he taken Æschylus for his model, he would have given himself up to the lyric inspiration, and poured out profusely all the treasures of his mind, without bestowing a thought on those dramatic proprieties which the nature of the work rendered it impossible to preserve. In the attempt to reconcile things in their own nature inconsistent he has failed, as every one else must have failed. We cannot identify ourselves with the characters, as in a good play. We cannot identify ourselves with the poet, as in a good ode. The conflicting ingredients, like an acid and an alkali mixed, neutralize each other. We are by no means insensible to the merits of this celebrated piece, to the severe dignity of the style, the graceful and pathetic solemnity of the opening speech, or the wild and barbaric melody which gives so striking an effect to the choral passages. But we think it, we confess, the least successful effort of the genius of Milton.

The *Comus* is framed on the model of the Italian Masque, as the *Samson* is framed on the model of the Greek Tragedy. It is certainly the noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language. It is as far superior to the Faithful Shepherdess, as the Faithful Shepherdess is to the *Aminta*, or the *Aminta* to the *Pastor Fido*. It was well for Milton that he had here no Euripides to mislead him. He understood and loved the literature of modern Italy. But he did not feel for it the same veneration which he entertained for the remains of Athenian and Roman poetry, consecrated by so many lofty and endearing recollections. The faults, moreover, of his Italian predecessors, were of a kind to which his mind had a deadly antipathy. He could stoop to a plain style, sometimes even to a bald style: But false brilliancy was his utter aversion. His Muse had no objection to a russet attire: But she turned with disgust from the finery of Guarini, as tawdry and as paltry as the rags of a chimney-sweeper on May-day. Whatever ornaments she wears are of massive gold, not only dazzling to the sight, but capable of standing the severest test of the crucible.

Milton attended in the *Comus* to the distinction which he neglected in the *Samson*. He made it what it ought to be, essentially lyrical, and dramatic only in semblance. He has not

attempted a fruitless struggle against a defect inherent in the nature of that species of composition; and he has therefore succeeded, wherever success was not impossible. The speeches must be read as majestic soliloquies; and he who so reads them will be enraptured with their eloquence, their sublimity, and their music. The interruptions of the dialogue, however, impose a constraint upon the writer, and break the illusion of the reader. The finest passages are those which are lyric in form as well as in spirit. "I should much commend," says the excellent Sir Henry Wotton in a letter to Milton, "the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain doricque delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto, I must plainly confess to you, I have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." The criticism was just. It is when Milton escapes from the shackles of the dialogue, when he is discharged from the labour of uniting two incongruous styles, when he is at liberty to indulge his choral raptures without reserve, that he rises even above himself. Then, like his own Good Genius bursting from the earthly form and weeds of Thyrsis, he stands forth in celestial freedom and beauty; he seems to cry exultingly,

"Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run,"

to skim the earth, to soar above the clouds, to bathe in the Elysian dew of the rainbow, and to inhale the balmy smells of nard and cassia, which the musky wings of the zephyr scatter through the cedared alleys of the *Hesperides*.*

There are several of the minor poems of Milton on which we would willingly make a few remarks. Still more willingly would we enter into a detailed examination of that admirable poem, the *Paradise Regained*, which, strangely enough, is scarcely ever mentioned except as an instance of the blindness of that parental affection which men of letters bear towards the offspring of their intellects. That Milton was mistaken in preferring this work, excellent as it is, to the *Paradise Lost*, we must readily admit. But we are sure that the superiority of the *Paradise Lost* to the *Paradise Regained* is not more decided than the superiority of the *Paradise Regained* to every poem which has since made its appearance. But our limits prevent us from discussing the point at length. We hasten on to that extraordinary production which the general suffrage of critics has placed in the highest class of human compositions.

The only poem of modern times which can

* "There eternal summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing,
About the cedared alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells:
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can show,
And drenches with Elysian dew,
(List, mortals, if your ears be true,)
Beds of hyacinths and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound."

X

be compared with the *Paradise Lost* is the *Divine Comedy*. The subject of Milton, in some points, resembled that of Dante; but he has treated it in a widely different manner. We cannot, we think, better illustrate our opinion respecting our own great poet, than by contrasting him with the father of Tuscan literature.

The poetry of Milton differs from that of Dante as the hieroglyphics of Egypt differed from the picture-writing of Mexico. The images which Dante employs speak for themselves:—they stand simply for what they are. Those of Milton have a signification which is often discernible only to the initiated. Their value depends less on what they directly represent, than on what they remotely suggest. However strange, however grotesque, may be the appearance which Dante undertakes to describe, he never shrinks from describing it. He gives us the shape, the colour, the sound, the smell, the taste; he counts the numbers; he measures the size. His similes are the illustrations of a traveller. Unlike those of other poets, and especially of Milton, they are introduced in a plain business-like manner, not for the sake of any beauty in the objects from which they are drawn, not for the sake of any ornament which they may impart to the poem, but simply in order to make the meaning of the writer as clear to the reader as it is to himself. The ruins of the precipice which led from the sixth to the seventh circle of hell, were like those of the rock which fell into the Adige on the south of Trent. The cataract of Phlegethon was like that of Aqua Cheta at the monastery of St. Benedict. The place where the heretics were confined in burning tombs, resembled the vast cemetery of Arles!

Now, let us compare with the exact details of Dante the dim intimations of Milton. We will cite a few examples. The English poet has never thought of taking a measure of Satan. He gives us merely a vague idea of vast bulk. In one passage the fiend lies stretched out huge in length, floating many a rood, equal in size to the earth-born enemies of Jove, or to the sea-monster which the mariner mistakes for an island. When he addresses himself to battle against the guardian angels, he stands like Teneriffe or Atlas; his stature reaches the sky. Contrast with these descriptions the lines in which Dante has described the gigantic spectre of Nimrod. "His face seemed to me as long and as broad as the ball of St. Peter's at Rome; and his other limbs were in proportion; so that the bank, which concealed him from the waist downwards, nevertheless showed so much of him, that three tall Germans would in vain have attempted to reach to his hair." We are sensible that we do no justice to the admirable style of the Florentine poet. But Mr. Carey's translation is not at hand; and our version, however rude, is sufficient to illustrate our meaning.

Once more, compare the lazaret-house in the eleventh book of the *Paradise Lost* with the last ward of Malebolge in Dante. Milton avoids the loathsome details, and takes refuge in indistinct but solemn and tremendous imagery,—Despair hurrying from couch to couch to mock the wretches with his attend-

ance. Death shaking his dart over them, but in spite of supplications, delaying to strike. What says Dante? "There was such a moan there, as there would be if all the sick who, between July and September, are in the hospitals of Valdichiana, and of the Tuscan swamps, and of Sardinia, were in one pit together; and such a stench was issuing forth as is wont to issue from decayed limbs."

We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedence between two such writers. Each in his own department is incomparable; and each, we may remark, has, wisely or fortunately, taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage. The *Divine Comedy* is a personal narrative. Dante is the eyewitness and ear-witness of that which he relates. He is the very man who has heard the tormented spirits crying out for the second death, who has read the dusky characters on the portal within which there is no hope, who has hidden his face from the terrors of the Gorgon, who has fled from the looks and the seething pitch of Barbaricoia and Diaghignazzo. His own hands have grasped the shaggy sides of Lucifer. His own feet have climbed the mountain of expiation. His own brow has been marked by the purifying angel. The reader would throw aside such a tale with incredulous disgust, unless it were told with the strongest air of veracity, with a sobriety even in its horrors, with the greatest precision and multiplicity in its details. The narrative of Milton in this respect differs from that of Dante, as the adventures of Amadis differ from those of Gulliver. The author of Amadis would have made his book ridiculous if he had introduced those minute particulars which give such a charm to the work of Swift, the nautical observations, the affected delicacy about names, the official documents transcribed at full length, and all the unmeaning gossip and scandal of the court, springing out of nothing, and tending to nothing. We are not shocked at being told that a man who lived, nobody knows when, saw many very strange sights, and we can easily abandon ourselves to the illusion of the romance. But when Lemuel Gulliver, surgeon, now actually resident at Rotherhithe, tells us of pygmies and giants, flying islands, and philosophizing horses, nothing but such circumstantial touches could produce for a single moment a deception on the imagination.

Of all the poets who have introduced into their works the agency of supernatural beings, Milton has succeeded best. Here Dante decidedly yields to him: And as this is a point on which many rash and ill-considered judgments have been pronounced, we feel inclined to dwell on it a little longer. The most fatal error which a poet can possibly commit in the management of his machinery, is that of attempting to philosophize too much. Milton has been often censured for ascribing to spirits many functions of which spirits must be incapable. But these objections, though sanctioned by eminent names, originate, we venture to say, in profound ignorance of the art of poetry.

What is spirit? What are our own minds,

the portion of spirit with which we are best acquainted? We observe certain phenomena. We cannot explain them into material causes. We therefore infer that there exists something which is not material. But of this something we have no idea. We can define it only by negatives. We can reason about it only by symbols. We use the word; but we have no image of the thing; and the business of poetry is with images, and not with words. The poet uses words indeed; but they are merely the instruments of his art, not its objects. They are the materials which he is to dispose in such a manner as to present a picture to the mental eye. And, if they are not so disposed, they are no more entitled to be called poetry than a bale of canvas, and a box of colours to be called a painting.

Logicians may reason about abstractions. But the great mass of mankind can never feel an interest in them. They must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude in all ages and nations to idolatry can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is every reason to believe, worshipped one invisible Deity. But the necessity of having something more definite to adore, produced, in a few centuries, the innumerable crowd of gods and goddesses. In like manner the ancient Persians thought it impious to exhibit the Creator under a human form. Yet even these transferred to the sun the worship which, speculatively, they considered due only to the Supreme Mind. The history of the Jews is the record of a continued struggle between pure Theism, supported by the most terrible sanctions, and the strangely fascinating desire of having some visible and tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world, while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte, operated more powerfully than this feeling. God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception: but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fancies of the Lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust! Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph, the principle which had assisted it began to corrupt it. It became a new Paganism. Patron saints assumed the offices of household gods. St. George took the place of Mars. St. Elmo consoled the mariner for the loss of Castor and Pollux. The Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded to Venus and the Muses. The fascination of sex and loveliness was again joined to that of celestial dignity; and the homage of chivalry was blended with that of religion. Reformers have often made a stand against these feelings; but never with more than apparent and partial success. The men who

demolished the images in Cathedrals have not always been able to demolish those which were enshrined in their minds. It would not be difficult to show, that in politics the same rule holds good. Doctrines, we are afraid, must generally be embodied before they can excite a strong public feeling. The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle.

From these considerations, we infer, that no poet, who should affect that metaphysical accuracy for the want of which Milton has been blamed, would escape a disgraceful failure. Still, however, there was another extreme which, though far less dangerous, was also to be avoided. The imaginations of men are in a great measure under the control of their opinions. The most exquisite art of poetical colouring can produce no illusion, when it is employed to represent that which is at once perceived to be incongruous and absurd. Milton wrote in an age of philosophers and theologians. It was necessary therefore for him to abstain from giving such a shock to their understandings as might break the charm which it was his object to throw over their imaginations. This is the real explanation of the indistinctness and inconsistency with which he has often been reproached. Dr. Johnson acknowledges that it was absolutely necessary for him to clothe his spirits with material forms. "But," says he, "he should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and seducing the reader to drop it from his thoughts." This is easily said; but what if he could not seduce the reader to drop it from his thoughts? What if the contrary opinion had taken so full a possession of the minds of men as to leave no room even for the *quasi-belief* which poetry requires? Such we suspect to have been the case. It was impossible for the poet to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system. He therefore took his stand on the debatable ground. He left the whole in ambiguity. He has doubtless, by so doing, laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But, though philosophically in the wrong, we cannot but believe that he was poetically in the right. This task, which almost any other writer would have found impracticable, was easy to him. The peculiar art which he possessed of communicating his meaning circuitously, through a long succession of associated ideas, and of intimating more than he expressed, enabled him to disguise those incongruities which he could not avoid.

Poetry which relates to the beings of another world, ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque, indeed, beyond any that ever was written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault indeed on the right side, a fault inseparable from the plan of his poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. His supernatural agents excite an interest; but it is not the interest which is proper to supernatural agents.

We feel that we could talk with his ghosts and demons, without any emotion of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. His angels are good men with wings. His devils are spiteful ugly executioners. His dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene which passes between the poet and *Facinata* is justly celebrated. Still *Facinata* in the burning tomb is exactly what *Facinata* would have been at an *auto da fe*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice. Yet what is it, but a lovely woman chiding, with sweet austere composure, the lover for whose affection she is grateful, but whose vices she reprobates? The feelings which give the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence, as well as the summit of the Mount of Purgatory.

The Spirits of Milton are unlike those of almost all other writers. His Fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions. They are not wicked men. They are not ugly beasts. They have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum of Tasso and Klopstock. They have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions, and veiled in mysterious gloom.

Perhaps the gods and demons of Æschylus may best bear a comparison with the angels and devils of Milton. The style of the Athenian had, as we have remarked, something of the vagueness and tenor of the Oriental character; and the same peculiarity may be traced in his mythology. It has nothing of the amenity and elegance which we generally find in the superstitions of Greece. All is rugged, barbaric, and colossal. His legends seem to harmonize less with the fragrant groves and graceful porticoes in which his countrymen paid their vows to the God of Light and Goddess of Desire, than with those huge and grotesque labyrinths of eternal granite, in which Egypt enshrined her mystic Osiris, or in which Hindostan still bows down to her seven-headed idols. His favourite gods are those of the elder generations—the sons of heaven and earth, compared with whom Jupiter himself was a stripling and an upstart.—the gigantic Titans and the inexorable Furies. Foremost among his creations of this class stands Prometheus, half fiend half redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemy of heaven. He bears undoubtedly a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton. In both we find the same impatience of control, the same ferocity, the same unconquerable pride. In both characters also are mingled, though in very different proportions, some kind and generous feelings. Prometheus, however, is hardly superhuman enough. He talks too much of his chains and his uneasy posture: he is rather too much depressed and agitated. His resolution seems to depend on the knowledge which he possesses that he holds the fate of his torturer in his hands, and that the hour of his release will surely come. But Satan is a creature of another sphere. The

might of his intellectual nature is victorious over the extremity of pain. Amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, he deliberates, resolves, and even exults. Against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake, and the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermittent misery, his spirit bears up unbroken, resting on its own innate energies, requiring no support from any thing external, nor even from hope itself!

To return for a moment to the parallel which we have been attempting to draw between Milton and Dante, we would add, that the poetry of these great men has in a considerable degree taken its character from their moral qualities. They are not egotists. They rarely obtrude their idiosyncracies on their readers. They have nothing in common with those modern beggars for fame, who extort a pittance from the compassion of the inexperienced, by exposing the nakedness and sores of their minds. Yet it would be difficult to name two writers whose works have been more completely, though undesignedly, coloured by their personal feelings.

The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of thought; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of earth, nor the hope of heaven, could dispel it. It twined every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness!" The gloom of his character discolours all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne! All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belonged to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman, and a lover—and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home, and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. That hateful proscription, facetiously termed the Act of Indemnity and Oblivion, had set a mark on the

poor, blind, deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of a profligate court and an inconstant people! Vernal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bell-man, were now the favourite writers of the sovereign and the public. It was a loathsome herd—which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of *Comus*, grotesque monsters, half bestial half human, dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these his muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the *Masque*, lofty, spotless, and serene—to be chattered at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rabble of *Satyr*s and *Goblins*. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was, when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions, and glowing with patriotic hopes; such it continued to be—when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless and disgraced, he retired to his *hovel* to die!

Hence it was, that, though he wrote the *Paradise Lost* at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and in the moral world. Neither *Theocritus* nor *Ariosto* had a finer or more healthful sense of the pleasantness of external objects, or loved better to luxuriate amidst sunbeams and flowers, the songs of nightingales, the juice of summer fruits, and the coolness of shady fountains. His conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fire-side. His poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy land, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.

Traces indeed of the peculiar character of Milton may be found in all his works; but it is most strongly displayed in the *Sonnets*. Those remarkable poems have been undervalued by critics who have not understood their nature. They have no epigrammatic point. There is none of the ingenuity of *Filicaja* in the thought, none of the hard and brilliant enamel of *Petrarch* in the style. They are simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet; as little tricked out for the public eye as his diary would have been. A victory, an expected attack upon the city, a momen-

tary fit of depression or exultation, a jest thrown out against one of his books, a dream, which, for a short time restored to him that beautiful face over which the grave had closed for ever, led him to musings which, without effort, shaped themselves into verse. The unity of sentiment and severity of style which characterize these little pieces, remind us of the Greek *Anthology*, or perhaps still more of the *Collects* of the English *Liturgy*—the noble poem on the *Massacres of Piedmont* is strictly a collect in verse.

The *Sonnets* are more or less striking, according as the occasions which gave birth to them are more or less interesting. But they are, almost without exception, dignified by a sobriety and greatness of mind to which we know not where to look for a parallel. It would indeed be scarcely safe to draw any decided inferences as to the character of a writer, from passages directly egotistical. But the qualities which we have ascribed to Milton, though perhaps most strongly marked in those parts of his works which treat of his personal feelings, are distinguishable in every page, and impart to all his writings, prose and poetry, English, Latin and Italian, a strong family likeness.

His public conduct was such as was to be expected from a man of a spirit so high, and an intellect so powerful. He lived at one of the most memorable eras in the history of mankind; at the very crisis of the great conflict between *Oromasdes* and *Arimanes*—liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice. That great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human race were staked on the same cast with the freedom of the English people. Then were first proclaimed those mighty principles which have since worked their way into the depths of the American forests, which have roused Greece from the slavery and degradation of two thousand years, and which, from one end of Europe to the other, have kindled an unquenchable fire in the hearts of the oppressed, and loosed the knees of the oppressors with a strange and unwonted fear!

Of those principles, then struggling for their infant existence, Milton was the most devoted and eloquent literary champion. We need not say how much we admire his public conduct. But we cannot disguise from ourselves that a large portion of his countrymen still think it unjustifiable. The civil war, indeed, has been more discussed and is less understood, than any event in English history. The Roundheads laboured under the disadvantage of which the lion in the fable complained so bitterly. Though they were the conquerors, their enemies were the painters. As a body, they had done their utmost to decay and ruin literature; and literature was even with them, as, in the long run, it always is with its enemies. The best book on their side of the question is the charming memoir of Mrs. Hutchinson. May's *History of the Parliament* is good; but it breaks off at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. The performance of Ludlow is very foolish and violent; and most of the later writers who have espoused the same cause, Oldmixon for instance, and Catherine Macaulay, have, to say

the least, been more distinguished by zeal than either by candour or by skill. On the other side are the most authoritative and the most popular historical works in our language, that of Clarendon, and that of Hume. The former is not only ably written and full of valuable information, but has also an air of dignity and sincerity which makes even the prejudices and errors with which it abounds respectable. Hume, from whose fascinating narrative the great mass of the reading public are still contented to take their opinions, hated religion so much, that he hated liberty for having been allied with religion—and has pleaded the cause of tyranny with the dexterity of an advocate, while affecting the impartiality of a judge.

The public conduct of Milton must be approved or condemned, according as the resistance of the people to Charles I. shall appear to be justifiable or criminal. We shall therefore make no apology for dedicating a few pages to the discussion of that interesting and most important question. We shall not argue it on general grounds; we shall not recur to those primary principles from which the claim of any government to the obedience of its subjects is to be deduced; it is a vantage-ground to which we are entitled; but we will relinquish it. We are, on this point, so confident of superiority, that we have no objection to imitate the ostentatious generosity of those ancient knights, who vowed to joust without helmet or shield against all enemies, and to give their antagonists the advantage of sun and wind. We will take the naked constitutional question. We confidently affirm, that every reason which can be urged in favour of the Revolution of 1688, may be urged with at least equal force in favour of what is called the Great Rebellion.

In one respect only, we think, can the warmest admirers of Charles venture to say that he was a better sovereign than his son. He was not, in name and profession, a Papist; we say in name and profession,—because both Charles himself and his miserable creature Laud, while they abjured the innocent badges of Popery, retained all its worst vices, a complete subjection of reason to authority, a weak preference of form to substance, a childish passion for mummeries, an idolatrous veneration for the priestly character, and, above all, a stupid and ferocious intolerance. This, however, we waive. We will concede that Charles was a good Protestant; but we say that his Protestantism does not make the slightest distinction between his case and that of James.

The principles of the Revolution have often been grossly misrepresented, and never more than in the course of the present year. There is a certain class of men, who, while they profess to hold in reverence the great names and great actions of former times, never look at them for any other purpose than in order to find in them some excuse for existing abuses. In every venerable precedent, they pass by what is essential, and take only what is accidental: they keep out of sight what is beneficial, and hold up to public imitation all that is defective. If, in any part of any great example, there be any thing unsound, these flesh-flies detect it with an unerring instinct, and

dart upon it with a ravenous delight. They cannot always prevent the advocates of a good measure from compassing their end; but they feel, with their prototype, that

"Their labours must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil."

To the blessings which England has derived from the Revolution, these people are utterly insensible. The expulsion of a tyrant, the solemn recognition of popular rights, liberty, security, toleration, all go for nothing with them. One sect there was, which, from unfortunate temporary causes, it was thought necessary to keep under close restraint. One part of the empire there was, so unhappily circumstanced, that at that time its misery was necessary to our happiness, and its slavery to our freedom! These are the parts of the Revolution which the politicians of whom we speak love to contemplate, and which seem to them, not indeed to vindicate, but in some degree to palliate the good which it has produced. Talk to them of Naples, of Spain, or of South America! they stand forth, zealots for the doctrine of Divine Right—which has now come back to us, like a thief from transportation, under the *alias* of Legitimacy. But mention the miseries of Ireland! Then William is a hero. Then Somers and Shrewsbury are great men. Then the Revolution is a glorious era! The very same persons, who, in this country, never omit an opportunity of reviving every wretched Jacobite slander respecting the Whigs of that period, have no sooner crossed St. George's Channel, than they begin to fill their bumpers to the glorious and immortal memory. They may truly boast that they look not at men but at measures. So that evil be done, they care not who does it—the arbitrary Charles, or the liberal William, Ferdinand the Catholic or Frederick the Protestant! On such occasions their deadliest opponents may reckon upon their candid construction. The bold assertions of these people have of late impressed a large portion of the public with an opinion, that James II. was expelled simply because he was a Catholic, and that the Revolution was essentially a Protestant Revolution.

But this certainly was *not* the case. Not can any person who has acquired more knowledge of the history of those times than is to be found in Goldsmith's abridgment, believe that, if James had held his own religious opinions without wishing to make proselytes, or, if, wishing even to make proselytes, he had contented himself with exerting only his constitutional influence for that purpose, the Prince of Orange would ever have been invited over. Our ancestors, we suppose, knew their own meaning. And, if we may believe them, their hostility was *primarily* not to popery but to Tyranny. They did not drive out a tyrant because he was a Catholic; but they excluded Catholics from the Crown, because they thought them likely to be tyrants. The ground on which they, in their famous Resolution, declared the throne vacant, was this, "that James had broken the fundamental laws of the kingdom." Every man, therefore, who approves of the Revolution of 1688, must hold, that *the breach of fundamental laws on the part of the Sovereign*

reign, justifies resistance. The question then is this. Had Charles I. broken the fundamental laws of England?

No person can answer in the negative, unless he refuses credit, not merely to all the accusations brought against Charles by his opponents, but to the narratives of the warmest Royalists, and to the confessions of the King himself. If there be any truth in *any* historian of *any* party who has related the events of that reign, the conduct of Charles, from his accession to the meeting of the Long Parliament, had been a continued course of oppression and treachery. Let those who applaud the Revolution and condemn the Rebellion, mention one act of James II. to which a parallel is not to be found in the history of his father. Let them lay their fingers on a single article in the Declaration of Right, presented by the two Houses to William and Mary, which Charles is not acknowledged to have violated. He had, according to the testimony of his own friends, usurped the functions of the Legislature, raised taxes without the consent of Parliament, and quartered troops on the people in the most illegal and vexatious manner. Not a single session of Parliament had passed without some unconstitutional attack on the freedom of debate. The right of petition was grossly violated. Arbitrary judgments, exorbitant fines, and unwarranted imprisonments, were grievances of daily and hourly occurrence. If these things do not justify resistance, the Revolution was treason: if they do, the Great Rebellion was laudable.

But, it is said, why not adopt milder measures? Why, after the King had consented to so many reforms, and renounced so many oppressive prerogatives, did the Parliament continue to rise in their demands at the risk of provoking a civil war? The Ship-money had been given up. The Star-Chamber had been abolished. Provision had been made for the frequent convocation and secure deliberation of Parliaments. Why not pursue an end confessedly good, by peaceable and regular means? We recur again to the analogy of the Revolution. Why was James driven from the throne? Why was he not retained upon conditions? He too had offered to call a free Parliament, and to submit to its decision all the matters in dispute. Yet we praise our forefathers, who preferred a revolution, a disputed succession, a dynasty of strangers, twenty years of foreign and intestine war, a standing army, and a national debt, to the rule, however restricted, of a tried and proved tyrant. The Long Parliament acted on the same principle, and is entitled to the same praise. They could not trust the King. He had no doubt passed salutary laws. But what assurance had they that he would not break them? He had renounced oppressive prerogatives. But where was the security that he would not resume them? They had to deal with a man whom no tie could bind, a man who made and broke promises with equal facility, a man whose honour had been a hundred times pawned—and never redeemed.

Here, indeed, the Long Parliament stands on still stronger ground than the Convention of 1688. No action of James can be compared, for wickedness and impudence, to the conduct

of Charles with respect to the Petition of Right. The Lords and Commons present him with a bill in which the constitutional limits of his power are marked out. He hesitates; he evades; at last he bargains to give his assent, for five subsidies. The bill receives his solemn assent. The subsidies are voted. But no sooner is the tyrant relieved, than he returns at once to all the arbitrary measures which he had bound himself to abandon, and violates all the clauses of the very Act which he had been paid to pass.

For more than ten years the people had seen the rights, which were theirs by a double claim, by immemorial inheritance and by recent purchase, infringed by the perfidious King who had recognised them. At length circumstances compelled Charles to summon another Parliament: another chance was given them for liberty. Were they to throw it away as they had thrown away the former? Were they again to be cozened by *le Roi le veut*? Were they again to advance their money on pledges which had been forfeited over and over again? Were they to lay a second Petition of Right at the foot of the throne, to grant another lavish aid in exchange for another unmeaning ceremony, and then to take their departure, till, after ten years more of fraud and oppression, their Prince should again require a supply, and again repay it with a perjury? They were compelled to choose whether they would trust a tyrant or conquer him. We think that they chose wisely and nobly.

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James II. no private virtues! Was even Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tomb-stones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband!—Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation-oath—and we are told that he kept his marriage-vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates—and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them—and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man

and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations. And if, in that relation, we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

We cannot refrain from adding a few words respecting a topic on which the defenders of Charles are fond of dwelling. If, they say, he governed his people ill, he at least governed them after the example of his predecessors. If he violated their privileges, it was because those privileges had not been accurately defined. No act of oppression has ever been imputed to him, which has not a parallel in the annals of the Tudors. This point Hume has laboured, with an art which is as discreditable in a historical work as it would be admirable in a forensic address. The answer is short, clear, and decisive. Charles had assented to the Petition of Right. *He had renounced the oppressive powers said to have been exercised by his predecessors, and he had renounced them for money.* He was not entitled to set up his antiquated claims against his own recent release.

These arguments are so obvious, that it may seem superfluous to dwell upon them. But those who have observed how much the events of that time are misrepresented and misunderstood, will not blame us for stating the case simply. It is a case of which the simplest statement is the strongest.

The enemies of the Parliament, indeed, rarely choose to take issue on the great points of the question. They content themselves with exposing some of the crimes and follies to which public commotions necessarily give birth. They bewail the unmerited fate of Strafford. They execrate the lawless violence of the army. They laugh at the Scriptural names of the preachers. Major-generals fleecing their districts; soldiers revelling on the spoils of a ruined peasantry; upstarts, enriched by the public plunder, taking possession of the hospitable firesides and hereditary trees of the old gentry; boys smashing the beautiful windows of Cathedrals; Quakers riding naked through the market-place; Fifth-monarchy-men shouting for King Jesus; agitators lecturing from the tops of tubs on the fate of Agag;—all these, they tell us, were the offspring of the Great Rebellion.

Be it so. We are not careful to answer in this matter. These charges, were they infinitely more important, would not alter our opinion of an event which alone has made us to differ from the slaves who crouch beneath the sceptres of Brandenburg and Braganza. Many evils, no doubt, were produced by the civil war. They were the price of our liberty. Has the acquisition been worth the sacrifice? It is the nature of the Devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which he leaves. Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggles of the tremendous exorcism?

If it were possible that a people brought up under an intolerant and arbitrary system could subvert that system without acts of cruelty and folly, half the objections to despotic power

would be removed. We should, in that case, be compelled to acknowledge, that it at least produces no pernicious effects on the intellectual and moral character of a people. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a *revolution was necessary*. The violence of those outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people: and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. Thus it was in our civil war. The rulers in the church and state reaped only that which they had sown. They had prohibited free discussion—they had done their best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. The retribution was just and natural. If they suffered from popular ignorance, it was because they had themselves taken away the key of knowledge. If they were assailed with blind fury, it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission.

It is the character of such revolutions that we always see the worst of them at first. Till men have been for some time free, they know not how to use their freedom. The natives of wine countries are always sober. In climates where wine is a rarity, intemperance abounds. A newly liberated people may be compared to a northern army encamped on the Rhine or the Xeres. It is said that, when soldiers in such a situation first find themselves able to indulge without restraint in such a rare and expensive luxury, nothing is to be seen but intoxication. Soon, however, plenty teaches discretion; and after wine has been for a few months their daily fare, they become more temperate than they had ever been in their own country. In the same manner, the final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation, and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, scepticism on points the most clear, dogmatism on points the most mysterious. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice: they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appearance; and then ask in scorn where the promised splendour and comfort is to be found? If such miserable sophisms were to prevail, there would never be a good house, or a good government in the world.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fury, who by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear, at certain seasons, in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise, were for ever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war.* Such a spirit is Li-

* Orlando Furioso, Canto 43.

berly. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces—and that cure is *freedom*! When a prisoner first leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day:—he is unable to discriminate colours, or recognise faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learnt to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait for ever.

Therefore it is that which we decidedly approve of the conduct of Milton and the other wise and good men who, in spite of much that was ridiculous and hateful in the conduct of their associates, stood firmly by the cause of Public Liberty. We are not aware that the poet has been charged with personal participation in any of the blameable excesses of that time. The favourite topic of his enemies is the line of conduct which he pursued with regard to the execution of the king. Of that celebrated proceeding we by no means approve. Still we must say, in justice to the many eminent persons who concurred in it, and in justice more particularly to the eminent person who defended it, that nothing can be more absurd than the imputations which, for the last hundred and sixty years, it has been the fashion to cast upon the Regicides. We have throughout abstained from appealing to first principles—we will not appeal to them now. We recur again to the parallel case of the Revolution. What essential distinction can be drawn between the Execution of the father and the Deposition of the son? What constitutional maxim is there, which applies to the former and not to the latter? The king can do no wrong. If so, James was as innocent as Charles could have been. The minister only ought to be responsible for the acts of the sovereign. If so, why not impeach Jeffries and retain James? The person of a king is sacred. Was the person of James considered sacred at the Boyne? To discharge cannon against an army in which a king is known to be posted, is to approach pretty near to regicide. Charles too, it should always be remembered, was put to death by men who had been exasperated by

the hostilities of several years, and who had never been bound to him by any other tie than that which was common to them with all their fellow-citizens. Those who drove James from his throne, who seduced his army, who alienated his friends, who first imprisoned him in his palace, and then turned him out of it, who broke in upon his very slumbers by imperious messages, who pursued him with fire and sword from one part of the empire to another, who hanged, drew, and quartered his adherents, and attainted his innocent heir, were his nephew and his two daughters! When we reflect on all these things, we are at a loss to conceive how the same persons who, on the fifth of November thank God for wonderfully conducting his servant King William, and for making all opposition fall before him until he became our king and governor, can, on the thirtieth of January, contrive to be afraid that the blood of the Royal Martyr may be visited on themselves and their children.

We do not, we repeat, approve of the execution of Charles; not because the constitution exempts the king from responsibility, for we know that all such maxims, however excellent, have their exceptions; nor because we feel any peculiar interest in his character, for we think that his sentence describes him with perfect justice as "a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy;" but because we are convinced that the measure was most injurious to the cause of freedom. He whom it removed was a captive and a hostage: His heir, to whom the allegiance of every Royalist was instantly transferred, was at large. The Presbyterians could never have been perfectly reconciled to the father: They had no such rooted enmity to the son. The great body of the people, also, contemplated that proceeding with feelings which, however unreasonable, no government could safely venture to outrage.

But, though we think the conduct of the regicides blameable, that of Milton appears to us in a very different light. The deed was done. It could not be undone. The evil was incurred; and the object was to render it as small as possible. We censure the chiefs of the army for not yielding to the popular opinion: but we cannot censure Milton for wishing to change that opinion. The very feeling which would have restrained us from committing the act, would have led us, after it had been committed, to defend it against the ravings of servility and superstition. For the sake of public liberty, we wish that the thing had not been done, while the people disapproved of it. But, for the sake of public liberty, we should also have wished the people to approve of it when it was done. If any thing more were wanting to the justification of Milton, the book of Salmasius would furnish it. That miserable performance is now with justice considered only as a beacon to word-catchers who wish to become statesmen. The celebrity of the man who refuted it, the "*Æneæ magni dextra*," gives it all its fame with the present generation. In that age the state of things was different. It was not then fully understood how vast an interval separates the mere classical scholar from the political philosopher. Nor can it be doubted, that a treatise which, bear-

ing the name of so eminent a critic, attacked the fundamental principles of all free governments, must, if suffered to remain unanswered, have produced a most pernicious effect on the public mind.

We wish to add a few words relative to another subject on which the enemies of Milton delight to dwell—his conduct during the administration of the Protector. That an enthusiastic votary of liberty should accept office under a military usurper, seems, no doubt, at first sight, extraordinary. But all the circumstances in which the country was then placed were extraordinary. The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have coveted despotic power. He at first fought sincerely and manfully for the Parliament, and never deserted it, till it had deserted its duty. If he dissolved it by force, it was not till he found that the few members who remained after so many deaths, secessions, and expulsions, were desirous to appropriate to themselves a power which they held only in trust, and to inflict upon England the curse of a Venetian oligarchy. But even when thus placed by violence at the head of affairs, he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known in the world. He reformed the representative system in a manner which has extorted praise even from Lord Clarendon. For himself he demanded indeed the first place in the commonwealth; but with powers scarcely so great as those of a Dutch stadtholder, or an American President. He gave the Parliament a voice in the appointment of ministers, and left to it the whole legislative authority—not even reserving to himself a veto on its enactments. And he did not require that the Chief Magistracy should be hereditary in his family. Thus far, we think, if the circumstances of the time, and the opportunities which he had of aggrandizing himself be fairly considered, he will not lose by comparison with Washington or Bolivar. Had his moderation been met by corresponding moderation, there is no reason to think that he would have overstepped the line which he had traced for himself. But when he found that his Parliaments questioned the authority under which they met, and that he was in danger of being deprived of the restricted power which was absolutely necessary to his personal safety, then, it must be acknowledged, he adopted a more arbitrary policy.

Yet, though we believe that the intentions of Cromwell were at first honest, though we believe that he was driven from the noble course which he had marked out for himself, by the almost irresistible force of circumstances, though we admire, in common with all men of all parties, the ability and energy of his splendid administration, we are not pleading for arbitrary and lawless power, even in his hands. We know that a good constitution is infinitely better than the best despot. But we suspect, that at the time of which we speak, the violence of religious and political enmities rendered a stable and happy settlement next to impossible. The choice lay, not between Cromwell and liberty, but between Cromwell and the Stuarts. That Milton chose

well, no man can doubt who fairly compares the events of the protectorate with those of the thirty years which succeeded it—the darkest and most disgraceful in the English annals. Cromwell was evidently laying, though in an irregular manner, the foundations of an admirable system. Never before had religious liberty and the freedom of discussion been enjoyed in a greater degree. Never had the national honour been better upheld abroad, or the seat of justice better filled at home. And it was rarely that any opposition, which stopped short of open rebellion, provoked the resentment of the liberal and magnanimous usurper. The institutions which he had established, as set down in the Instrument of Government, and the Humble Petition and Advice, were excellent. His practice, it is true, too often departed from the theory of these institutions. But, had he lived a few years longer, it is probable that his institutions would have survived him, and that his arbitrary practice would have died with him. His power had not been consecrated by ancient prejudices. It was upheld only by his great personal qualities. Little, therefore, was to be dreaded from a second Protector, unless he were also a second Oliver Cromwell. The events which followed his decease are the most complete vindication of those who exerted themselves to uphold his authority. For his death dissolved the whole frame of society. The army rose against the Parliament, the different corps of the army against each other. Sect raved against sect. Party plotted against party. The Presbyterians, in their eagerness to be revenged on the Independents, sacrificed their own liberty, and deserted all their old principles. Without casting one glance on the past, or requiring one stipulation for the future, they threw down their freedom at the feet of the most frivolous and heartless of tyrants.

Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush—the days of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The King cringed to his rival that he might trample on his people, sunk into a viceroy of France, and pocketed, with complacent infamy, her degrading insults, and her more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots, and the jests of buffoons, regulated the measures of a government which had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place, worship was paid to Charles and James—Belial and Meloch; and England propitiated these obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race accursed of God and man was a second time driven forth, to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a by-word and a shaking of the head to the nations.

Most of the remarks which we have hitherto made on the public character of Milton, apply to him only as one of a large body. We shall proceed to notice some of the peculiarities

which distinguished him from his contemporaries. And, for that purpose, it is necessary to take a short survey of the parties into which the political world was at that time divided.

We must premise, that our observations are intended to apply only to those who adhered, from a sincere preference, to one or to the other side. At a period of public commotion, every faction, like an Oriental army, is attended by a crowd of camp-followers, an useless and heartless rabble, who prowl round its line of march in the hope of picking up something under its protection, but desert it in the day of battle, and often join to exterminate it after a defeat. England, at the time of which we are treating, abounded with such fickle and selfish politicians, who transferred their support to every government as it rose,—who kissed the hand of the king in 1640, and spit in his face in 1649,—who shouted with equal glee when Cromwell was inaugurated in Westminster Hall, and when he was dug up to be hanged at Tyburn,—who dined on calves' head, or on broiled rumps, and cut down oak branches or stuck them up, as circumstances altered, without the slightest shame or repugnance. These we leave out of the account. We take our estimate of parties from those who really deserved to be called partisans.

We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men perhaps which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were as a body unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

"Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
Che mortali perigli in se contiene:
Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,
Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene."

Those who roused the people to resistance,—who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years,—who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen,—who tram-

pled down King, Church, and Aristocracy,—who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of free-masonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body, to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations, had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I., or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles II. was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious casquets, which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix our choice on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an over-ruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: For they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest action the Spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to

* *Gerusalemme Liberata*, xv. 57.

earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelists, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker: But he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself entrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But, when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs, a coolness of judgment, and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegale's iron man, Talus, with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: And we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the

worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity,—that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstons and their De Montforts, and their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest and an useful body.

The Puritans espoused the cause of civil liberty mainly because it was the cause of religion. There was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learning and ability, which co-operated with them on very different principles. We speak of those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were, in the phraseology of that time, doubting Thomases or careless Gallios with regard to religious subjects, but passionate worshippers of freedom. Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples. They seem to have borne some resemblance to the Brissotines of the French Revolution. But it is not very easy to draw the line of distinction between them and their devout associates, whose tone and manner they sometimes found it convenient to affect, and sometimes, it is probable, imperceptibly adopted.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candour. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horseboys, gamblers and bravoos, whom the hope of license and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the Parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a more favourable specimen. Thinking, as we do, that the cause of the King was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the nutes who throng their antichambers, and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valour, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa; and like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress. In truth they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought; but for

the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues, courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness and respect for women. They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

Milton did not strictly belong to any of the classes which we have described. He was not a Puritan. He was not a free-thinker. He was not a Cavalier. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the Parliament and from the Court, from the conventicle and from the Gothic cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived

"As ever in his great task-master's eye."

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest sceptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon, their scorn of science, and their aversion to pleasure. Hating tyranny with a perfect hatred, he had nevertheless all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolized by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honour and love. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associations were such as harmonize best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant Cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave. Like the hero of Homer, he enjoyed all the pleasures of fascination; but he was not fascinated. He listened to the song of the Syrens; yet he glided by without being seduced to their fatal shore. He tasted the cup of Circe; but he bore about him a sure antidote against the effects of its bewitching sweetness. The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was proof against the splendour, the solemnity, and the romance, which enchanted the poet. Any person who will contrast the sentiments expressed in his *Treatises on Prelacy*, with the exquisite lines on Ecclesiastical architecture and music in the *Penseroso*, which was published about

the same time, will understand our meaning. This is an inconsistency which, more than any thing else, raises his character in our estimation; because it shows how many private tastes and feelings he sacrificed, in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind. It is the very struggle of the noble Othello. His heart relents; but his hand is firm. He does nought in hate, but all in honour. He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her.

That from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendour still remains to be mentioned. If he exerted himself to overthrow a forsworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others. But the glory of the battle which he fought for that species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood, the freedom of the human mind, is all his own. Thousands and tens of thousands among his contemporaries raised their voices against ship-money and the Star-chamber. But there were few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press and the unfettered exercise of private judgment. These were the objects which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people should think for themselves as well as tax themselves, and be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles. He knew that those who, with the best intentions, overlooked these schemes of reform, and contented themselves with pulling down the king and imprisoning the malignants, acted like the heedless brothers in his poem, who, in their eagerness to disperse the train of the sorcerer, neglected the means of liberating the captive. They thought only of conquering when they should have thought of disenchanting.

"Oh, ye mistake! Ye should have snatched the wand!"

Without the rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissembling power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here
Bound in strong fetters fixed and motionless."

To reverse the rod, to spell the charm backward, to break the ties which bound a stupefied people to the seat of enchantment, was the noble aim of Milton. To this all his public conduct was directed. For this he joined the Presbyterians—for this he forsook them. He fought their perilous battle; but he turned away with disdain from their insolent triumph. He saw that they, like those whom they had vanquished, were hostile to the liberty of thought. He therefore joined the Independents, and called upon Cromwell to break the secular chain, and to save free conscience from the paw of the Presbyterian wolf.* With a view to the same great object, he attacked the licensing system, in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand, and as frontlets between his eyes. His attacks were,

* Sonnet to Cromwell.

in general, directed less against particular abuses, than against those deeply seated errors on which almost all abuses are founded, the servile worship of eminent men, and the irrational dread of innovation.

That he might shake the foundations of these debasing sentiments more effectually, he always selected for himself the boldest literary services. He never came up in the rear when the outworks had been carried, and the breach entered. He pressed into the forlorn hope. At the beginning of the changes, he wrote with incomparable energy and eloquence against the bishops. But, when his opinion seemed likely to prevail, he passed on to other subjects, and abandoned prelacy to the crowd of writers who now hastened to insult a falling party. There is no more hazardous enterprise than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and the pleasure of Milton to penetrate the noisome vapours, and to brave the terrible explosion. Those who most disapprove of his opinions must respect the hardihood with which he maintained them. He, in general, left to others the credit of expounding and defending the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his own stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal, or derided as paradoxical. He stood up for divorce and regicide. He ridiculed the Eikon. He attacked the prevailing systems of education. His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility.

"Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera,
vincit
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi."

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages, compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff, with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."²

We had intended to look more closely at these performances, to analyze the peculiarities of the diction, to dwell at some length on the sublime wisdom of the *Areopagitica*, and the nervous rhetoric of the *Iconoclast*, and to point out some of those magnificent passages which occur in the *Treatise of Reformation*, and the *Animadversions on the Remonstrant*. But the length to which our remarks have already extended renders this impossible.

We must conclude. And yet we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton appear to be peculiarly set apart, and consecrated to his memory. And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the offering which we bring to it. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the great poet. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes, rolling in vain to find the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction! We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word; the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it; the earnestness with which we should endeavour to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues; the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

These are perhaps foolish feelings. Yet we cannot be ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall in any degree excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen *Boswellism*. But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he laboured for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which

* The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy, Book II.

he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

From the Retrospective Review.

ANECDOTES OF BISHOP CORBET.

MERRY Old England! Why merry? Why old? In antiquity, as well as in merriment, we seem far inferior to our neighbours. Certainly, we possess not these accidents in any such degree as entitles us to the epithets as a distinction over other sadder and younger nations. Gaiety, lightheartness, high animal spirits, are not the characteristics of Englishmen now; and, as well as we can judge, never have been. The character of seriousness is engraven upon the chiefest part of our literature; and, in cases of great excellence, the rising of the spirit has not been especially shown in compositions of wit and drollery, but in passages of wisdom, sublimity, and grandeur. The period in the annals of our literature most distinguished for wit and gaiety was a period of imitation; the style, the air, almost the matter, was imported; the exotic never took deep root. The grave and earnest fanaticism of the Puritanic age, which preceded the times of the witty courtiers of the Merry Monarch, took a far stronger hold of the intellectual soil of this country. Perhaps the tone of composition and the tenor of thought most characteristic of England, is that which may be best described by the epithet *biblical*. Throughout our national sentiment there breathes the zeal, the earnestness, the sublimity, the sternness, of the Jewish Scripture—the library of the peasant, the storehouse of the poet, the model of the man of taste, the authority of the divine, the guide of age, the terror of youth, the text book of all. Gaiety and lightness of heart are not *protestant*. The gayest and most cheerful writer of our language is Chaucer. Popery, by divesting religion of the spiritual, and by converting its observances into mere ceremonies, relieves the mind from the contemplation of the future and the supernatural, and confines its circle of consideration to the mere things of this world. What is lost in greatness is gained in lightness. Let our remarks be understood as simply literary. We take not here into account the greater and vastly more important points of the comparison. As a question of mere literature, however, we feel convinced, that an examination into the history of our literature would prove the truth of our remark. If we were to draw a map of Europe, and distinguish its territory according to the gaiety or seriousness of its inhabitants, the same boundaries would pretty nearly serve for the divisions between Catholic and Protestant. It is true, that the religion may not be the cause. The adoption of either one or other faith may even be the mere effect of the very seriousness or gaiety to which we are pointing. But though we allow that a national character of earnestness and reflection would naturally lead to the rejection of popery and the cultivation of protestantism, yet there can be hardly any doubt that such powerful agents as these different faiths must create a very considerable reaction. Protestantism thus

making the grave German and Englishman still more serious, and popery still further lightening the already unballasted bark of the Frenchman and Italian.

Some confirmation of our remark may be found even in the poems of Corbet and his time. The wits were all, like him, of the Arminian sect, the party most opposed to puritanism, and chiefly suspected of leaning towards popery. From the earliest period of the Reformation, we think, may be traced the progress of gravity in this country, which spread gradually over the character as the awful truths of religion became more inwardly felt, more constantly dwelt upon, more duly weighed. Up to the Restoration, its course was rapid and unchecked; by that event, a considerable reaction took place, which, however, silently retreated before the march of gospel truth. At the present moment, we believe, the religious world is more populous, more zealous, and more powerful, than it has ever been in England; and, in our opinion, it is also true, that the character of the country is less gay, more earnest, more serious, more attached to truth, less attached to the gladiatorial sport of words and ideas, in which gaiety delights, and in which much of wit consists.

A remarkable feature of the writings of the time of Corbet is the cheerfulness which reigns in nearly all the compositions, whether of laymen or divines, of the metropolis or the universities.* They who were, by office, the gravest characters of the realm, were incessantly interchanging effusions of wit, gaiety, and good-humour, eulogy or elegy, congratulation or satire. Wit overflowed from songs, sonnets, pamphlets, and sermons. The character of wit was universal about town, in the church, at Cambridge and Oxford; in all ranks, from the monarch to the clown. Corbet, successively Bishop of Oxford and Norwich, was an example of it, and seems to have been indebted for his elevation very much to the brilliancy of his fancy. Perhaps, these poems do not give the best example of his powers. They were published after his death, and were never intended to be published at all. They are, however, in many instances, still witty, (for wit is a thing which does not keep, depending so much as it does upon living men and living manners,) and will still create amusement. They are, certainly, not such verses as a bishop would write now-a-days; neither is it probable, that a man given to the composition of such poems would ever grace

* In *The Book of Sports*, by King James, 1618, it is declared to be his majesty's pleasure, "that after the end of divine service, our good people shall not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation; such as dancing, either men or women; archerie, for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreation; nor from having of May-games, Witson ales, and Morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles therein used; and that women shall have leave to carry rushes to the church for the decorating of it, according to their old custome." Let any one compare this with the present notions on the subject of profanation of the sabbath.

the episcopal bench. Corbet's real character is, perhaps, more clearly seen, and to more advantage, from the scattered anecdotes of his life, and an extract or two from one of his sermons, than from his verse. For this reason, we will, after mentioning the few particulars known of his biography, quote certain passages of and concerning him, collected by the industry of Mr. Gilchrist.*

Richard Corbet, successively bishop of Oxford and Norwich, was born in the village of Ewell, in Surrey, in the year 1582: he was the only son of Benet, or Benedicta, and Vincent Corbet. Of his father, who is highly praised by Ben Jonson for various virtues, little seems to be known, beyond the fact of his being, either by taste or trade, a gardener. He resided at Whitton, near Twickenham, where his son, the bishop, spent his declining days. Richard Corbet received the rudiments of his education at Westminster, and was thence removed, in 1597-8, to Broadgate Hall, and, the year following, was admitted a student of Christ Church, Oxford. In 1605, he took the degree of Master of Arts.

The following early specimen of his humour, somewhat faded, it must be confessed, is preserved, in a collection of "Mery Passages and Jeastes," *Harl. MS. No. 6385*. "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raue* wine, and gives it to the tapster; "Sirrah!" says he, "carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him." The fellow did, and in those terms; "Friend," says Bishop Corbet, "I thank him for his love, but, prythee, tell him, from me, that he is mistaken, for sacrifices are always *burnt*."

In 1612, upon the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, the University deputed Corbet, then one of the proctors, to pronounce a funeral oration, "who," to use the words of Antony Wood, "very oratorically speeched it in St. Marie's Church, before a numerous auditory." The oration still exists (in Latin), and is printed in Mr. Gilchrist's edition. On the 18th March, in the following year, he performed the same duty, in the Divinity School, on occasion of the interment of Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the library known by his name. We learn, from Heylyn, that about this time Corbet gave considerable offence by openly opposing one of the doctrines of Calvin, which doctrines were espoused by Abbot, the then Archbishop of Canterbury. "Preaching the Passion Sermon at Christ Church (1613), he insisted on the article of Christ's descending into hell, and therein grated upon Calvin's manifest perverting of the true sense and meaning of it; for which, says Heylyn, he was so rattled up by the Repetitioner (Dr. Robert Abbot, brother to the archbishop) that if he had not been a man of a very great courage, it might have made him afraid of staying in the University. This, it was generally conceived, was not done without the arch-

bishop setting on; but, the best was, adds Heylyn, that none sunk under the burthen of these oppressions, if (like the Camomil) they did not rise the higher for it."

This observation was proved in the person of Corbet himself. He was either now, or soon after, dean of Christ Church, Vicar of Cassington, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and prebendary of Bedminster secunda in the church of Sarum. He next obtained a chaplaincy to the king, which is supposed to be the object of the following characteristic letter to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

"May it please your Grace

"To consider my two great losses this week; one, in respect to his Majesty, to whom I was to preach; the other, in respect to my patron, whom I was to visit. If this be not the way to repair the latter of my losses, I fear I am in danger to be utterly undone. To press too near a great man is a meanness; to be put by, and to stand too far off, is the way to be forgotten: so Ecclesiastius. In which mediocrity, could I hit it, would I live and die, my lord. I would neither press near, nor stand far off; choosing rather the name of an ill courtier, than a saucy scholar.

"I am your Grace's most humble servant,

"RICHARD CORBET.

"Christ Church, this 26 Feb."

When James paid a visit to Oxford, in 1621, Corbet preached before him. The monarch presented him with a mark of his favour, in the shape of a ring, of which, during his sermon, the chaplain seems to have made an ostentatious display. The wits of the time did not lose so favourable an opportunity of holding up to ridicule a man from whom they had so often suffered in a similar way. The following is a specimen of their attacks upon him, transcribed from Antony Wood's papers in Ashmole's Museum.

"The king and the court,
Desirous of sport,
Six days at Woodstock did lie;
Thither went the doctors,
And satin-sleev'd proctors,
With the rest of the learned fry;
Whose faces did shine
With beer and with wine;
So fat, that it may be thought
University cheer,
With college strong beer,
Made them far better fed than taught.
A number beside,
With their wenches did ride,
(For scholars are always kind)
And still evermore,
While they rode before,
They were kissing their wenches behind.
A number on foot,
Without cloak or boot,
And yet with the court go they would;
Desirous to show
How far they could go
To do his high mightiness good.

* In his very respectable edition of Corbet, 12mo., 1807. A limited number only was printed, and it is now become difficult to procure a copy.

* Heylyn's Life of Archbishop Laud, p. 68, fol. 1668.

'The reverend dean,
With his band starch'd clean,
Did preach before the king;
A ring was his pride
To his bandstrings tied—
Was not this a pretty thing?
The ring, without doubt,
Was the thing put him out,
And made him forget what was next;
For every one there,
Will say, I dare swear,
He handled it more than his text."

It is again demanded in another poem (MS. Ashmole, A. 37.) if

He would provoke court wits to sing
The second part of bandstrings and the ring.

About the year 1625, Corbet married the daughter of Dr. Leonard Hutton, of Flore, in Northamptonshire. He had, by this marriage, a daughter named Alice, and also a son, Vincent, to whom a very affectionate poem in this collection is addressed.

In 1629, Corbet was elected Bishop of Oxford. This bishopric he held but a short time; for, in 1632, he was translated to the see of Norwich. In 1633, Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, died, and was succeeded by Laud, who soon bestirred himself to reform the abuses of the church, and regulate its ceremonies, which, it was alleged, had been sadly neglected in the time of his Calvinistic predecessor. For this purpose, Laud issued certain orders and instructions to the several bishops, requiring a strict examination into the state of religion and its ceremonies, in their several dioceses. On his part, Corbet certified that he had suppressed the lectures of some factious men, and, particularly, that he had suspended one Bridges, curate of St. George's parish, Norwich. Among others, he had heard complaint of Mr. Ward, of Ipswich, for words in some sermon, for which he was called before the high commission. The words were, that he had told his congregation that "the Church of England was ready to ring changes on religion, and that the gospel stood on tiptoe to be gone." We may conclude, from the following friendly letter from Corbet, that Ward had made his peace.

"My worthy friend,

"I thank God for your conformity, and you for your acknowledgment: stand upright to the church wherein you live; be true of heart to her governors; think well of her significant ceremonies; and be you assured I shall never displace you of that room which I have given you in my affection; prove you a good tenant in my heart, and no minister in my diocese hath a better landlord. Farewell! God Almighty bless you with your whole congregation.

"From your faithful friend to serve you in Christ Jesus. "RICH. NORWICH."

We also find a letter of the bishop's to the Walloon congregation, who rented from his see the chapel of the Virgin Mary in Norwich. Laud had disturbed the whole of these congre-

* Harl. MS. No. 461. fol. 13. See Gilchrist's Ed.

gations, many of which were established in London, and spread over the country; and he probably instigated Corbet to the composition of the following threatening letter.

"To the minister and elders of the French church, in Norwich, these:
"Salutem in Christo.

"You have promised me from time to time to restore my stolen bell, and to glaze my let-tice windows. After three years' consultation, (besides other pollution) I see nothing mended. Your discipline, I know, care not much for a consecrated place, and any other room in Nor-wich, that hath but breadth and length, may serve you turn as well as the chapel; where-fore I say unto you, without a miracle, *Lazare, prodi foras!* Depart, and hire some other place for your irregular meetings: you shall have time to provide for yourselves betwixt this and Whitsuntide. And that you may not think I mean to deal with you as Felix did by Paul, that is, make you afraid, to get money, I shall keep my word with you, which you did not with me, and, as near as I can, be like you in nothing.

"Written by me, Richard Norwiche, with mine own hand, Dec. 26, anno 1634."

The bishop was not, however, a persecutor; the Walloon company having undertaken to make the necessary repairs, they afterwards obtained a lease of the church for forty years.

Corbet, though a wit and a poet, and an ar-dent lover of enjoyment, was by no means an idle bishop. Of his numerous sermons there are no remains, except some extracts from a very lively exhortation in behalf of the sub-scription for restoring St. Paul's Cathedral, which had remained in ruins from its second destruction by fire, early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He himself gave four hundred pounds, and the sermon exhibits as much zeal in the project as his donation.

"Saint Paul's church! One word in the behalf of Saint Paul; he hath spoken many in ours: he hath raised our inward temples. Let us help to requite him in his outward. We admire commonly those things which are oldest and greatest: old monuments, and high build-ings, do affect us above measure: and what is the reason? Because what is oldest cometh nearest God for antiquity, and what is greatest, comes nearest his works for spaciousness and magnitude: so that in honouring these we honour God, whom old and great do seem to imi-tate. Should I commend Paul's to you for the age, it were worth your thought and admira-tion. A thousand years, though it should fall now, were a pretty climacterical. See the bigness, and your eye never yet beheld such a goodly object. It's worth the reparation, though it were but for a land mark; but, be-loved, it is a church, and consecrated to God. From Charles to Ethelbert she hath been the joy of princes. It was once dedicated to Diana (at least some part of it); but the idolatry lasted not long. And see a mystery in the change: Saint Paul confuting twice the idol, there in person, where the cry was, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and here by proxy. Paul in-stalled, where Diana is thrust out. It did magnify the creation, it was taken out of the

darkness: light is not the clearer for it, but stronger and more wonderful: and it doth beautify this church, because it was taken from pollution. The stones are not the more durable, but the happier for it. It is worthy the standing for the age, the time since it was built, and for the structure, so stately an edifice is it: it is worthy to stand for a memorial of it from which it is redeemed, but chiefly for His house that dwells therein. We are bound to do it, for the service sake that is done in it. Are we not beholden to it, every man, either to the body, or the choir: for a walk or a warbling note: for a prayer or a thorough path? Some way or other, there is a topic may make room for your benevolence.

"It hath twice suffered martyrdom: and both by fire, in the time of Henry the Sixth and the third of Elizabeth.

"Saint Paul complained of stoning twice; his church of firing: stoning she wants, indeed, and a good stoning would repair her.

"Saint Faith holds her up. I confess. Oh, that works were sainted to keep her upright! The first way of building churches was by ways of benevolence; but then there needed no petition: men came on so fast, that they were commanded to be kept back; but repairing now needs petition. Benevolence was a fire once had need to be quenched: it is a spark now, and needs blowing on it: blow it hard, and put it out. Some petitions there are, for pulling down of such an aisle, or changing lead for thack: so far from reparation, that our suit is to demolish. If to deny this be persecution, if to repair churches be innovation, I'll be of that religion too.

"I remember a tale in Henry Steevens, in his *Apology for Herodotus*, or in some of the *Colloquies of Erasmus*, which would have us believe that times were so depraved in popery, that all economical discipline was lost by observing the ecumenical: that if an ingenious person would ask his father's blessing, he must get a dispensation, and have a license from the bishop.

"Believe me, when I match this tale with another. Since Christmas I was sued to (and I have it under the hands of the minister and the whole parish,) that I would give way to the adorning of the church within and without, to build a stone wall about the church-yard, which till now had but a hedge. I took it for a flout at first, but it proved a suit indeed; they durst not mend a fault of forty years without a license. Church-wardens, though they say it not, yet I doubt me most of them think it, that foul spirits in the Gospel said, 'O, thou bishop or chancellor, what! art thou come to torment us before the time, that all is come down to the ground?' The truth went out once in this phrase: 'Zelus domus tue exedit ossa mea,' but now, vice versa, it is, 'Zelus meus exedit domum tuam.' I hope I gall none here.

"Should Christ say that to us now which he said once to the Jews, 'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it up again,' we would quickly know his meaning not to be the material temple. Three years can scarce promote three feet.

"I am verily persuaded, were it not for the pulpit and the pews, (I do not now mean the

altar and the font for the two sacraments, but for the pulpit and the stools, as you call them,) many churches had been down that stand. Stately pews are now become tabernacles, with rings and curtains to them. There wants nothing but beds to hear the word of God on; we have casements, locks and keys, and cushions; I had almost said, bolsters and pillows: and for those we love the church. I will not guess what is done within them, who sits, stands, or lies asleep at prayers, communion, &c.; but this I dare say, they are either to hide some vice, or to proclaim one; to hide disorder, or proclaim pride.

"In all other contributions, justice precedes charity. For the king, or for poor, as you are rated you must give and pay. It is not so with benevolence. Here charity rates herself; her gift is arbitrary, and her law is the conscience. He that stays till I persuade him, gives not all his own money: I give half that have procured it. He that comes persuaded gives his own; but takes off more than he brought, God paying use for nothing. But now comes your turn to speak, or God in you by your hands: for so he useth to speak many times by the hands of Moses and Aaron, and by the hands of Eay and Ezekiel, and by the hands of you his minor prophets. Now prosper, O Lord! the works of these hands! O prosper Thou our handy work! Amen."

Bishop Corbet died July, 1635, and was buried at Norwich. "He was," says Fuller, "of a courteous carriage, and no destructive nature to any who offended him, counting himself plentifully repaired with a jest upon him." Several curious anecdotes are collected from MSS. by Headley and Gilchrist, which illustrate his character in our opinion, do honour to his memory, and form an amiable conclusion to this slight compilation of the few particulars known of this joyous and amiable man.

"After he was doctor of divinity, he sang ballads at the Cross at Abingdon; on a market-day, he and some of his comrades were at the tavern by the Cross, (which, by the way, was then the finest of England; I remember it when I was a freshman; it was admirable curious gothic architecture, and fine figures in the niches; 'twas one of those built by king for his queen.) The ballad-singer complained he had no custom—he could not put off his ballads. The jolly doctor puts off his gown, and puts on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket, and being a handsome man, and a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many, and had a great audience.

"After the death of Dr. Goodwin, he was made Dean of Christ-Church. He had a good interest with great men, as you may find in his poems; and that with the then great favourite, the Duke of Bucks, his excellent wit ever 't was of recommendation to him. I have forgot the story; but at the same time Dr. Fell thought to have carried it. Dr. Corbet put a pretty trick on him, to let him take a journey to London for it, when he had already the grant of it.

"His conversation was extreme pleasant. Dr. Stubbins was one of his cronies; he was a jolly fat doctor, and a very good house-keeper. As Dr. Corbet and he were riding in Lob-lane,

in wet weather, (it is an extraordinary deep dirty lane,) the coach fell, and Corbet said, that Dr. S. was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins.

"A. D. 1628, he was made Bishop of Oxford; and I have heard that he had an admirable grave and venerable aspect.

"One time, as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremony, said he, 'Bear off there! or I'll confirm ye with my staff.' Another time, being to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turns to his chaplain, and said, 'Some dust, Lushington, to keep my hand from slipping.' There was a man with a great venerable beard: said the bishop, 'You, behind the beard!'

"His chaplain, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingenious man, and they loved one another. The bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplain would go and lock themselves in and be merry; then first he lays down his episcopal hood, 'There lays the doctor;' then he puts off his gown, 'There lays the bishop;' then 't was, 'Here's to thee, Corbet;—Here's to thee, Lushington.' "

"If flowing wit, if verses writ with ease,
If learning void of pedantry can please;
If much good humour, join'd to solid sense
And mirth accompanied with innocence,
Can give a poet a just right to fame,
Then Corbet may immortal honours claim."

From the London Magazine.

A NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE KENT EAST-INDIAMAN, *by fire, in the Bay of Biscay, on the 1st of March, 1825, in a Letter to a Friend. By a Passenger.*

If this little book had not too much both of the manner and matter of an Antinomian Tract, written to be thrown down cellar steps, and given in exchange for hare and rabbit skins at back-doors, we should have thought it our duty to return nothing but thanks to the author who has favoured us with this narrative of his experience. The catastrophe of the Kent was of a kind to give a further insight into human nature. That which increases the complication of powerful feelings necessarily exhibited on such an occasion, viz. the preservation of the ship, at the same time has luckily preserved to us an historian of them: the fortunate incident of the succour of the Cambria not only let in the light of hope and joy upon the crowds of sufferers on board the Kent, but has made us spectators of the agonizing scenes which usually pass amidst the solitude of the ocean without witness, and are swept into oblivion without record. The newspapers have given the letters of the captain of the Cambria, and some other documents, to the public, as well as a sketch of the transaction; it is only, however, to be learnt in its interesting details, from the tract before us, written by a passenger in the Kent, a soldier and an officer, bearing the name, if we may judge from internal evidence, of Major Macgregor.

Our readers are aware that the Kent was

carrying to India not only her own cargo and crew, consisting of one hundred and forty-eight men, but had on board a very considerable part of the 31st regiment, viz. twenty officers, three hundred and forty-four soldiers, forty-three women, and sixty-six children, together with twenty private passengers, when she was discovered to be on fire in the Bay of Biscay, on the 1st March: that she ultimately blew up and sank, the chief part of the individuals on board having been previously rescued by the timely arrival of the Cambria.

On the night of Monday the 28th February, when the Kent was in lat. 47 deg. 30 min., long. 10 deg., a violent gale blew from the west, and gradually increased during the following morning. The rolling of the vessel became tremendous about midnight, so that the best fastened articles of furniture in the principal cabins were dashed about with violence, and the main chains were thrown at every lurch considerably under water.

"It was a little before this period that one of the officers of the ship, with the well-meant intention of ascertaining that all was fast below, descended with two of the sailors into the hold, where they carried with them, for safety, a light in the patent lantern; and seeing that the lamp burned dimly, the officer took the precaution to hand it up to the orlop deck to be trimmed. Having afterwards discovered one of the spirit casks to be adrift, he sent the sailors for some billets of wood to secure it; but the ship in their absence having made a heavy lurch, the officer unfortunately dropped the light; and letting go his hold of the cask in his eagerness to recover the lantern, it suddenly stove, and the spirits communicating with the lamp, the whole place was instantly in a blaze."—(P. 10.)

It so happened that the author, after having read to Mrs. —, at her request, the 12th chapter of St. Luke, went into the cuddy to observe the state of the barometer, when he received from Captain Spence, the captain of the day, the alarming information that the ship was on fire in the after hold.

"As long as the devouring element appeared to be confined to the spot where the fire originated, and which we were assured was surrounded on all sides by the water casks, we ventured to cherish hopes that it might be subdued; but no sooner was the light blue vapour that at first arose succeeded by volumes of thick dingy smoke, which speedily ascending through all the four hatchways, rolled over every part of the ship, than all farther concealment became impossible, and almost all hope of preserving the vessel was abandoned. 'The flames have reached the cable tier' was exclaimed by some individuals, and the strong pitchy smell that pervaded the deck confirmed the truth of the exclamation.

"In these awful circumstances, Captain Cobb, with an ability and decision of character that seemed to increase with the imminence of the danger, resorted to the only alternative now left him, of ordering the lower decks to be scuttled, the combings of the hatches to be cut, and the lower ports to be opened, for the free admission of the waves.

"These instructions were speedily executed

by the united efforts of the troops and seamen; but not before some of the sick soldiers, one woman, and several children, unable to gain the upper deck, had perished. On descending to the gun-deck with Colonel Fearon, Captain Bray and one or two other officers of the 31st regiment, to assist in opening the ports, I met, staggering towards the hatchway, in an exhausted and nearly senseless state, one of the mates, who informed us that he had just stumbled over the dead bodies of some individuals who must have died from suffocation, to which it was evident that he himself had almost fallen a victim. So dense and oppressive was the smoke, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could remain long enough below to fulfil Captain Cobb's wishes; which were no sooner accomplished than the sea rushed in with extraordinary force, carrying away, in its resistless progress to the hold, the largest chests, bulk-heads, &c.

"Such a sight, under any other conceivable circumstances, was well calculated to have filled us with horror; but in our natural solicitude to avoid the more immediate peril of explosion, we endeavoured to cheer each other, as we stood up to our knees in water, with a faint hope that by these violent means we might be speedily restored to safety. The immense quantity of water that was thus introduced into the hold, had indeed the effect, for a time, of checking the fury of the flames; but the danger of sinking having increased as the risk of explosion was diminished, the ship became water-logged, and presented other indications of settling, previous to her going down."

On the one hand stood death by fire, on the other death by water; the dilemma was dreadful. Preferring always the more remote alternative, the unfortunate crew were at one moment attempting to check the fire by means of the water; and when the water became the most threatening enemy, their efforts were turned to the exclusion of the waves, and the fire was permitted to rage with all its fury.

"The scene of horror that now presented itself, baffles all description—

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;

Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave.

"The upper deck was covered with between six and seven hundred human beings, many of whom, from previous sea sickness, were forced on the first alarm to flee from below in a state of absolute nakedness, and were now running about in quest of husbands, children, or parents. While some were standing in silent resignation, or in stupid insensibility to their impending fate, others were yielding themselves up to the most frantic despair. Some on their knees were earnestly imploring, with significant gesticulations and in noisy supplications, the mercy of Him, whose arm, they exclaimed, was at length outstretched to smite them; others were to be seen hastily crossing themselves, and performing the various external acts required by their peculiar persuasion, while a number of the older and more stout-hearted soldiers and sailors sullenly took their seats directly over the magazine, hoping, as they stated, that by means of the explosion

which they every instant expected, a speedier termination might thereby be put to their sufferings.* Several of the soldiers' wives and children, who had fled for temporary shelter into the after cabins on the upper deck, were engaged in prayer and in reading the Scriptures with the ladies, some of whom were enabled, with wonderful self-possession, to offer to others those spiritual consolations, which a firm and intelligent trust in the Redeemer of the world appeared at this awful hour to impart to their own breasts. The dignified deportment of two young ladies in particular, formed a specimen of natural strength of mind, finely modified by Christian feeling, that failed not to attract the notice and admiration of every one who had an opportunity of witnessing it. On the melancholy announcement being made to them that all hope must be relinquished, and that death was rapidly and inevitably approaching, one of the ladies above referred to, calmly sinking down on her knees, and clasping her hands together said, 'even so, come Lord Jesus,' and immediately proposing to read a portion of the Scriptures to those around her; her sister with nearly equal composure and collectedness of mind selected the 46th and other appropriate Psalms, which were accordingly read, with intervals of prayer, by those ladies alternately to the assembled females.

"One young gentleman, of whose promising talents and piety I dare not now make farther mention, having calmly asked me my opinion respecting the state of the ship, I told him that I thought we should be prepared to sleep that night in eternity; and I shall never forget the peculiar fervour with which he replied, as he pressed my hand in his, 'my heart is filled with the peace of God'; adding, 'yet though I know it is foolish, I dread exceedingly the last struggle.'

"Amongst the numerous objects that struck my observation at this period, I was much affected with the appearance and conduct of some of the dear children, who, quite unconscious in the cuddly cabins, of the perils that surrounded them, continued to play as usual with their little toys in bed, or to put the most innocent and unseasonable questions to those around them. To some of the older children, who seemed fully alive to the reality of the danger, I whispered, now is the time to put in practice the instructions you used to receive at the Regimental School, and to think of that Saviour of whom you have heard so much; they replied, as the tears ran down their cheeks, 'O Sir, we are trying to remember them, and we are praying to God.'—(P. 15.)

All hope had departed! the employment of the different individuals indicated utter despair of rescue—one was removing a lock of hair from his writing desk to his bosom—another was searching for paper to address a hur-

* Captain Cobb, with great forethought, ordered the deck to be scuttled forward, with a view to draw the fire in that direction, knowing that between it and the magazine were several tiers of water casks; while he hoped that the wet sails, &c. thrown into the after hold, would prevent it from communicating with the spirit room abaft.

ried scrawl to his father, which he intended to inclose in a bottle—others were awaiting their fate in stupor—some with manly fortitude—others bewailing it with loud and bitter lamentation—and part were occupied in prayer and mutual encouragement.

"It was at this appalling instant, when 'all hope that we should be saved was now taken away,' and when the letter referred to was about being committed to the waves, that it occurred to Mr. Thomson, the fourth mate, to send a man to the foretop, rather with the ardent wish, than the expectation, that some friendly sail might be discovered on the face of the waters. The sailor, on mounting, threw his eyes round the horizon for a moment,—a moment of unutterable suspense,—and waving his hat, exclaimed, 'a sail on the lee bow!' The joyful announcement was received with deep-felt thanksgivings, and with three cheers upon deck. Our flags of distress were instantly hoisted, and our minute guns fired; and we endeavoured to bear down under our three top-sails and fore-sail upon the stranger, which afterwards proved to be the *Cambria*, a small brig of 200 tons burden—Cook—bound to Vera Cruz, having on board twenty or thirty Cornish miners, and other agents of the Anglo-Mexican Company."

Up to this moment the history is sad and painful—had it been nothing more, probably neither the book nor this account of it would have been written.

The agony which wrings the human frame and tortures the human imagination at the visible approach of death, may be an instructive object of contemplation, but it is not one which we should choose for exhibition. The subsequent scenes of this catastrophe, on the contrary, present no ideas but such as are most honourable to human nature generally, and to our countrymen in particular, and afford the brightest and most precious examples of noble bearing and true gallantry in a season of the most severe trial. Let those who talk of the age of chivalry being gone, read this narrative, and they will learn to despise the romantic cant which refers all that is great and good to the periods of darkness and barbarism: of all the instances recorded of magnanimity and generosity, we know of none more consolatory to a lover and admirer of his race, than the whole conduct of the officers and men as it is here described. Others may glory in descriptions of splendid passages of arms, but no military ardour or chivalrous exploit can convey such deep satisfaction to the well regulated mind, as does the glorious contest of courage and nobleness displayed in the history of this shipwreck.

For some time the *Kent* was not observed by the stranger; the roaring of the sea drowned the report of their distress guns; but at length the ascending volumes of smoke attracted the attention of the brig, and announced the nature of her situation. The brig hoisted British colours, and crowded all sail to the relief of the ship on fire.

"Although it was impossible, and would have been improper to repress the rising hopes that were pretty generally diffused amongst us by the unexpected sight of the

Cambria, yet I confess, that when I reflected on the long period our ship had been already burning—on the tremendous sea that was running—on the extreme smallness of the brig, and the immense number of human beings to be saved,—I could only venture to hope that a few might be spared; but I durst not for a moment contemplate the possibility of my own preservation."—(P. 23.)

When it is remembered that the decks were crowded with between six and seven hundred persons just snatched from the fear of death, it might have been easily supposed that the extremity of the danger would have instantly dissolved all ties of affection, duty, and discipline, and that nothing would have occurred to the mind but ideas of self-preservation. Had this been the case, the weak would have been sacrificed to the strong, women to men, children to both; and the scene exhibited would have been a horrible and ferocious scramble for life, which, in most instances, would have been defeated in its purpose; or it might have been supposed that the superior officers, taking advantage of their command, would have used it in order to secure their own safety. Again, in the case of the way being given to the weak, and security being offered first to those who were least able to arrive at it by their own exertions, the opportunity might have been seized with indecent haste or with ill-feigned hypocrisy. Let us turn to the narrative, and be instructed.

"While Captain Cobb, Colonel Fearon, and Major Macgregor of the 31st regiment, were consulting together, as the brig was approaching us, on the necessary preparations for getting out the boats, &c. one of the officers asked Major M. in what order it was intended the officers should move off? to which the other replied, 'Of course in funeral order;' which injunction was instantly confirmed by Colonel Fearon, who said, 'Most undoubtedly the juniors first—but see that any man is cut down who presumes to enter the boats before the means of escape are presented to the women and children.'

"To prevent the rush to the boats, as they were being lowered, which, from certain symptoms of impatience manifested both by soldiers and sailors, there was reason to fear, some of the military officers were stationed over them with drawn swords. But from the firm determination which these exhibited, and the great subordination observed, with few exceptions, by the troops, this proper precaution was afterwards rendered unnecessary.

"Arrangements having been considerably made by Captain Cobb for placing in the first boat, previous to letting it down, all the ladies, and as many of the soldiers' wives as it could safely contain, they hurriedly wrapt themselves up in whatever article of clothing could be most conveniently found; and I think about two, or half past two o'clock, a most mournful procession advanced from the after cabins to the starboard cuddy port, outside of which the cutter was suspended. Scarcely a word was uttered,—not a scream was heard—even the infants ceased to cry, as if conscious of the unspoken and unspeakable anguish that was at that instant rending the hearts of their

parting parents—nor was the silence of voices in any way broken except in one or two cases, where the ladies plaintively entreated permission to be left behind with their husbands. But on being assured that every moment's delay might occasion the sacrifice of a human life, they successively suffered themselves to be torn from the tender embrace, and with the fortitude which never fails to characterize and adorn their sex on occasions of overwhelming trial, were placed, without a murmur, in the boat, which was immediately lowered into a sea so tempestuous, as to leave us only 'to hope against hope' that it should live in it for a single moment. Twice the cry was heard from those on the chains that the boat was swamping. But He who enabled the Apostle Peter to walk on the face of the deep, and was graciously attending to the silent but earnest aspirations of those on board, had decreed its safety.

"Although Captain Cobb had used every precaution to diminish the danger of the boat's descent, and for this purpose stationed a man with an axe to cut away the tackle from either extremity, should the slightest difficulty occur in unhooking it; yet the peril attending the whole operation, which can only be adequately estimated by nautical men, had very nearly proved fatal to its numerous inmates."

"After one or two unsuccessful attempts to place the little frail bark fairly upon the surface of the water, the command was at length given to unhook; the tackle at the stern was, in consequence, immediately cleared; but the ropes at the bow having got foul, the sailor there found it impossible to obey the order. In vain was the axe applied to the entangled tackle. The moment was inconceivably critical; as the boat, which necessarily followed the motion of the ship, was gradually rising out of the water, and must, in another instant, have been hanging perpendicularly by the bow, and its helpless passengers launched into the deep, had not a most providential wave suddenly struck and lifted up the stern, so as to enable the seaman to disengage the tackle; and the boat, being dexterously cleared from the ship, was seen, after a little while, from the poop, battling with the billows; now raised, in its progress to the brig, like a speck on their summit, and then disappearing for several seconds, as if engulfed 'in the horrid vale' between them."

"The Cambria having prudently lain to at some distance from the Kent, lest she should be involved in her explosion, or exposed to the fire from our guns, which, being all shot, afterwards went off as the flames successively reached them, the men had a considerable way to row; and the success of this first experiment seeming to be the measure of our future hopes, the movement of this precious boat—incalculably precious, without doubt, to the agonized husbands and fathers immediately connected with it—were watched with intense anxiety by all on board. The better to balance the boat in the raging sea through which it had to pass, and to enable the seamen to ply their oars, the women and children were stowed promiscuously under the seats; and consequently exposed to the risk of being

drowned by the continual dashing of the spray over their heads, which so filled the boat during the passage, that before their arrival at the brig, the poor females were sitting up to the breast in water, and their children kept with the greatest difficulty above it."—(P. 23.)

The boat arrived safe and returned. The feelings of oppressive delight, gratitude, and praise, experienced by the married officers and soldiers, on being assured of the comparative safety of their wives and children, (says the author,) was such as to render them, for a little while, totally insensible either to the storm that beat upon them, or to the active and gathering volcano that threatened every instant to explode under their feet.

The removal of the women and children was continued. It not being possible for the boats, after the first trip, to come alongside, a plan was adopted for lowering them down by ropes from the stern, by tying them two and two together. From the heaving of the ship, and from the extreme difficulty in dropping them at the instant the boat was underneath, many of the poor creatures were unavoidably plunged repeatedly under water. No woman was lost by this process; but the sacrifice of children was deplorable, who expired under the violent means which only reduced their parents to exhaustion or insensibility. Orders were at length given that a certain portion of the soldiers should be admitted into each of the boats along with the females; several of whom, in their eagerness to take advantage of this permission (*and not before*) threw themselves overboard and were drowned. One poor fellow of this number, a very respectable man, had actually reached the boat, and was raising his hand to lay hold on the gunwale, when the bow of the boat, by a sudden pitch, struck him on the head, and he instantly went down.*

"Amid the conflicting feelings and dispositions manifested by the numerous actors in this melancholy drama, many affecting proofs were elicited of parental and filial affection, or of disinterested friendship, that seemed to shed a momentary halo around the gloomy scene."

"Two or three soldiers, to relieve their wives of part of their families, sprang into the water with their children, and perished in their endeavours to save them. One young lady, who had resolutely refused to quit her father,

* There was a peculiarity attending this man's case that deserves notice. His wife, to whom he was warmly attached, not having been of the allotted number of women to accompany the regiment abroad, resolved, in her anxiety to follow her husband, to defeat this arrangement, and accordingly repaired with the detachment to Gravesend, where she ingeniously managed, by eluding the vigilance of the sentries, to get on board, and conceal herself for several days; and although she was discovered, and sent ashore at Deal, she contrived a second time, with true feminine perseverance, to get between decks, where she continued to secrete herself until the morning of the fatal disaster.

whose sense of duty kept him at his post, was near falling a sacrifice to her filial devotion, not having been picked up by those in the boats until she had sunk five or six times. Another individual, who was reduced to the frightful alternative of losing his wife or his children, hastily decided in favour of his duty to the former. His wife was accordingly saved, but his four children, alas! were left to perish. A fine fellow, a soldier, who had neither wife nor child of his own, but who evinced the greatest solicitude for the safety of those of others, insisted on having three children lashed to him, with whom he plunged into the water; not being able to reach the boat, he was again drawn into the ship with his charge, but not before two of the children had expired. One man fell down the hatchway into the flames, and another had his back so completely broken as to have been observed quite doubled falling overboard. These numerous spectacles of individual loss and suffering were not confined to the entrance upon the perilous voyage between the two ships. One man, who fell between the boat and the brig, had his head literally crushed to pieces; and some others were lost in their attempts to ascend the sides of the Cambria."—(P. 29.)

As the day was rapidly drawing to a close, and the flames were spreading, it became necessary to facilitate the means of passing from the ships into the boats. With this view a rope was suspended from the extremity of the spanker-boom, along which the men were recommended to creep, and thence slide down by the rope. By this place the greatest number seem to have been removed, though with much inconvenience and very serious risk: from the great swell of the sea, and the constant heaving of the ship, it was impossible for the boats to preserve their station for a moment, so that the person upon the rope was dashed about, and much bruised, before he could find the boat, and frequently was plunged into the water three or four or even five times. This process presented appalling difficulties only to the landsmen; the sailors appear to have effected their escape without much trouble or danger. Their desertion of the ship and subsequent unwillingness to return to the rescue of the landsmen, is the only blot upon this fine story.* Many of the soldiers, alarmed at the danger of descending the rope, continued to throw themselves out of the stern windows, preferring the more precarious chance of reaching the boats by swimming.

When the greater part of the men had been disposed of,

"The gradual removal of the officers was

commenced, and was marked by a discipline the most rigid, and an intrepidity the most exemplary: none appearing to be influenced by a vain and ostentatious bravery, which, in cases of extreme peril, affords rather a presumptive proof of secret timidity than of fortitude; nor any betraying an unmanly or unsoldier-like impatience to quit the ship; but with the becoming deportment of men neither paralyzed by, nor profanely insensible to the accumulating dangers that encompassed them, they progressively departed in the different boats with their soldiers:—they who happened to proceed first, leaving behind them an example of coolness, that could not be unprofitable to those who followed.

"But the finest illustration of their conduct was displayed in that of their chief, whose ability and invincible presence of mind, under the complicated responsibility and anxiety of a commander, husband, and father, were eminently calculated, throughout this dismal day, to inspire all others with composure and fortitude. Never for a moment did Colonel Fearon seem to forget the authority with which his sovereign had invested him; nor did any of his officers, as far as my observation went, cease to remember the relative situations in which they were severally placed. Even in the gloomiest moments of that dark season, when the dissolution of every earthly distinction seemed near at hand, the decision and confidence with which orders were issued on the one hand, and the promptitude and respect with which they were obeyed on the other, afford the best proofs of the stability of the well-connected system of discipline established in the 31st regiment, and the most unquestionable ground for the high and flattering commendation which his Royal Highness the commander-in-chief has been pleased to bestow upon it."

The writer speaks most favourably of the state of feeling among the soldiers. Under the circumstances, the two following anecdotes are highly creditable.

Every individual was desired to tie a rope round his waist;

"While the people were busily occupied in adopting this recommendation, I was surprised, I had almost said amused, by the singular delicacy of one of the Irish recruits, who, in searching for a rope in one of the cabins, called out to me that he could find none except the cordage belonging to an officer's cot, and wished to know whether there would be any harm in his appropriating it to his own use."

Again:—

"As an agreeable proof too, of the subordination and good feeling that governed the poor soldiers in the midst of their sufferings, I ought to state, that towards evening, when the melancholy groups who were passively seated on the poop, exhausted by previous fatigue, anxiety, and fasting, were beginning to experience the pain of intolerable thirst, a box of oranges was accidentally discovered by some of the men, who, with a degree of mingled consideration, respect, and affection, that could hardly have been expected at such a moment, refused to partake of the grateful beverage until they had offered a share of it to their officers."

* One anecdote is told of them, which is characteristic enough of the British seaman. One of the sailors, who had taken his post with many others over the magazine, awaiting with great patience the dreaded explosion, at last cried out, as if in ill humour that his expectation was likely to be disappointed: "Well! if she won't blow up, I'll see if I can't get away from her," and instantly jumping up, he made the best of his way to one of the boats, which it is believed he reached in safety.

As the sun was setting and darkness approached, a singular change took place in the feelings of those men who remained. The natural impatience to depart, which, however subdued, had in the course of the day agitated their hearts, gradually changed into an extreme reluctance to leave the ship. Towards evening it was with the utmost difficulty that the men could be prevailed upon to brave the dangers of the descent and the passage to the brig; so that the officers and leaders, who had felt it at first their duty to exhibit a backwardness in departing, and who had expressed publicly their determination to remain till the last, found it necessary to show an example of a willingness to go. The author describes his own descent in detail: the description will give a very lively notion of the difficulty and danger.

"The spanker-boom of so large a ship as the Kent, which projects, I should think, 16 or 18 feet over the stern, rests on ordinary occasions about 19 or 20 feet above the water; but in the position in which we were placed, from the great height of the sea, and consequent pitching of the ship, it was frequently lifted to a height of not less than 30 or 40 feet from the surface.

"To reach the rope, therefore, that hung from its extremity, was an operation that seemed to require the aid of as much dexterity of hand as steadiness of head. For it was not only the nervousness of creeping along the boom itself, or the extreme difficulty of afterwards seizing on, and sliding down by the rope, that we had to dread, and that had occasioned the loss of some valuable lives, by deterring the men from adopting this mode of escape; but as the boat, which the one moment was probably close under the boom, might be carried the next, by the force of the waves, 15 or 20 yards away from it, the unhappy individual, whose best calculations were thus defeated, was generally left swinging for some time in mid-air, if he was not repeatedly plunged several feet under water, or dashed with dangerous violence against the sides of the returning boat,—or, what not unfrequently happened, was forced to let go his hold of the rope altogether. As there seemed, however, no alternative, I did not hesitate, notwithstanding my comparative inexperience and awkwardness in such a situation, to throw my leg across the perilous stick; and with a heart extremely grateful that such means of deliverance, dangerous as they appeared, were still extended to me; and more grateful still that I had been enabled, in common with others, to discharge my honest duty to my sovereign and to my fellow-soldiers;—I proceeded, after confidently committing my spirit, the great object of my solicitude, into the keeping of Him who had formed and redeemed it, to creep slowly forward, feeling at every step the increasing difficulty of my situation. On getting nearly to the end of the boom, the young officer whom I followed and myself were met with a squall of wind and rain, so violent as to make us fain to embrace closely the slippery stick, without attempting for some minutes to make any progress, and to excite our apprehension that we must relinquish all hope of reaching the rope. But our fears were disap-

pointed; and after resting for a while at the boom end, while my companion was descending to the boat, which he did not find until he had been plunged once or twice over head in the water, I prepared to follow; and instead of lowering myself, as many had imprudently done, at the moment when the boat was inclining towards us,—and consequently being unable to descend the whole distance before it again receded,—I calculated that while the boat was retiring I ought to commence my descent, which would probably be completed by the time the returning wave brought it underneath; by which means I was, I believe, almost the only officer or soldier who reached the boat without being either severely bruised or immersed in the water. But my friend Colonel Fearon had not been so fortunate: for after swinging for some time, and being repeatedly struck against the side of the boat, and at one time drawn completely under it, he was at last so utterly exhausted, that he must instantly have let go his hold of the rope and perished, had not some one in the boat seized him by the hair of the head and dragged him into it, almost senseless and alarmingly bruised.

"Captain Cobb, in his immovable resolution to be the last, if possible to quit his ship, and in his generous anxiety for the preservation of every life entrusted to his charge, refused to seek the boat, until he again endeavoured to urge onward the few still around him, who seemed struck dumb and powerless with dismay. But finding all entreaties fruitless, and hearing the guns, whose tackle was burst asunder by the advancing flames, successively exploding in the hold into which they had fallen,—this gallant officer, after having nobly pursued, for the preservation of others, a course of exertion that has been rarely equalled either in its duration or difficulty, at last felt it right to provide for his own safety, by laying hold on the topping-lift, or rope that connects the driver-boom with the mizen-top, and thereby getting over the heads of the infatuated men who occupied the boom, unable to go either backward or forward, and ultimately dropping himself into the water."

We cannot spare room for further extract, but must refer the reader to the book itself for many interesting details and anecdotes, together with much instructive observation. The circumstances subsequent to the removal of the passengers to the Cambria are also narrated by this author. Our readers must not imagine that the sufferings of the men ended with the departure from the Kent. Owing to the continued violence of the gale, and to the bulwarks on one side of the brig Cambria (merely a small vessel of two hundred tons) having been driven in, the sea beat so incessantly over the deck, as to render it necessary that the hatches should only be lifted up between the returning waves to prevent absolute suffocation below, where the men were so closely packed together, that the steam arising from respiration excited, at one time, an apprehension that the vessel was on fire. The humanity of the captain, passengers, and crew on board the Cambria, was exerted in a most exemplary manner upon the crowds of half-naked, horror-struck individuals who crowded

their decks, and forms the last act of this series of transactions, which bear a more glorious testimony in honour of British human nature than perhaps any other crisis on record.

In a former number, we gave to the public a most interesting narrative of the rescue of fourteen of the individuals who remained on the Kent after the departure of the boats of the Cambria, and who probably formed part of the remnant whom no persuasion could induce to descend from the spanker-boom; these men, it will be remembered, were preserved by the heroic exertions of another small band of British sailors. The narrative of this last eventful scene, as we gave it from a most authentic source, form, together with a few lines of introduction which we prefixed to it, the principal part of the Appendix to this little volume, and which the author has copied without the slightest acknowledgment of the work to which he is indebted for it. As he assures his readers, in the lines prefixed to the narrative, that it is derived from an authentic source, it would have been honest in him to say on what authority he gave such assurance, as he himself could know nothing of the matter.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

THE HUNTING ALDERMAN.

"Now let us sing long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see." JOHN GILPIN.

"Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the Greve," says Prior's song, and it is almost equally impossible for any one to have been in the neighbourhood of Taunton, at least if he have any venatorial blood in his veins, without knowing the worthy Squire Tasborough, the staunchest Nimrod left to us since Colonel Thornton, of sporting celebrity, was unfortunate enough to be in at his own death. "Fifty guineas to five," cried the Squire to a party of hunting companions, who were giving no respite to the magnums of claret at his own table,—"fifty guineas to ten, that the Alderman won't turn out with us next Friday." "Done!" cried old Major Cunningham.—"And five hundred guineas to fifty," roared the Squire, "that he won't be in at the death." "Done to that too," replied the Major; "I always take the long odds." It was a bet, and regularly entered in their pocket-books by the respective parties.

I am not at liberty to give any other clue to the Alderman in question, than by stating, that he purchased an estate about two years ago in Somersetshire, which will probably be a sufficient guide to my civic readers, and that as he was hardly ever known to have been on horseback in his life, the invitation to the hunt had been sent to him as a mere frolic, although it had produced the very serious bets I have recorded. Other wagers arose out of these, *ut mos est venatoribus*, and, as considerable interest had been excited by their ridiculous nature, I resolved to be in the field, and witness their termination. The day appointed for the hunt

was one of those misty, dewy, drizzling mornings of October, which seems to be an anticipation of the succeeding month, and to leave you in doubt whether it will settle into a confirmed rain, or sparkle up into a fresh, buoyant, invigorating day. Euston Common, the place of rendezvous, runs into a thicket of oaks and underwood, sloping down with an easy descent to Thorley Bottom. Through this copse a line winds and emerges into the lower common, where Squire Tasborough with his huntsmen, hounds, and merry men all, the greater part of them in scarlet coats and black velvet caps, were assembled, the former already triumphing over the Major, in the anticipated certainty of winning his wager; "What!" he exclaimed, "do you think old square-toes would turn out with a mist falling, and run the risk of damping his drab gaiters? No, no, Major,—you're done this time, depend upon it—eased of your ten guineas—I wish it had been a thousand."

"Tasborough," said the Major, quietly putting his glass to his eye, "your sight is better than mine, what do you make that bird to be, hovering above the copse?" "Hang me if I can tell," replied the Squire; "flies like a wounded crow—can't see for the mist." The object in question was no other than the Alderman's hat tied down with a pocket handkerchief, and popping occasionally above the hedge as he jogged down the lane, at the extremity of which he presented himself mounted on a grey pony, and followed by his servant on a coach-horse, bearing a large umbrella. A general shout, in which the Squire's voice was loudest, burst from the whole field at sight of this grotesque apparition, whose approach was greeted by a loud cry of Yoicks, Tally-ho! and a signal was made to the huntsman to wind his horn, by way of completing the *clat* of his reception. But old Chervil, who had no idea of a joke that interfered with serious business, shook his head, exclaiming—"No, not when we are just going to throw into cover; she may start away t'other side for the four ponds, and so get among the rush beds, and keep us dodging in the water all day. I have known them do it a hundred times."

By this time the Alderman had come up, mopping his chest, arms, and long cloth gaiters with his handkerchief, and having spread out his umbrella, he exclaimed, "Make it a rule to see every thing once in my life, Mr. Tasborough;—never went a hunting afore;—s'pose I shan't go now, for of course you won't go in the rain—no hackney coach to pop into—don't object to the country when the sun shines—but nothing like London in wet weather." "My good sir," replied the Squire, "nothing could be more favourable—a beautiful drizzle, and just enough to make the scent lie—but you're warm."—"Ay, ay," cried Major Cunningham, "he'll be warmer by the time he's in at the death." "No, no, Major," resumed the Squire, speaking so as not to be overheard, "I'm safe enough there, for that pot-bellied pony will be blown in ten minutes, so I shall only lose fifty, and that's more than the old codger's worth, to take him as he sits, umbrella, clothes, pony, gaiters and all."

The object of these remarks now formed the centre of a gaping circle, the real knowing ones "twiggling him properly," with a quiet sneer or a sly wink to direct one another's eyes to the various heresies of his appointment; while a few farmers assembled in a knot at a little distance, with their ragged ponies touching noses and dosing and nodding at one another, unanimously agreed that for "a gemman and a sportsman, it were all to nothing the rummest turn-out ever they zeed." In a few minutes a breeze sprang up, the sun burst forth, the mist disappeared, and as fresh sportsmen rose up from the hollow behind the ridge of the common, and stood out in full relief against the blue sky, while their horses came neighing and pawing down the slope, there were numerous bets as to the identity of each individual; for a genuine son of the turf never loses the opportunity of a wager.

"Do you think she'll make for the Downs?" said the Squire, addressing a spare, elderly, half-dried huntsman, with a streaky patch of red upon either cheek, that gave him the appearance of a winter apple.

"Lord love you, Sir, how can you dream of her running smack into the wind? No; she'll either run upon a side, or go right down the wind towards Chippendale, or the water-mills. Spread yourselves wide, gentlemen, and don't beat the bushes where the water lies, but keep the dogs higher up, or we shall only have a measly hare that will keep us crossing all day in the puddles and plasches. But, harkye, there's a challenge—there's Lightfoot giving tongue who's never wrong: you had better mount, gentlemen, we shall have her out presently." And scarcely were the words uttered when out jumps a fine hare, and scampers away over Thorley Bottom—the huntsman winds his horn, the whole field gives the view holla! the hounds come up, and the whole pack, as they burst away, set up a loud simultaneous and sonorous cry, the cheerful melody of which is wafted by the wind over the startled plains, meads, and woodlands,

"While echo on high

Gives reply to the cry,

As if they were chasing a hare through the sky."

Unable to keep up with the speed of the first burst, the Alderman quitted the *melee*, cutting across the country in the direction of the dogs, and rejoining the hunt after a short amble, upon a newly ploughed field, where the whole party were "at fault." "It's this damned ploughed field where the scent has been lost," cried the Squire.—"Not it," replied the huntsman, pointing to some sheep stains—"this has done all the mischief—they spoil every thing—shouldn't wonder we didn't recover the scent all day. But pray be silent, gentlemen, keep together, and don't meet a hound in the face, or you may turn him just when he's picking it up. I hear a halloo!"

"So do I," cried the Squire: "she's found, depend upon it."

Chervil's unerring eye reconnoitred, when he shook his head, and pointed with his whip to a boy hallooing the birds away from the

seed. "There's another, did you hear it, Chervil?"—"Ay, ay, but it's up the wind, and she can't have doubled yet. But lookye yonder, Sir, d'ye see those sheep scudding away on the side of Penwick Hill? she's among 'em, I'll lay my life: the crows are all on the wing, and here comes a magpie chattering from the same field, we shall have the other presently; ay, I said so—she's there sure enough. But stop, that's Sweetlip's cry in the next field, and Lightfoot follows her and gives tongue—found! found! found!"

At this cheering notice the whole field gave a glad holla, and made a simultaneous charge after the dogs. The Alderman ambled towards a gap in one corner, when a well-known brewer of the neighbourhood, who, I am afraid, had a heavy interest in disabling him from being in at the death, galloped towards the spot on his powerful hunter, with the brutal design of upsetting the pony and its rider. The sagacious animal, however, bolted suddenly on one side, by which he would infallibly have made a transfer of his rider, had the rider not appealed to the pommel and mane, when, accepting the omen of his pony's ears, which now pointed homewards, he quitted the hunt, and ascended a little eminence whence he again commanded a full view of the field. From this point he saw the poor hare, after having exhausted her starting speed, and left the dogs a long way behind her, make her first double, and return upon a different track towards the form from which she had been dislodged. At intervals she halted, as if considering what stratagems and subterfuges she should adopt, after which hasty counsel with her own sad thoughts, she would describe a complete labyrinth of turnings and windings, and again spring forward in a straight line. But the sure and relentless hounds tracked her through all her crossings and doublings, forced her from a sheepcot into which she had stolen for refuge, and the Alderman presently saw her limping sorely and painfully towards him, stopping to listen, then tottering a little further, and again stopping, while the beleaguering cry, fraught with a hundred deaths, grew nearer and louder, and poured down her large open ears, and seemed to madden her very brain. At this spectacle his bosom melted with compassion; and as the poor animal, with a last convulsive effort, leaped upon a clipped quickset hedge close beneath him, and scrambled along its top to cheat her enemies of the scent, he hastily took out his purse, in the omnipotence of which he had great confidence, and offered five pounds to any one that would save her. But it was too late; the ravening dogs rushed in upon their prey as she tumbled from the hedge, and a short piteous shriek, that went to his very heart, announced the consummation of what is unfeelingly denominated—a day's sport.

Such were the Alderman's feelings, as he himself related them to me during our ride home together, ejaculating in conclusion, "It's a bad spec, sir, a Flemish account, a losing concern, this hunting; men, horses, and dogs all seized with a sudden madness, risking lives, destroying property; a whole district disturbed and up in arms to torture to death a little

inoffensive hare. Every thing should be seen once, but I have seen enough, and too much of it; I have done with it."

"If every thing should be seen once," said I, "you will probably join our pleasant-shooting party to-morrow." "Not such an ass," exclaimed my companion bluntly. "Made my appearance among the Nimrods, but fight shy of the ramrods; don't stand going out to shoot, and coming home shot. He must be an awkward sportsman indeed that don't bring down one friend in a season. At our Life Assurance I proposed a clause—'Warranted not to go a shooting with any friend or friends,' but they scouted it—more fools they.—Then if your companions hit the birds and miss you, they take good care, in crossing a stile, or scrambling through a hedge, to deposit eighty or ninety shot snug under your hip-bone, or your pointer puts his paw upon your trigger, and very lovingly blows your eyes out; or you yourself, for fear of accidents, discharge your gun as you reach home, when it explodes in your hand, and you sit down comfortable in your own parlour, leaving your thumb a-top of a neighbouring tree, and having three fingers dangling by a little bit of skin. They who thus lay their own lives against that of a pheasant, may be making a fair bet; but I think mine worth a trifle more, and besides, I hate to be giving unnecessary trouble to a coroner."

Here we parted, and as I pursued my ride alone, I had leisure to reflect upon the folly of laying the long odds, for I had been one of the simpletons who had wagered pretty deeply against the Alderman's being in at the death, all which bets we were decided to have lost, although he had not regularly followed the bounds, and was only present by accident at the destruction of the hare. As I was pretty much in the predicament of the devil when he wished to be a monk, sick at least of betting, I made many sage resolutions against the practice in future, pointing out to myself, in a very satisfactory manner, all the objections to which it was liable. In fact, I was rendered so poetical, as well as poor and penitent by my losses, that by the time I arrived at my own door, I had arranged my didactics into the following stanzas:

Bets are the blockhead's argument,
The only logic he can vent,
His minor and his major;—
'Tis to confess your head a worse
Investigator than your purse,
To reason with a wager.

The fool who bets too high, will have
Temptation to enact the knave
And make his friend his martyr;
But they who thus would underhand
Entrap, may be themselves trepann'd,
And sometimes catch a Tartar.

Some sily make the matter sure,
And then propose with look demure,
The bet at stake to double;
Forgetting that whatever vogue
The trick may have, the man's a rogue
Whose betting is a bubble.

Tempt not yourself—still less your friends—
Where bets begin, attachment ends,
And up spring feuds and quarrels.
Leave wagers to the black-leg tribe,
Lest with their practice you imbibe
A portion of their morals.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Different Species of Tea.—The plants used as tea are as widely separated from each other as the countries themselves are remote. In Mexico and Guatemala the leaves of the *Passiflora glandulosa* are generally used as tea; and in New Grenada the *Astonia theaformis* of Mutis, the *Symplocos Astonia* of Humboldt and Bonpland, affords a tea not inferior to that of China. Farther to the north on the same continent, a very wholesome tea is made from the leaves of the *Gaultheria procumbens* and *Ledum latifolium*. This last is vulgarly called Labrador tea, and its use was, I believe, first made known by the late Sir Joseph Banks. The most famous of all American teas, however, is the tea of Paraguay, of which large quantities are annually imported into Peru, Chili, and the States of Buenos Ayres; and the use of it is so universal in South America, that the inhabitants have always some of this tea ready prepared, whether engaged in occupations at home or in the fields, and no person departs on a journey without being provided with a quantity of the herb. It is made by merely pouring warm water on the leaves, and is sipped, through a silver or glass tube, from a small vessel, called a Mate Pot, which is carried in the hand, or, should the person be on horseback, or engaged in any occupation requiring the use of his hands, it is suspended from the neck by means of a small chain. It is frequently mixed with a little lemon juice, and is used either with or without sugar. European travellers with whom I have conversed, prefer this to any of the teas imported from China. The Paraguay tea is the more remarkable, from its being the produce of a species of holly, a genus hitherto considered as deleterious. It is described and figured under the name of *Ilex Paraguensis* in an Appendix to the 2d volume of Mr. Lambert's work on the genus *Pinus*, and is noticed by M. Auguste St. Hilaire in the "Memoires du Museum," under the name of *Ilex Mate*, and by Drs. Spix and Martius, in their Brazilian Travels, under that of *Ilex Gongonha*. It has an extensive geographical range, being found in the extensive woody regions of Paraguay, watered by the Parana, the Ypane, and Jejui, in the province of the Minas Geraes, and other districts of Brazil; and it appears to have been found in Guiana by M. Martin, as there are numerous specimens in his Herbarium, part of which is in the possession of Mr. Lambert. We must believe these specimens to have been collected in the mountainous district, otherwise it would be impossible to reconcile the idea of the same plant being found in so different a latitude. The tree is about the size of the orange tree, to which it bears considerable resemblance in its habit and leaves. The flowers are white,

disposed in small cymes in the axils of the leaves. They are tetrandrous, and are succeeded by scarlet berries, like those of the common holly. The leaves, whether fresh or dried, are destitute of smell; but, on a little warm water being poured upon them, they exhale an agreeable odour. Mr. Lambert has been so fortunate as to obtain a living plant of this highly interesting tree, which is now growing in his collection at Boyton House, Wilts.—In New Holland the leaves of the *Correa alba*, make very good tea.—The inhabitants of those barren and remote islands denominated the Kurile Isles, in the Sea of Kamtschatka, prepare a tea from an undescribed species of *Pedicularis*, named by Professor Pallas in his Herbarium, now in Mr. Lambert's possession, *Pedicularis Lanata*.—It is unnecessary to take notice of all the aromatic herbs of the order *Labiata* used as tea in different countries: my object has been to show that teas are afforded by plants very remotely separated from each other in point of affinity. But while on the subject of teas, it may be interesting to observe, that the common black Chinese Teas consist chiefly of the old leaves of the *Thea viridis*, mixed with those of the *Camellia Sasanqua* or *oleifera*, and sometimes fragments of the leaves of the *Olea fragrans*; and that the finest teas, whether green or black, appear to be produced by the *Thea Bohea*, the quality and colour depending solely on the age of the leaves, and the mode of preparing them. Although I have long attended to the subject, I have never been able to detect, in those teas said to be adulterated, either willow or sloe leaves, or any thing else of British growth. It is probable that the leaves of the species of *Camellia* before mentioned may have been taken for sloe leaves.

In a garden at Valogne (Manche) in France, an ancient Sarcophagus was recently discovered. It contained a skeleton, which, on exposure to the air, crumbled into dust; but not before a piece of silver was observed in its mouth, which induces a belief that the person must have been a companion of Cæsar in his conquest of Gaul. It is about the size of a *sou*, and bears on one side the inscription CÆS. IMP.; and on the other VIC. GAL. At the feet of the skeleton was a silver case, a foot long, and eight inches deep, containing a hundred and fifty coins or medals, in bronze, silver, and gold. They bore the effigies of Cæsar, Pompey, Mithridates, Cleopatra, Pharnaces, Nicomedes, Perenna, Sertorius, Crassus, Spartacus, Sylla, Hannibal, Asdrubal, Scipio Africanus, and Philip of Macedon. For a great number of years Roman antiquities have been found about Valogne, in the parish of Aleaume; which seems to strengthen the opinion that this site succeeded Crociatonum, the capital of the Unelli, near which Cæsar had a camp, of which he speaks in his Commentaries.

An immense MS. mass of interesting correspondence between Huet, the celebrated Bishop of Avranches, and many of his most distinguished contemporaries, (such as Bossuet, Dacier, de Scudery, Leibnitz, &c.) has, it is stated, lately been discovered at Caen.

Joseph Masera, now living in the city of Turin, affords a very singular illustration of the inventive powers of natural talent, though struggling under the most unfavourable circumstances. His career in life bears indeed a singular analogy with that of our own self-educated philosopher Ferguson. Joseph Masera was born in the village of Montfalcone, near Chieri: he was a shepherd and ploughman, when the sight of a wooden clock of the last century rendered him so skilful a clock-maker, that he soon became equal to the most distinguished individuals of his profession. He first brought himself into notice by his moving figures, and then by those which played musical airs; but the head of a cane, in brass, completed his celebrity, and gave an idea of what might be expected from him. This cane-head enclosed a little figure of David playing on his harp, of which a small concealed organ imitated the tones. The movement of the arms and of the head were so natural, and so well adapted to the melody, and the head of the prophet was so expressive, that he appeared inspired, and actually listening to the chords of his instrument. Not satisfied with instruments which could play only a certain number of airs dependent on the dimensions of their barrel, Masera invented his pantophone, which the Italians call suonatutto, which performs with exactness all the music that the most skilful professor could elicit from the piano. But, urged by a fertile imagination, he had scarcely finished this instrument when he conceived the idea of the musicographe, which writes down the music that any one is playing, and which preserves the time, the value of the notes, the accidents, the pauses, &c. with so much precision, that on applying the transcript to the pantophone, the piece may be perfectly repeated. These two instruments may be united or separated at pleasure; and are so simplified that a few minutes will suffice to adapt them to any organ or to any kind of piano. This is not the boundary of Masera's works. He has produced a machine for engraving, which permits the engraver to cut straight or curved lines at whatever distance he pleases from one another, without fear of displacing the tool; and finally, a machine to turn and polish steel gun-barrels, which he has constructed for the Royal Arsenal, and which differs essentially from any machine for the same purpose hitherto known. It will operate at once upon a dozen barrels or more. M. Masera is not much above thirty years of age.

The excavations at Pompeii, which were interrupted by the civil disturbances at Naples, have since been carried on with great success. Not more than fifty labourers are employed in this work; nevertheless they have been so skilfully directed, that not only several buildings, but entire streets, have been rescued from the obscurity in which they have for so many ages been sunk. One of the most remarkable of the new discoveries is a magnificent temple, which, according to all appearance, was used as a pantheon. The inclosure is formed of a wall, which is in shape a parallelogram, and the lower part of which is ornamented with fine paintings in fresco, on a

greyish ground. In the middle of the building was a large dodecagon, of which only the twelve pedestals remain; and further on there is a marble aqueduct. Twelve rooms, on the walls of which are pictures on various subjects, in a tolerable state of preservation, correspond with the sides of this figure. In the most remote part of the building an immense staircase leads to three vast, elevated, and vaulted halls; the one on the right, and the one on the left, have each five niches; only two of which have statues, pronounced by antiquaries to be those of Nero and Messalina; the middle hall, surrounded by tables and benches, seems to have been a meeting-room for the priests. - - - The above notice of the renewed spirit with which excavations had been resumed in Pompeii and Herculaneum, is corroborated by the last Neapolitan Journal, which has been translated into the London papers. We are informed that the king and queen in person had visited these subterranean works; and that the discovery of antiquities, the unrolling of manuscripts, and the consequent enrichment of the Museum, were proceeding with new activity.

There are in Augsburg a number of fine pictures, brought from the gallery of Malmaison, and valued at a hundred thousand florins, which are to be disposed of by way of lottery. It is to consist of twenty-two thousand tickets and forty prizes; and the drawing is not to take place for a year. The price of each ticket is five florins, thirty kreutzers.

The government of the Netherlands having established a new university, entitled "Philosophical College for the Clergy;" a curious correspondence has taken place between the Court of Rome and the Archbishop of Malines on the subject. The evident intent of the Pope is, to persuade the Belgian clergy to thwart the views of the government under which they live, in its plans for the melioration of education, and recommending that the heads of the dioceses should protest against the erection of such a college, and to call to mind the declaration made by the King of the Netherlands in July, 1815, in virtue of which he guaranteed to the Catholic religion its dignity and security. The archbishop, in reply, declares that the suppression of the Archiepiscopal College at Malines, being in direct opposition with the interests of his holy religion, with the orders of the Council of Trent, relative to the formation of a virtuous, regular, and orthodox college, with the rights belonging to the episcopacy of divine right, with the free exercise of the Catholic religion, and the protection guaranteed to it by the fundamental law which he has sworn to maintain, and also by the 2d article of the treaty which is its basis; and, finally, with several declarations and promises made to the clergy by his Majesty himself, he feels bound to say that he cannot in any case interfere with this suppression.

The town of Haarlem has hitherto been celebrated only for its claim to the invention of printing, its siege, its organ, and its tulips. This year it has possessed attractions of a different kind, and has been visited by greater

crowds of people, both natives and foreigners, within the space of six weeks, than during any six years, since the days of the Duke of Alba. The source of these attractions was an exhibition of specimens of all the Belgic and Dutch manufactures, for the purpose of encouraging manufacturing industry by praise and premiums.

The King's decree, appointing the time and place of the show, is dated the 28th of June, 1824. The manufacturers had thus a year to prepare for the trial, which was appointed for the month of July last. The government engaged to bear all the expenses of transporting the articles from the manufactories of their proprietors to the place of exhibition. Judges were appointed to decide on the qualities of the specimens; and medals of gold, silver, and bronze, were ordered to be struck, as prizes for the successful candidates. The catalogue, in which these specimens are enumerated and arranged, makes up a book of nearly 400 pages; the exhibiting manufacturers amount to upwards of a thousand; the separate packages, or samples, exceed 6,000; and probably, the number of visitors attracted to Haarlem, during the six weeks of the show, did not fall short of 150,000. It was intended to conclude at the end of July, but the concourse of eager spectators was so great, that his majesty, by a royal decree, kept it open till the 10th of August. Some days before its close, he himself proceeded from Brussels to the Hague, and from the Hague to Haarlem, spent a day in traversing the rooms, and inspecting the objects of the exhibition, conversed with the most eminent of the exhibitors, and left his Minister of the Interior to distribute the prizes. Accordingly, on the 10th of August, his excellency M. Von Gobbelschroy, the representative of the king, accompanied by the local authorities, and the judges of the exhibition, entered the cathedral, where a kind of throne, adorned with the national colours, was prepared for him, and, after a suitable discourse from the pulpit, upon the industry and the prosperity of Holland, by the Protestant clergyman, Mr. Onder de Wyngaard Couzins, distributed eleven gold medals, and a great variety of silver and bronze ones. Every body was, of course, delighted; and the successful candidates returned to their homes, "hurling defiance" against Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, London, Sedan, Louviers, and Lyons.

Armenian School.—The object of this school, which was founded at Moscow by Messrs. Lazarett, is the improvement of young persons, and especially of young Armenians, in the higher sciences, and in the oriental languages. Since the year 1816, the school has sent forth sixty-two pupils; and there are now seventy-three within its walls.

Music of the Rocks.—There is a rock in South America, on the banks of the river Oroonoko, called Piedra de Carichana Vieja, near which, Humboldt says, travellers have heard from time to time, about sunrise, subterraneous sounds, similar to those of the organ. Humboldt was not himself fortunate enough to hear this mysterious music, but still he believes in

its reality, and ascribes those sounds to the difference of temperature in the subterraneous and the external air, which at sunrise is most distant from the highest degree of heat on the preceding day. The current of air, which issues through the crevices of the rock, produces, in his opinion, those sounds, which are heard by applying the ear to the stone in a lying position. May we not suppose (Humboldt adds) that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, during their frequent navigations up and down the Nile, may have made the same observation about a rock of Thebais, and that this "Music of the Rocks" led to the fraud of the priests with the statue of Memnon? When the "rosy-fingered Aurora made her son, the glorious Memnon, sound," it was nothing but the voice of a man concealed under the pedestal of the statue. But the observation of the natives of Oronoko seems to explain, in a natural way, what gave birth to the Egyptian faith in a stone that issued sounds at sunrise.

Ferintosh Whiskey.—The word *Ferintosh* signifies Thane's land, it having been part of the Thanedom of Cawdor (Macbeth's), or Calder. The barony of *Ferintosh* belonged to the *Forbes* of *Culloden*, and contained about 1800 arable acres. All barley produced on this estate was privileged to be converted into whiskey, duty free; the natural consequence of which was, that more whiskey was distilled in *Ferintosh* than in all the rest of Scotland. In 1784, Government made a sort of compulsory purchase of this privilege from the *Culloden* family, after they had enjoyed it a complete century. The sum paid was 21,500*l*.

Literary Intelligence.

A new work on Greece is on the eve of publication, which may be expected to exhibit a true and decisive picture of that interesting country; not only as respects its actual political condition, but also in regard to the character, manners, and habits of the people. The work is to be entitled "*Greece in 1825*." It will contain the *Journals* of James Emerson, Esq. Count *Pecchio*, and W. H. *Humphreys*, Esq., all of whom were actively engaged in the late important proceedings. Mr. Emerson was concerned, not only in the land service, but in some of the naval engagements between the Greeks and their enemies, of which he gives several vivid descriptions. His *Journal* is brought down as late as to last August; and in it will be found, among other interesting details, a circumstantial narrative of the attempt to assassinate Mr. *Trelawney*. Count *Pecchio* was a commissioner authorized by the Greek deputies; his narrative is known to possess the importance of an historical document, and is rendered additionally valuable by its incidental sketches of the scenery of Greece. Mr. *Humphreys* held a captain's command in the Greek service, and has been honourably mentioned in the work of Colonel *Stanhope*, and in the letters of Lord *Byron*.

A Novel is about to appear, the scenes of

which are among the highest circles of society. It is entitled "*Granby*."

Mrs. *Radcliffe's* Romance is in a forward state at the press; and a Drama is reported to be constructing upon it.

The Author of "*Frankenstein*," has also a romance in the press under the title of "*The Last Man*!" In the whole circle of fiction, there is not, perhaps, a creature of the imagination so strange, and bold, and terrible, as the monster in *Frankenstein*. The present subject of the author seems involved in the same mystery, and another powerful and uncommon work may be anticipated.

"*The Letters from the East*," which have already excited so much attention, are to be collected in one volume 8vo., including much additional matter. Mr. *Carne*, the author, has pursued his travels in Asia, more particularly in the Holy Land, with great zeal and industry, and not without great personal hazard.

A Second Edition of *Kelly's* entertaining "*Reminiscences*" is already called for.

The Auto-Biography of the "*Margravine of Anspach*," may be expected in a few days.

The Second volume of Mr. *Godwin's* "*History of the Commonwealth*," is at length in the press.

The Author of the "*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*," has announced a new novel, "*The Expiation*."

Mr. *Alaric Watts*, whose poems have been so deservedly popular, has announced a volume under the title of "*Lyrics of the Heart, and other Poems*."

Woodstock, a Tale of the Long Parliament, by the author of "*Waverley*," is announced.

Dr. *Brown* is about to publish a Comparative View of Christianity, and all the other Forms of Religion.

Mr. *Boone's* "*Book of Churches and Sects*" may speedily be expected.

Tavern Anecdotes, and Reminiscences of the origin of Signs, Clubs, Coffee-houses, &c. &c., may soon be expected.

A *Memoir of the Court of Henry VIII.* including an account of the Monastic Institutions in England at that period, is in the press.

Mr. *M. T. Sadler* is preparing for publication a Defence of the Principle of the Poor Laws, in answer to their impugnors, Mr. *Malthus*, Dr. *Chalmers*, and others, together with suggestions for their improvement, as well as for bettering the character and condition of the labouring classes; to which will be added, an Essay on Population, in disproof of the superfecundity of the human race, and establishing by induction a contrary theory.

Mr. *Power* has announced a new edition of *Moore's Irish Melodies*, in separate songs, with the music.

The *Edinburgh Geographical and Historical Atlas* is preparing for publication. This Work, which will be printed in Royal folio, the Maps on full sheet Drawing Royal, will contain all the Maps usually given in a General Atlas,

with some peculiar to itself, and will exhibit, in juxtaposition with each Continent, State, or Kingdom delineated, a Geographical Description of its Boundaries and Extent, an account of its Natural Productions, a view of its existing Moral, Political, and Commercial Condition, together with a comprehensive outline of its History.

A new edition of the Dramatic Works of Shakspeare, with numerous engravings, will appear early in January. The Notes, original and selected, are by S. W. Singer, F. S. A.; they comprise all the information of preceding Commentators, condensed into a small compass; and a Life of the Poet, with a Critique on his Writings, from the eloquent pen of Dr. Symmons, the Vindicator of Milton.

In the press, in 1 vol., post. 8vo. Tales from the German, of E. T. Hoffman, La Fontaine, J. Paul Richter, Fred. Schiller, and C. T. Korner.

A Translation of Baron Charles Dupin's Lectures on Mathematics, with Additions and Improvements, adapted to the state of the Arts in England, will be immediately commenced, in Weekly Numbers, under the title of "The Mathematical Sciences practically applied to the Useful and Fine Arts," a first book for every description of Workman, Artist, and Master Manufacturer.

A Work under the title of "The Reign of Terror," is on the eve of publication. It contains a collection of authentic narratives by eye-witnesses of the horrors committed by the Revolutionary Government of France under Marat, and Robespierre.

Mrs. Bray, late Mrs. Charles Stothard, Author of a "Tour in Normandy, Brittany, &c. &c.," has an historical romance in the press, entitled *De Foix, or Sketches of the manners and customs of the fourteenth century*, in three volumes.

An Introduction to the History of Medicine from the earliest period to the present time. By O. C. Wood, M.D. Extraordinary Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, 1 vol. 8vo.

The third and fourth volumes of Kirby and Spence's "Introduction to Entomology, or Elements of the Natural History of Insects," will appear in the course of December.

The author of *To-Day in Ireland* has in the press *Yesterday in Ireland*, a series of Tales.

Mr. Boaden will shortly publish *Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Siddons*, from authentic documents.

A Third Series of Highways and By-Ways, and a second volume of *Memoirs and Recollections of Count Segur*, are preparing for publication.

A new work is announced, by the author of *Doblado's Letters from Spain*.

A revised edition of the *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Death of the Regent Duke of Orleans*, by Lord John Russell, is nearly ready.

An Enquiry into the Origin of the Laws and Political Institutions of Modern Europe, and

in particular of those of England, by George Spence, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn, will speedily be published.

A complete Collection of *Memoirs relating to the History of Great Britain*, with Notes and Illustrations, is announced for publication by a literary Society.

Papers and Collections of Sir Robert Wilmet, Bart., some time Secretary to the Lord Lieutenants of Ireland, are printing, in 3 vols. 8vo.

Recent Discoveries in Africa, made in the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, extending across the Great Desert, to the tenth degree of northern latitude; and from Kouha in Bornou, to Sockatoo, the capital of the Soudan empire; by Major Dixon Denham, of his Majesty's seventeenth regiment of Foot, Captain Hugh Clapperton, of the Royal Navy (the survivors of the expedition), and the late Dr. Oudney, will speedily be published in 1 vol. 4to.

Voyages of Discovery, undertaken to complete the survey of the western coast of New Holland, between the years 1817 and 1822, are announced for publication, by Philip Parker King, R.N., commander of the expedition.

Travels in the Hedjaz, by the late John Lewis Burckhardt, are preparing for publication.

Proceedings of the Expedition despatched by his Majesty's Government to explore the Northern Coast of Africa, in 1821 and 1822; comprehending an account of the Syrtis and Cyrenaica; of the ancient cities composing the Pentapolis, and other various existing remains; by Captain F. W. Beechey, R.N., and H. W. Beechey, Esq., are nearly ready for the press.

An Appendix to Captain Parry's *Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific*, is announced.

There is announced a work entitled *Modern Discovery (First Series, Voyages for the Discovery of a North-West Passage)*, the object of which is to present the public with a cheap but elegant edition of the accounts of the great discoveries made in consequence of the voyages and travels which have of late years been undertaken, chiefly under the direction of the British Government.—No. I. will contain Captain Ross's Voyage, and Captain Parry's Voyage, Part First; to be continued monthly.

The Mission from Bengal to Siam, and to Hue, the capital of Cochin China, never before visited by any European, in the years 1821-22. By Geo. Finlaison, Esq., with an Introduction, and Memoir of the author, by Sir Stamford Raffles, F.R.S., is nearly ready for the press.

The second volume of Southey's *History of the late War in Spain and Portugal* is in the press.

The Life of General Wolfe, from original documents, is printing uniformly with Mr. Southey's *Life of Nelson*; 8vo.

Excerpta Oratorica, or Selections from the Greek Orators, adapted to the use of Schools and Universities, are in the press.

Scenes and Characters from Froissart, will shortly be published, in 4 vols. fcap. 8vo.

The Divina Commedia of Dante Alighieri, with an Analytical Comment, by Gabriel Rossetti, is announced, in 6 vols. 8vo. This comment, which may be called an analysis of the spirit of Dante, lays open secrets yet unrevealed respecting the true signification, the origin, and the progress of the poem, so that no material passage of it will longer remain doubtful, either as to the literal or allegorical sense. The first volume will be published in January.

The fourth volume (Mr. W. S. Rose's translation) of the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto will shortly be published.

Mr. H. Lytton Bulwer's work on Greece, will appear on the 1st December, entitled an Autumn in Greece in the year 1824, comprising sketches of the character, customs, and scenery of the country, with a view of its present critical state, in Letters addressed to Charles Brinsley Sheridan, Esq.

Mr. Pugin's Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, engraved by J. and H. Le Keux, will be completed in the ensuing year. The first gentleman has lately returned from that part of France, with a large collection of drawings, memorandums, documents, and casts from various buildings. From such materials the antiquary and architect may fairly calculate on accurate and satisfactory illustrations of history. No. 2 of the work will appear in February next.

Mr. Pettigrew, librarian of the Duke of Sussex, announces for publication, an Historical and Descriptive Catalogue of His Royal Highness's Library, with Biographical Notices of the most eminent Printers, Editors, Engravers, &c.

Madame Mara is said to be preparing her Memoirs for the press.

Views in Stratford-upon-Avon, illustrative of the Life of Shakespeare, are announced.

There are nearly ready for publication, the Lives of the Architects, translated by Mrs. Edward Cressy, from the Italian of Milizia.

A Translation of Boetius de Consolatione Philosophiæ, principally in the hand-writing of Queen Elizabeth, is said to have been recently discovered in the State-Paper Office.

An important work, entitled "Mexican Memoirs," is announced, the purport of which is to afford an authentic History of Mexico, and a circumstantial account of every thing connected with that country.

The History of the Assassins, from Oriental Authorities, is announced for publication.

The Naval Sketch-Book; or the Service Afloat and Ashore, by an officer of rank, is announced as in the press.

A complete History of the City of Westminster, in 2 vols. 4to. is in preparation. It will contain every thing of interest relative to this important city, and elucidate the customs and manners of the Courts of Elizabeth, James, Charles, &c. and the chivalric displays, balls, and pageants which occurred during those

reigns in the palace of Whitehall. A work to illustrate the topography of Westminster has long been wanted, and we shall be happy to find the persevering spirit of the author of the one now proposed render it worthy of the patronage of the great.

Early in January will appear Six Letters on the Past Operations and Future Prospects of Joint Stock Companies, with Observations on the Present State of the Law relating thereto. Addressed by permission to the Lord Viscount Palmerston, M.P. By John Wilks, Jun. Esq.

Mr. Haral's Supplementary Volume of Letters by Anne Seward, developing the progress of an early attachment, disclosing her more private opinions on various subjects, and embracing numerous anecdotes of her contemporaries, is in a state of considerable forwardness. An Essay on Miss Seward's Life and Literary Character precedes the Letters; and the work will further be illustrated by Notes, a Portrait of Miss Seward, a Fac Simile of her Hand-writing, &c.

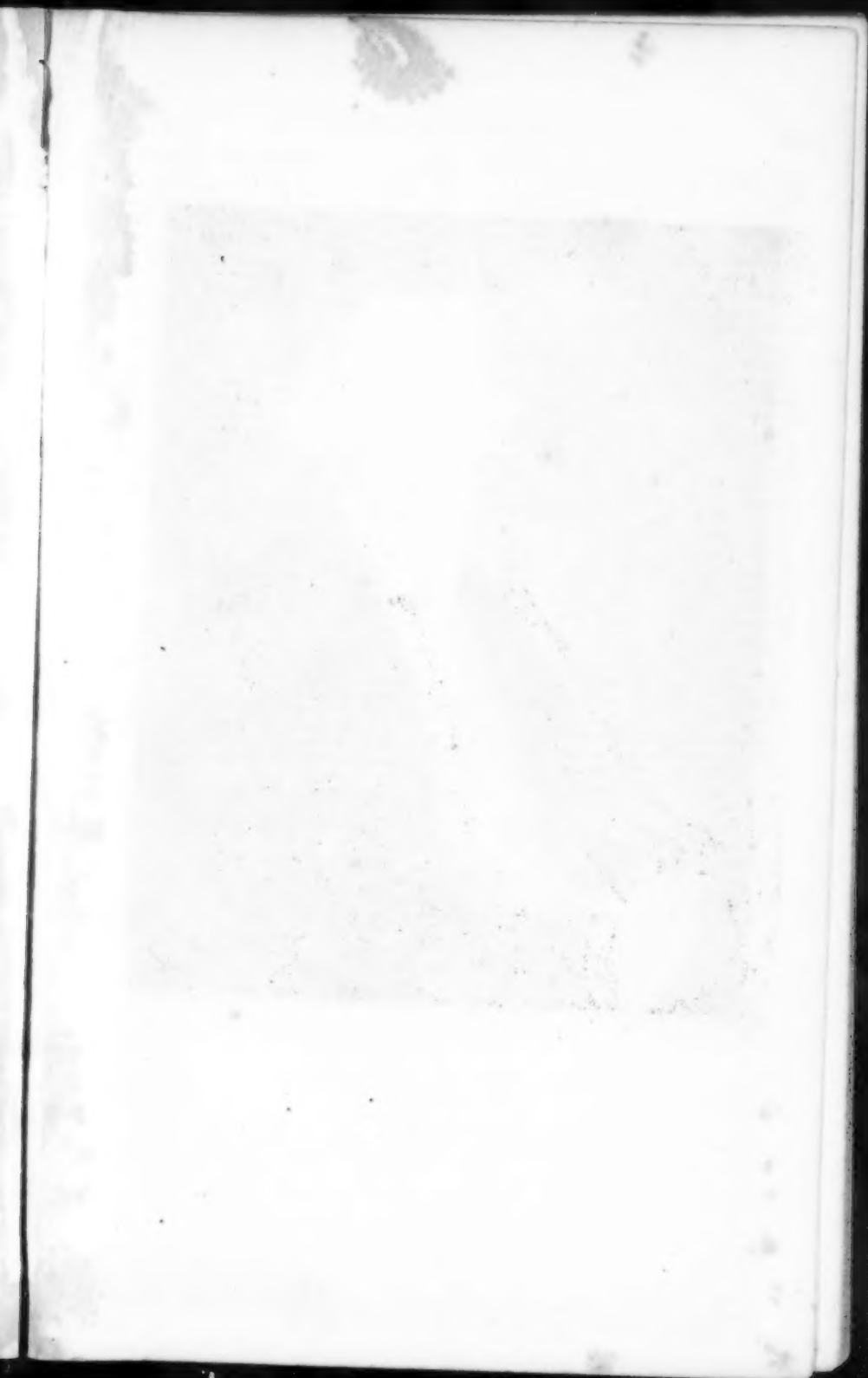
A new weekly publication, entitled, The Spirit and Manners of the Age, to be conducted by the author of the Evangelical Rambler, is announced.

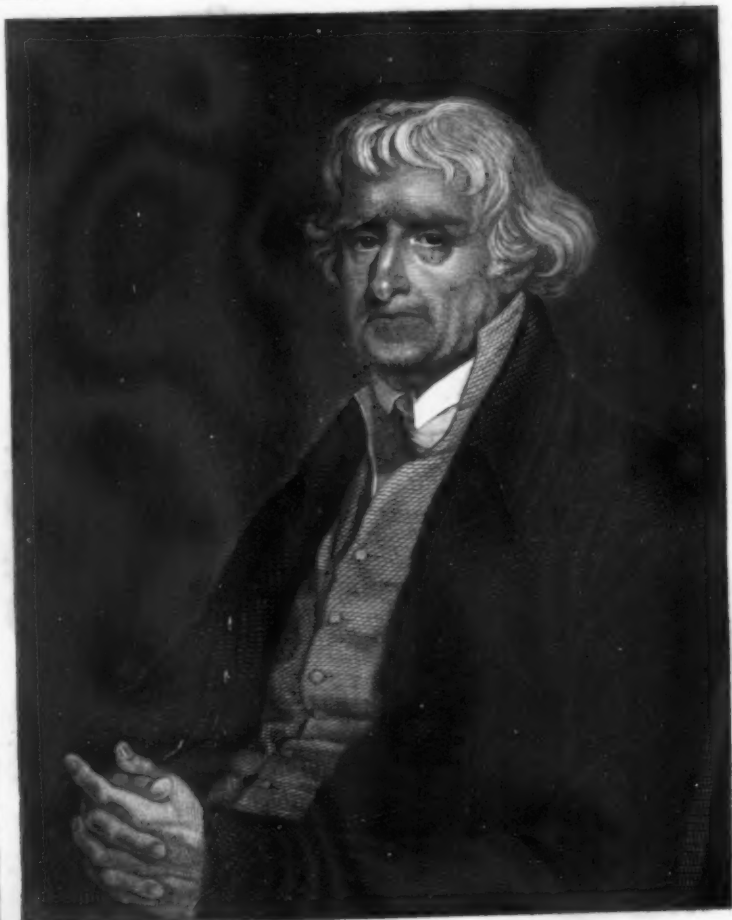
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